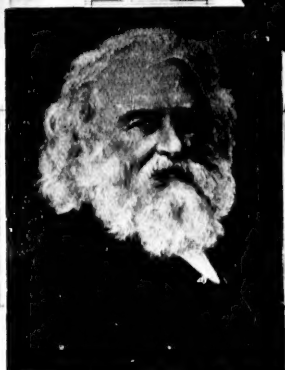




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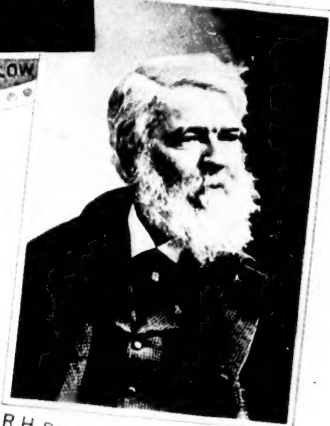
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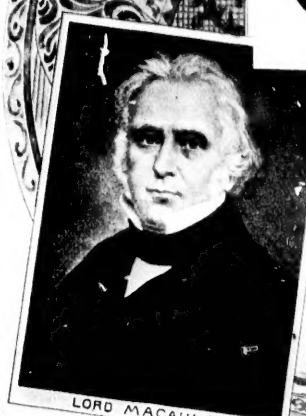
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PREFACE.

MACAULAY, in his brilliant essay on John Milton, says: "We hold that the most wonderful and splendid proof of genius is a great poem produced in a civilized age." Adopting such a standard, this new and peerless volume is a magnificent repository of the gems of genius, gathered from the most celebrated authors of all countries and ages. Its delightful pages are enriched by the most beautiful and entrancing selections of Poetry, Prose and Song. These are all classified and arranged under their appropriate titles.

HOME, SWEET HOME comprises gems for the fireside, picturing in glowing colors the delights of the home circle, the beauty of domestic life and the sweet memories that cluster around the old homestead.

THE CHARMS OF NATURE contain the most graphic pen-pictures of Natural Scenery, including the Picturesque, the Beautiful and the Sublime. This is the natural field of poetry;

"Here valleys bloom and mountains rise,
And landscapes smile beneath the skies."

The earth, the sea, and the vaulted heavens are portrayed to the reader's wondering eye. THE POETRY OF THE YEAR forms another part and contains the most charming descriptions of the Seasons, their Flowers, Birds and Pleasant Pastimes.

DESCRIPTIONS AND TALES OF THE SEA furnish a striking panorama of the World of Waters. The white-winged ships, the bounding billows, the bold sailor, the floral beauties of the vasty deep are all vividly depicted. Who does not love nature? What a glow of health comes from the fresh breezes of the sea and from hillside and valley.

"God made the country and man made the town."

THE ALBUM OF LOVE.—This part contains the most exquisite and beautiful selections, in delightful variety, gathered from every source. Here are the sweetest and most entrancing productions of Burns, Byron, Longfellow, Bryant, Moore, Emerson, Hood, Tennyson, Shakespeare, Saxe, Irving, Scott, Swinburne, Thackeray, Browning and scores of others who have woven the charms of their brightest genius around the one great master passion.

NARRATIVES IN VERSE comprise a captivating collection of Tales of Adventure and Romance, beginning with the "Massacre at Fort Dearborn, Chicago, in 1812." In this part famous historic incidents are related in verse by renowned authors, such as Austin Dobson, Frederick Von Schiller, Longfellow and Whittier, Baxendale and Tennyson, Bryant, Helen Hunt Jackson and many others. The most thrilling events are celebrated and are given undying fame by the poetic genius of the brilliant authors who narrate them. The next part includes **BALLADS AND NATIONAL AIRS**. These rivet the attention of the reader and in imagination he beholds the scenes they depict as living realities. Our most celebrated National Songs are found in this part, including "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," "The Star Spangled Banner," "My Maryland," "The German's Fatherland," etc.

HOPE AND MEMORY, or Glimpses of the Past and Future, embrace a delightful collection of poems which carry the reader back to the scenes of long-ago, the memories of childhood, the joys of other days, and draw aside the veil of the future, through which are seen the blossoms of immortal hope.

Next we have **PATRIOTS AND HEROES**, commemorating their noble sacrifices and valiant deeds. Great men who live in history, who rose in their might, and with undaunted heroism purchased the liberties which are the world's proudest possession, are celebrated in immortal song. There is an irresistible fascination about these time-honored heroes, whose grand lineaments are here photographed for universal admiration. Among other productions, we have that thrilling lyric, entitled "The Cuban Crisis."

"Red is the setting sun,
Redder the Cuban sod;
Maceo's valiant fight is done
For freedom and for God.
The long-leaved pine and the stately palm
Bend lowly in grief to-night,
And through the hush of the tropic calm
There rolls from the sea a mournful psalm,
A requiem over the right."

THE SWORD AND THE PLOW is another part of this superb volume, which describes the victories of war and of peace. The most renowned writers have celebrated the sentiment which is taking deeper root every day, that

"Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war,"

a saying of Milton, the truth of which no one will deny. The war-cloud lifts from the torn battle-field; the thunder of guns is hushed; armies are disbanded, and where the sod was red with blood, peaceful harvests wave in their golden glory.

RURAL SCENES portray the lights and shadows of country life. Here the pages are fragrant with the floral breath of summer fields and woods. "The whistling plow-boy drives his team afield," and the scythes of the mowers glint in the sunshine. The old farmhouse stands embosomed in cool shadows. "The busy housewife plies her evening care," and, in the winter, sleigh-bells jingle, skaters skim the mirrored lake, and the glow of health beams in the faces of happy country boys and girls. Nothing could be more inviting than these Rural Scenes.

Then comes a wide-awake collection of poems, entitled THE WORLD'S WORKERS, in which the nobility of labor is eulogized. Here we learn "How Cyrus laid the Cable," how "you have but to take one step and then another, and the longest walk is ended;" how to win in the battle of life, and with what happy expressions the poet Whittier wrote of the ship-builders, the shoe-makers and the lumbermen. Here, too, are the songs of huskers, the plowmen and the whole vast army of the sons of toil.

The next part embraces the BEAUTY AND GRANDEUR OF THE ALPS, containing brilliant descriptions of Swiss Scenery. Here Byron appears in the grand march of his lofty imagery. Snow-capped mountains veil their heads in the sky; cascades dash from towering summits and rivers of ice move majestically toward the deep valleys.

Above me are the Alps,
The palaces of nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnaced in clouds their snowy scalps,
And throned eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow!
All that expands the spirit, yet appalls,
Gathers around the summits, as to show
How earth may soar to heaven, yet leave vain man below.—Lord Byron.

Let it not be supposed that the little people are forgotten. The part on CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH contains captivating selections for the young. All the innocence of childhood, the sports of the little folks as well as the pathos of their merry laughter hushed in death, are depicted with a master hand. Our literature is rich in tales and lessons for the young, the brightest and best of which adorn these pages.

THE CROWN OF GENIUS, containing tributes to celebrated persons, sings the praises of those whose names have become historic, while the part entitled THOUGHT AND SENTIMENT embraces the choicest productions from master minds on a great variety of topics. A vast collection of the finest poems ever written.

TRAGEDY AND SORROW comprises pathetic selections from the most distinguished authors. This part has a peculiar charm and beauty of its own. 'THE GATES OF PEARL' appeal to the religious sentiment and give full expression to the soul's loftiest aspirations. Here are glowing tributes to faith and hope; pithy descriptions of the practical virtues; tender words of comfort for the bereaved and grand descriptions of the heavenly world.

WIT AND WISDOM, comprising sparkling gems from the world's humorists, contains the brightest and most fascinating collection of witty pieces. There is wholesome mirth on every page. This part is followed by a large CYCLOPEDIA OF POETICAL QUOTATIONS, the subjects being arranged alphabetically.

There is need of VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC in every family, and often little opportunity to obtain it. This volume contains a choice collection of music from composers of world-wide fame. Thus it is a complete and charming household book. It contains something of special interest to all classes of intelligent persons. The refining and elevating influence of one such book in the home is beyond the power of any one to estimate.

The work also contains BIOGRAPHIES OF CELEBRATED AUTHORS, whose productions appear in this volume. Here are given the main facts in the lives of those gifted men and women who have charmed all readers with their delightful effusions. The publishers are firmly convinced that nothing has been omitted to render this work complete. It has been made from the very best materials and is golden throughout.



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HOME, SWEET HOME:

COMPRISING

GEMS FOR THE FIRESIDE

FROM THE MOST CELEBRATED AUTHORS.



THE LIGHT OF HOME.

The joys of the old fireside, the memories that cling to the home circle and the fondness with which the heart turns to the scenes and delights of youth, are all very strikingly expressed in this beautiful poem.

Y boy, thou wilt dream the world is fair,
And thy spirit will sigh to roam,
And thou must go, but never when there
Forget the light of home.

Though pleasure may smile with a ray more bright,
It dazzles to lead astray;
Like the meteor's flash 't will deepen the night,
When thou treadest the lonely way.

But the hearth of home has a constant flame,
And pure as vestal fire;
'T will burn, 't will burn, for ever the same,
For nature feeds the pyre.

If from these joys thou art forced to part,
As roams the wandering dove,
Remember how true is the yearning heart
That is warmed with a mother's love.

The sea of ambition is tempest-tost,
And thy hopes may vanish like foam;
But when sails are shivered, and rudder lost,
Then look to the light of home:—

And then like a star through the midnight cloud,
Thou shalt see the beacon bright,
For never, till shining on thy shroud,
Can be quenched its holy light.

The sun of fame?—it will gild the name,
But the heart ne'er felt its ray;
And fashion's smiles that rich ones claim,
Are but beams of a wintry day.

And how cold and dim these beams must be,
Should life's wretched wanderer come!
But, my boy, when the world is dark to thee,
Then turn to the light of home.

SARAH J. HALE.

MY CHILD.

I HAD a little daughter,
And she was given to me,
To lead me gently backward
To the heavenly Father's knee,
That I, by the force of nature,
Might in some dim wise divine
The depth of his infinite patience
To this wayward soul of mine.

Till her outstretched hands smiled also,
And I almost seemed to see
The very heart of her mother
Sending sun through her veins to me!

She had been with us scarce a twelvemonth,
And it hardly seemed a day,
When a troop of wandering angels
Stole my little daughter away;



I know not how others saw her,
But to me she was wholly fair,
And the light of the heaven she came from
Still lingered and gleamed in her hair;
For it was as wavy and golden,
And as many changes took,
As the shadows of sun-gilt ripples
On the yellow bed of a brook.

To what can I liken her smiling
Upon me, her kneeling lover?
How it leaped from her lips to her eyelids,
And dimpled her wholly over,

Or perhaps those heavenly Zingali
But loosed the hampering strings;
And when they had opened her cage-door,
My little bird used her wings.

But they left in her stead a changeling,
A little angel child,
That seems like her bud in full blossom,
And smiles as she never smiled;
When I wake in the morning, I see it
Where she always used to lie,
And I feel as weak as a violet
Alone 'neath the awful sky:

As weak, yet as trustful also;
For the whole year long I see
All the wonders of faithful nature
Still worked for the love of me;
Winds wander, and dews drip earthward,
Rain falls, suns rise and set,
Earth whirls, and all but to prosper
A poor little violet.

This child is not mine as the first was —
 I cannot sing it to rest,
 I cannot lift it up fatherly
 And bless it upon my breast;
 Yet it lies in my little one's cradle,
 And sits in my little one's chair,
 And the light of the heaven she's gone to
 Transfigures its golden hair.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

HAST thou sounded the depths of yonder sea,
 And counted the sands that under it be?
 Hast thou measured the height of heaven
 above?

Then mayst thou mete out a mother's love.

Hast thou talked with the blessed of leading on
 To the throne of God some wandering son?
 Hast thou witnessed the angels' bright employ?
 Then mayst thou speak of a mother's joy.

Evening and morn hast thou watched the bee
 Go forth on her errand of industry?
 The bee for himself hath gathered and toiled,
 But the mother's cares are all for her child.

Hast thou gone with the traveller Thought afar—
 From pole to pole, and from star to star?
 Thou hast—but on ocean, earth, and sea,
 The heart of a mother has gone with thee.

There is not a grand inspiring thought,
 There is not a truth by wisdom taught,
 There is not a feeling pure and high,
 That may not be read in a mother's eye.

And ever, since earth began, that look
 Has been to the wise an open book,
 To win them back from the lore they prize
 To the holier love that edifies.

There are teachings in earth, and sea, and air;
 The heavens the glory of God declare;
 But louder than voice beneath or above,
 He is heard to speak through a mother's love.

EMILY TAYLOR.

BY THE FIRE.

SHE sat and mused by the driftwood fire.
 As the leaping flames flashed high and
 higher,
 And the phantoms of youth, as fair and bright,
 Grew for her gaze in the ruddy light,
 The blossoms she gathered in life's young days
 Wreathed and waved in the flickering blaze;
 And she laughed through a sunny mist of tears,
 That rose at the dream of her April years;
 And ever and aye the sudden rain,
 Plashed on the glittering window-pane.

Sobered and saddened the pictures that showed
 As the driftwood logs to a red core glowed,
 And the fancied figures of older time
 Passed with the steadied step of their prime;
 The daisies and snowdrops bloomed and died,
 Red roses and lilies stood side by side,
 While richer, and fuller, and deeper grew
 The lines of the pictures August drew;
 And ever and aye the falling rain
 Streamed thick and fast on the window-pane.

The driftwood died down into leathery ash,
 Where faintly and fitfully shone the flash;
 Slowly and sadly her pulses beat,
 And soft was the fall, as of vanishing feet;
 And lush and green as from guarded grave,
 She saw the grass of the valley wave;
 And like echoes in ruins seemed to sigh
 The "wet west wind" that went wandering by,
 And caught the sweep of the sullen rain,
 And dashed it against the window-pane.

THE LITTLE ARMCHAIR.

N OBODY sits in the little armchair:
 It stands in a corner dim;
 But a white-haired mother gazing there,
 And yearningly thinking of him,
 Sees through the dust of long ago
 The bloom of the boy's sweet face,
 As he rocks so merrily to and fro.
 With a laugh that cheers the place.

Sometimes he holds a book in his hand,
 Sometimes a pencil and slate;
 And the lesson is hard to understand,
 The figures to calculate;
 But she sees the nod of the father's head,
 So proud of this little son,
 And she hears the words so often said,
 "No fear for our little one."

They were wonderful days, the dear sweet days,
 When a child with sunny hair
 Was here to scold, to kiss, and to praise,
 At her knee in the little chair.
 She lost him back in her busy years,
 When the great world caught the man,
 And he strode away past hopes and fears
 To his place in the battle's van.

But now and then in a wistful dream,
 Like a picture out of date,
 She sees a head with a golden gleam
 Bent over pencil and slate;
 And she lives again the happy day,
 The day of her young life's spring,
 When the small armchair stood just in the way,
 The centre of everything.



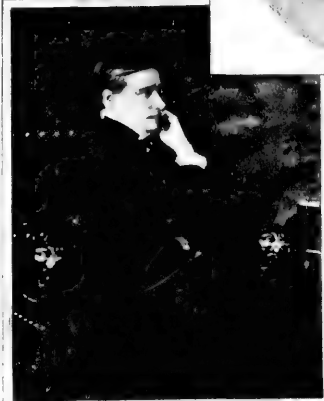
BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS FOR HOME DECORATION.



H. B. STOWE



ALICE CARY



ELIZ PHELPS WARD

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AN OLD SWEETHEART OF MINE.

The tender pathos and beauty of this poem strike a responsive chord in the hearts of all who appreciate the domestic affections. It is one of Mr. Riley's happiest efforts.

Where the vines were ever fruitful, and the weather
ever fine,
And the birds were ever singing for that old sweet-
heart of mine.

As one who sits at eve-
ning o'er the album
all alone

And muses on the faces of the
friends that he has known,
So I turn the leaves of fancy
till in shadowy design
I find the smiling features of
an old sweetheart of mine.

'Tis a fragrant retro-pection—for
the loving hearts that start
Into being are like perumes from
the blossoms of the heart;
And to dream the old dreams over
is a luxury divine,
When my truant fancy wanders with that old
sweetheart of mine.

Though I hear, beneath my study, like a
fluttering of wings,
The voices of my children and the mother as
she sings
I feel no twinge of conscience to deny me
any theme
When care has cast her anchor in the harbor
of a dream.

In fact, to speak in earnest, I believe it adds
a charm
To spice the good a trifle with a little dust of
harm—
For I find an extra flavor in memory's mellow
vine
That makes me drink the deeper to that old
sweetheart of mine.

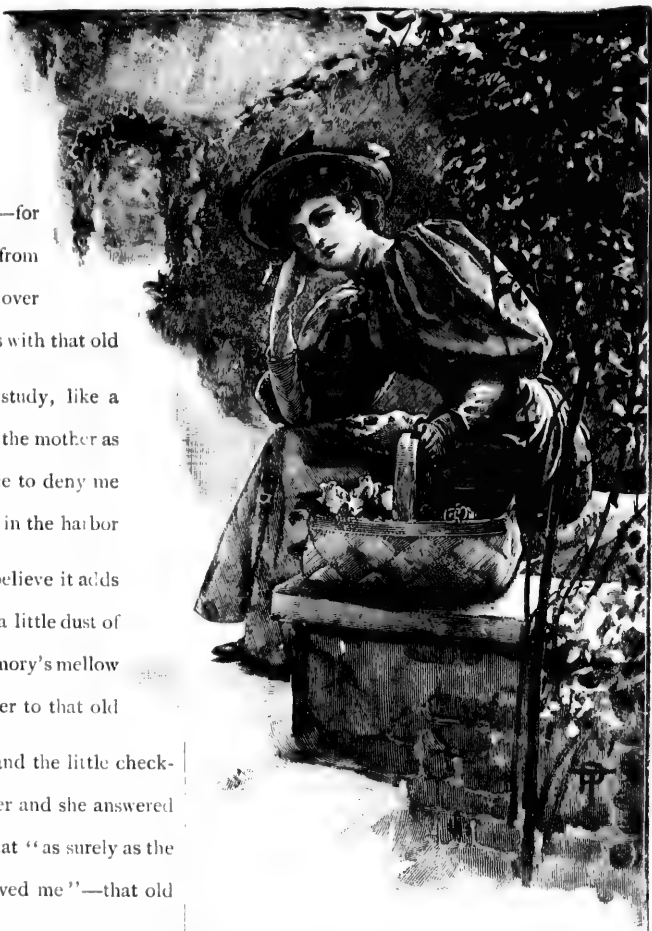
I can see the pink sun-bonnet and the little check-
ered dress
She wore when first I kissed her and she answered
the caress
With the written declaration that "as surely as the
vine
Grew 'round the stump, she loved me"—that old
sweetheart of mine.

And again I feel the pressure of her slender little
hand
As we used to talk together of the future we had
planned—
When I should be a poet, and with nothing else
to do
But to write the tender verses that she set the
music to.

When we should live together in a cosy little cot,
Hid in a nest of roses, with a tiny garden spot;

When I should be her lover forever and a
day,
And she my faithful sweetheart till the golden hair
was gray;
And we should be so happy that when either's lips
were dumb
They should not smile in heaven till the other's
kiss had come.

But, ah! my dream is broken by a step upon the
stair,

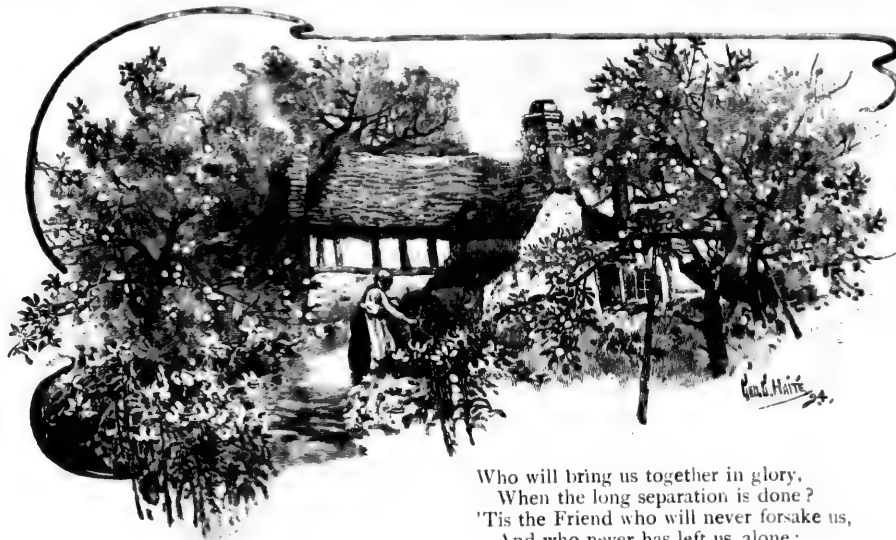


And the door is softly opened, and—my wife is
standing there;
Yet with eagerness and rapture all my visions I
resign
To meet the living presence of that old sweetheart
of mine.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

ALONE IN THE HOUSE.

The following beautiful lines were written in response to repeated requests for something from the pen of Mrs. Willard, mother of Miss Frances E. Willard. They give a picture of sacrifice made with the utmost cheerfulness, such as is not often witnessed, even in the history of reformers, and are typical of the exemplary character of their author.



ALONE in the house! who would dream it!
Or think that it ever could be—
When my babes thrilled the soft air with
love notes
That had meaning for no one but me.

Alone in the house! who would dream it!
Or think that it ever could be.
When they came from their small garden castle,
Down under their dear maple tree,
Or from graves of their pets and their litters,
With grief it would pain you to see.

Then with brows looking weary from lessons,
Pored over with earnestness rare,
And then, from a thoughtful retirement,
With solitude's first blanch of care.

A house of stark silence and stillness

Is this, where I think of the rush
Of childhood's swift feet at the portal,
And of childhood's sweet spirit of trust!

All alone in the house! all alone!
On this generous festival day;
Oh! where have my girls gone this New Year's,
Who made the house merry as May?
One went at the call of death's angel,
And one, duty took her away.

Oh, how will it be in that future?
I do wonder how it will be,
When we all meet together in heaven—
Husband, son, gentle daughters and me.

Who will bring us together in glory,
When the long separation is done?
'Tis the Friend who will never forsake us,
And who never has left us alone;
Then fearless we'll enter to-morrow,
'Twill be one day nearer our home.

But when shall we reach there, I wonder,
Where father, brother, and sister now rest,
To dwell with the Christ who redeemed us,
In the beautiful land of the blest?

MARY THOMPSON WILLARD.

THE OLD FRIENDS.

THERE is no friend like the old friend who
has shared our morning days,
No greeting like his welcome, no homage
like his praise;
Fame is the scentless sunflower, with gaudy crown
of gold,
But friendship is the breathing rose, with sweets in
every fold.

O. W. HOLMES.

CHARITY.

BLEST Charity! the grace long-suffering, kind,
Which envies not, has no self-vaunting mind,
Is not puffed up, makes no unseemly show,
Seeks not her own, to provocation slow,
No evil thinks, in no unrighteous choice
Takes pleasure, doth in truth rejoice,
Hides all things, still believes, and hopes the best,
All things endures, averse to all contest.
Tongues, knowledge, prophecy, shall sink away,

And a sign and a seal of our reverence, too,
Had a part in our creed, when that old ring was
new.

When a slender, light hand was upraised to our lips,
And our kisses were pressed on its slim finger tips.
For that circle of gold seemed a hallowing pledge
Of a homage profounder than words dare allege.

But the metal that's purest wears quickest away,
And that old wedding ring has grown thinner to-
day;



At the first glance of beatific ray;
Then charity its element shall gain,
And with the God of love eternal reign.

BISHOP KEN.

THAT CIRCLE OF GOLD.

WHAT a symbol of love is that circle of gold,
By the token of which our devotion was
told!

How our youthful affection shines out, as it seems,
In the light of the romance around it that gleams;
And it knows no beginning or ending, or why
Its continuing course should not run till we die.

Yet the hand which it graced graces it in its turn
With a magic the alchemist vainly would learn.
For sweet charity's touch has so filled it with gold
That that hand never lacked to the hungry and cold.

And the summers may come, and the summers may
go,
And the winters may whiten the hair with their
snow;
Still the hand which a lover delighted to kiss
Wears the signet of half of a century's bliss,
And no earnest of joy in the heavens above
Is more sure than that ring and its cycle of love.

W. D. ELLWANGER.

OLD CHRISTMAS.

THERE'S a box in the cellar, a bundle up-
stairs
And the family cherubs are whispering in
pairs.
It's all about Christmas,
I know it is Christmas,
Old Christmas once more.

When I venture to enter, where laughter is rife,



"You cannot come in," cries the voice of my wife.
'Tis the sweet sign of Christmas,
The coming of Christmas,
Old Christmas once more.

When I open a closet to look for my hat
I find—but no matter it is not the cat,
It is something for Christmas,
A comfort for Christmas,
Old Christmas once more.

TWO PICTURES.

AN old farmhouse, with meadows wide,
And sweet with clover on each side;
A bright-eyed boy, who looks from out
The door with woodbine wreathed about,
And wishes his one thought all day:
"Oh! if I could but fly away
From this dull spot the world to see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be!"

Amid the city's constant din,
A man who round the world has been,
Who, 'mid the tumult and the throng,
Is thinking, thinking all day long:
"Oh! could I only tread once more
The field-path to the farmhouse door,
The old, green meadow could I see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be!"

DEAREST LOVE! BELIEVE ME.

DEAREST love! believe me,
Though all else depart,
Naught shall e'er deceive thee
In this faithful heart:
Beauty may be blighted,
Youth must pass away,
But the vows we plighted
Ne'er shall know decay.
Tempests may assail us
From affliction's coast,
Fortune's breeze may fail us
When we need it most;
Fairest hopes may perish,
Firmest friends may change;
But the love we cherish
Nothing shall estrange.
Dreams of fame and grandeur
End in bitter tears;
Love grows only fonder
With the lapse of years:
Time, and change, and trouble,
Weaker ties unbind,
But the bands redoubled
True affection twined.

THOMAS PRINGLE.

TWILIGHT.

SING to me, dear, of the twilight time,
Shadowy, tender and gray—
Rosy the West,
Nature at rest;

Slow rising mist, and a far-away chime—
A song for the ending of day.

Sing me a song of the autumn days,

Mellowed and russet and sere—

Summer heat done,

Frost-time begun;

Sun shining chill through the violet haze—

A song for the close of the year.

Croon to me, dear, of the fireside years,

After the toiling and strife—

Strength ebbing fast,

Heart tempests past;

We two at rest, beyond doubting and fears—

A song for the waning of life.

CORRINE M. ROCKWELL.

A WIFE'S APPEAL TO HER HUSBAND.

YOU took me, Henry, when a girl, into your
home and heart,
To bear in all your after-fate a fond and
faithful part;
And tell me, have I ever tried that duty to forego,
Or pined there was not joy for me when you were
sunk in woe?
No, I would rather share your grief than other
people's glee;
For though you're nothing to the world, you're
all the world to me,
You make a palace of my shed, this rough-hewn
bench a throne;
There's sunlight for me in your smile, and music
in your tone.
I look upon you when you sleep—my eyes with
tears grow dim;
I cry, "O! Parent of the poor, look down from
heaven on him!
Behold him toil, from day to day, exhausting
strength and soul;
Look down in mercy on him, Lord, for thou canst
make him whole!"
And when, at last, relieving sleep has on my eye-
lids smiled,
How oft are they forbid to close in slumber by my
child!
I take the little murmurer that spoils my span of
rest,
And feel it is a part of thee I hold upon my
breast.

GRANDMOTHER'S WORK.

UP in the garret the grandmother sits,
Under the rafters dark and low,
Sorting over the faded bits
Of woolen, and silk, and calico;
And the children wonder, as peeping in,
They watch the old lady her task begin,
Why the aged hands, so wrinkled and thin,
Should tremble and be so slow.
Run away, ye careless ones, to your play!
Let her muse for awhile alone!
These faded remnants once bright and gay,
Have a history—every one;
And this is the reason the grand-dame sighs,
And the blinding tears that unbidden rise,
She paused to wipe from those faded eyes,
Whose weeping, she thought, was done.
This silk, whose color she scarce can tell,
Laid away with such pride and care,
Was the bridal robe—she remembers well—
Of her darling so pure and fair.
And she hastily folds it out of sight,
For she knows full well, in that land of light,
Unfading and spotless, clean and white,
Are the garments the ransomed wear.

There's only one return I crave—I may not need
it long—
And it may soothe thee when I'm where the
wretched feel no wrong.
I ask not for a kinder tone, for thou wert ever
kind;
I ask not for less frugal fare—my fare I do not
mind.
I ask not for more gay attire—if such as I have got
Suffice to make me fair to thee, for more I murmur
not;
But I would ask some share of hours that you in
toil bestow;
Of knowledge that you prize so much, may I not
something know?
Subtract from meetings amongst men each eve an
hour for me;
Make me companion for your soul, as I may
surely be;
If you will read, I'll sit and work; then think,
when you're away,
Less tedious I shall find the time, dear Henry, of
your stay.
A meet companion soon I'll be for e'en your
studious hours,
And teacher of those little ones you call your
cottage-flowers;
And if we be not rich and great, we may be wise
and kind.
And as my heart can warm your heart, so may my
mind your mind.

And these tiny shreds of old soft lace
Which the years have turned so gray,
How they bring before her the baby face,
That within these ruffles lay!
And the heart leaps over the days that remain,
Till she clasps in her arms her baby again,
While her withered heart feels a yearning pain
For the little one called away.
And now she has found a scrap of blue,
And she brushes away a tear
As she thinks of her soldier son so true
To his country—to her so dear;
A bit of the blue her brave boy wore
When he said "good-bye" at the cottage door;
She listens in vain, on the oaken floor,
For the footsteps she loved to hear.
And thus she labors and thinks and dreams,
While memories fast arise,
Till the fading light of evening seems
To come with swift surprise;
And the children that night in the chimney nook,
Looking up at length from their picture book,
See the folded hands, and the shadowy look
Of tears in her kindly eyes.

MRS. C. E. HEWITT.

AN IDYL OF THE KITCHEN.

IN brown holland apron she stood in the kitchen,
 Her sleeves were rolled up, and her cheeks all
 aglow;
 Her hair was coiled neatly; when I, indiscreetly,
 Stood watching while Nancy was kneading the
 dough.
 Now, who could be neater, or brighter, or sweeter,
 Or who hum a song so delightfully low,



Or who look so slender, so graceful, so tender,
 As Nancy, sweet Nancy, while kneading the
 dough?
 How deftly she pressed it, and squeezed it,
 caressed it,
 And twisted and turned it, now quick and now
 slow,
 Ah, me, but that madness I've paid for in sadness!
 'Twas my heart she was kneading as well as the
 dough.
 At last, when she turned for her pan to the dresser,
 She saw me and blushed, and said shyly, "Please
 go,
 Or my bread I'll be spoiling in spite of my toiling,
 If you stand here and watch while I'm kneading
 the dough."
 I begged for permission to stay. She'd not listen;
 The sweet little tyrant said, "No, sir! no! no!"
 Yet when I had vanished on being thus banished,
 My heart stayed with Nancy while kneading the
 dough.
 I'm dreaming, sweet Nancy, and see you in fancy,
 Your heart, love, has softened, and pitied my woe,
 And we, dear, are rich in a dainty wee kitchen
 Where Nancy, my Nancy, stands kneading the
 dough.

JOHN A. FRASER, JR.

THE OPEN WINDOW.

THE old house by the lindens
 Stood silent in the shade,
 And on the gravelled pathway
 The light and shadow played.
 I saw the nursery windows
 Wide open to the air;
 But the faces of the children,
 They were no longer there.

The birds sang in the branches,
 With sweet, familiar tone;
 But the voices of the children
 Will be heard in dreams alone!

And the boy that walked beside me,
 He could not understand
 Why close in mine, ah! closer,
 I pressed his warm, soft hand!
 H. W. LONGFELLOW.

WHERE THERE'S ONE TO LOVE.

HOME'S not merely four square walls,
 Though with pictures hung and gilded;
 Home is where affection calls,
 Filled with shrines the heart hath builded!
 Home! go watch the faithful dove,
 Sailing 'neath the heaven above us;
 Home is where there's one to love!
 Home is where there's one to love us!

Home's not merely roof and room,
 It needs something to endear it;
 Home is where the heart can bloom,
 Where there's some kind lip to cheer it!
 What is home with none to meet,
 None to welcome, none to greet us?
 Home is sweet—and only sweet—
 When there's one we love to meet us!

CHARLES SWAIN.

THE PROUDEST LADY.

THE queen is proud on her throne,
 And proud are her maids so fine;
 But the proudest lady that ever was known
 Is a little lady of mine
 And oh! she flouts me, she flouts me,
 And spurns, and scorns, and scouts me,
 Though I drop or my knee and sue for grace,
 And beg, and beseech with the saddest face
 Still ever the same she doubts me.

She is seven by the calendar—
 A lily's almost as tall,

What petulant pert grimaces!
 Why, the very pony prances and winks,
 And tosses his head, and plainly thinks
 He may ape her airs and graces.

But at times, like a pleasant tune,
 A sweeter mood o'ertakes her;
 Oh! then she's sunny as skies of June,
 And all her pride forsakes her.
 Oh! she dances round me so fairly!
 Oh! her laugh rings out so rarely!
 Oh! she coaxes and nestles, and purrs and pries



But oh! this little lady's by far
 The proudest lady of all.
 It's her sport and pleasure to flout me,
 To spurn, and scorn, and scout me;
 But ah! I've a notion it's nought but play,
 And that, say what she will and feign what she
 may,
 She can't well do without me!

When she rides on her nag away,
 By park, and road, and river,
 In a little hat so jaunty and gay,
 Oh! then she's prouder than ever!
 And oh! what faces, what faces!

In my puzzled face with her two great eyes,
 And says, "I love you dearly!"

Oh! the queen is proud on her throne,
 And proud are her maids so fine;
 But the proudest lady that ever was known
 Is this little lady of mine.
 Good lack! she flouts me, she flouts me,
 And spurns, and scorns, and scouts me;
 But ah! I've a notion it's nought but play,
 And that, say what she will and feign what she
 may,
 She can't well do without me!

THOMAS WESTWOOD.

THE HOME-COMING.

THEY gain by twilight's hour their lonely isle,
 To them the very rocks appear to smile;
 The haven hums with many a cheering
 sound,
 The beacons blaze their wonted stations round,
 The boats are darting o'er the curly bay,
 And sportive dolphins bend them through the
 spray.

Even the hoarse sea-bird's shrill, discordant shriek,
 Greeted like the welcome of his tuncless beak!
 Beneath each lamp that through its lattice gleams,
 Their fancy paints the friends that trim the
 beams.
 Oh! what can sanctify the joys of home,
 Like hope's gay glance from ocean's troubled
 foam.

LORD BYRON.

THE FIRST SMILE.

TEARS from the birth of doom must be
Of the sin-born—but wait awhile,
Young mother, and thine eye shall see
The dawning of the first soft smile.



HOMEWARD BOUND.

It comes in slumber, gently steals
O'er the fair cheek, as light on dew;
Some inward joy that smile reveals;
Sit by, and muse; such dreams are true.

Closed eyelids. Limbs supine, and breath
So still, you scarce can calm the doubt
If life can be so like to death—
'Tis life, but all of earth shut out.

'Tis perfect peace; yet all the while
O'er marble brow, and dimpled chin
Mantles and glows that radiant smile,
Noting the spirit stirred within.

Oh dim to this the flashing ray,

Though dear as life to mother's heart,
From waking smiles, that later
play;
In these earth claims the
larger part.

'Tis childish sport, or frolic
mirth,
Or the fond mother's blame-
less guile,
Or glittering toy—some gaud
of earth,
That stirs him to that merry
smile.

Or if in pensive wise it creep,
With gradual light and
soberer grace,
Yet shades of earthly sorrow
sleep,
Still sleep upon his beau-
teous face.

But did the smile disclose a
dream
Of bliss that had been his
before?
Was it from heaven's deep sea
a gleam
Not faded quite on earth's
dim shore?

Or told some angel from above,
Of glories to be his at last,
The sunset, crowning hours of
love—
His labors done—his perils
past?

Blest smile!—so let me live
my day,
That when my latest sun
shall set,
That smile, reviving once, may
play,
And gild my dying features
yet:

That smile to cheer the mourners round
With hope of human sins forgiven;
Token of earthly ties unbound,
Of heart intent on opening heaven.

Fair distant land: could mortal eyes
But half its joys explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more!

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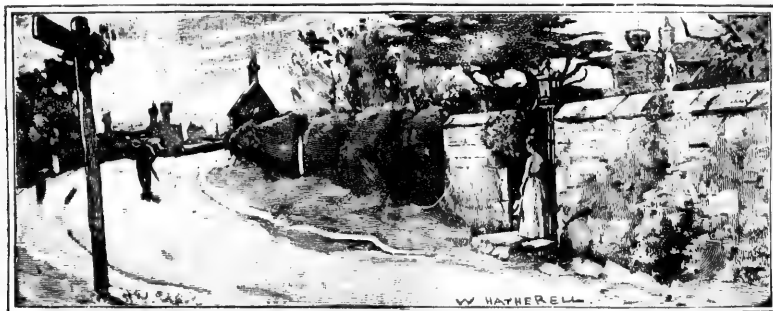
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THE TWO GATES.

IT is many a year ago, dear—
 Ah, me! how the time has fled—
 Since we met on a morn in summer,
 And never a word was said.
 It is true that our eyes encountered,
 Ordained by a kindly fate;
 As I wandered along the roadway,
 You stood at the garden gate—
 You stood at the garden gate!

As the brooklet will seek the sea, dear,
 As flowers ever hail the sun,
 As the songsters all crave for springtime,
 Our lives yearned to be as one
 You remember how bells were ringing,
 And hearts were with joy elate,
 When on starting on life's twin journey,
 We passed through the same old gate—
 We passed through the same old gate!



Now that the silvery strands have come, dear,
 And taken the place of gold,
 Do we ever regret that summer
 When love's sweet tale was told?
 Ah, no! for happiness, darling,
 Is ours, though in life 'tis late,
 And with us 'twill ever linger,
 Till close is the heavenly gate—
 Till close is the heavenly gate!

THE EMPTY HOUSE.

TO think the moonlight shines to-night
 In the dismantled rooms that were
 Love's own, the moonlight, cold and white,
 Upon the desolate walls and bare!

To think the dawn shall rise and flood
 The empty house that was love's own,
 Wherein love's hours were warm and good—
 Wherein love's heart hung heavy as stone!

To think I shall come there no more
 To the familiar place, to know

The stranger's foot shall cross the floor
 Of old where I was wont to go!

O house that like a little ghost
 Calls to me through the night and rain,
 I know not if I love you most
 For all the joy or all the pain.

For hours in which my joy lay dead,
 For hours in which all heaven I knew—
 Only my life, when all is said,
 Leaves an immortal past with you.

THE JOYS OF HOME.

SWEET are the joys of home,
 And pure as sweet; for they,
 Like dews of morn and evening, come
 To wake and close the day.

The world hath its delights,
 And its delusions too;

But home to calmer bliss invites,
 More tranquil and more true.

The mountain flood is strong,
 But fearful in its pride;
 While gently rolls the stream along
 The peaceful valley's side.

Life's charities, like light,
 Spread smilingly afar;
 But stars approached, become more bright
 And home is life's own star.

The pilgrim's step in vain
 Seeks Eden's sacred ground!
 But in home's holy joys again
 An Eden may be found.

A glance of heaven to see,
 To none on earth is given;
 And yet a happy family
 Is but an earlier heaven.

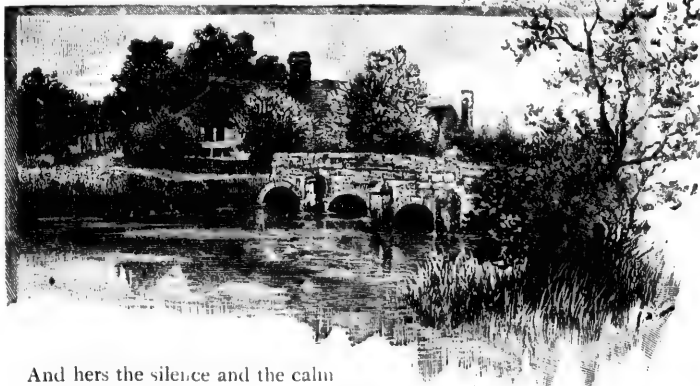
JOHN BOWRING.

SHE GREW IN SUN AND SHOWER.

THREE years she grew in sun and shower,
Then nature said, "A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown;
This child I to myself will take,
She shall be mine, and I will make
A lady of my own.

"Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse, and with me
The girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an ever-seeing power
To kindle or restrain.

"She shall be sportive as the fawn,
That wild with glee across the lawn,
Or up the mountain springs;
And hers shall be the breathing palm,



And hers the silence and the calm
Of mute, insensate things.

"The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her—for her the willow bend;
Nor shall she fail to see
Even in the motions of the storm,
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her, and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place;
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound,
Shall pass into her face.

"And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height;
Her virgin bosom swell.
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give,
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell."

Thus nature spake—the work was done—
How soon my Lucy's race was run!
She died, and left to me
This heath, this calm and quiet scene,
The memory of what has been,
And never more will be.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

A SUNSHINY HUSBAND.

A SUNSHINY husband makes a merry, beautiful home, worth having, worth working for. If a man is breezy, cheery, considerate, and sympathetic, his wife sings in her heart over her puddings and her mending basket, counts the hours until he returns at night, and renews her youth in the security she feels of his approbation

and admiration. You may think it weak or childish if you please, but it is the admired wife who hears words of praise and receives smiles of recommendations, who is capable, discreet, and executive. I have seen a timid, modest, self-distrusting little body fairly bloom into strong, self-reliant womanhood, under the tonic of the cordial of companionship with a husband who really went out of the way to find occasion for showing her how fully he trusted her judgment, and how tenderly he deferred to her opinion and taste.

In home life there should be no jar, no striving for place, no insisting on prerogatives, no division of interest. The husband and the wife are each the complement of the other. It is just as much his duty to be cheerful, as it is hers to be patient; his right to bring joy into the door, as it is hers to keep in order and beautify the pleasant interior. A family where the daily walk of the father makes glad the hearts of those around him, is constantly blessed with a heavenly benediction.

TRUE CONTENTMENT.

One honest John Fletcher, a hedger and ditcher, Although he was poor didn't want to be richer; All petty vexation in him was prevented By the fortunate habit of being contented.

HENRY S. KENT.

OUR FIRST-BORN.

O HAPPY husband! happy wife!
 The rarest ble-sing Heaven drops down,
 The sweetest blossom in spring's crown,
 Starts in the furrows of your life!
 God! what a towering height ye win,
 Who cry, "Lo, my beloved child!"
 And, life on life sublimely piled,
 Ye touch the heavens and peep within!

The mother moves with queenlier tread:
 Prond swell the globes of ripe delight
 Above her heart, so warm and white,
 A pillow for the baby-head!
 Their natures deepen, well-like, clear,
 Till God's eternal stars are seen,
 Forever shining and serene,
 By eyes anointed beauty's seer.



Look how a star of glory swims
 Down aching silence of space,
 Flushing th' darkness till its face
 With beating heart of light o'erbrims!
 So brightening came Babe Christabel,
 To touch the earth with fresh romance,
 And light a mother's countenance
 With looking on her miracle.

With hands so flower-like, soft, and fair,
 She caught at life, with words as sweet
 As first spring violets, and feet
 As fairy-light as feet of air.
 The father, down in toil's murky mine,
 Turns to his wealthy world above,
 Its radiance, and its home of love;
 And lights his life like sun-struck wine.

A sense of glory all things took,—
 The red rose-heart of dawn would blow,
 And sundown's sumptuous pictures show
 Babe-cherubs wearing their babe's look!
 And round their peerless one they clung,
 Like bees about a flower's wine-cup;
 New thoughts and feelings blossomed up,
 And hearts for very fullness sung.

Of what their budding babe shall grow,
 When the maid crimson-roses into wife,
 And crowns the summit of some life,
 Like Phosphor, with morn on its brow!
 And they should bless her for a bride,
 Who, like a splendid saint alit
 In some heart's seventh heaven, should sit,
 As now in theirs, all glorified!

But O ! 'twas all too white a brow
To flush with passion that doth fire
With Hymen's torch its own death-pyre—
So pure her heart was beating now !

And thus they built their castles brave
In fairy lands of gorgeous cloud ;
They never saw a little white shroud,
Nor guessed how flowers may mask the grave.
GERALD MASSEY.

THE MORTGAGE ON THE FARM.

'TIS gone at last, and I am glad ; it stayed a
fearful while,
And when the world was light and gay,
I could not even smile ;
It stood before me like a giant, outstretched its
iron arm ;
No matter where I looked, I saw the mortgage on
the farm.

I'll tell you how it happened, for I want the world
to know
How glad I am this winter day whilst earth is
white with snow ;
I'm just as happy as a lark. No cause for rude
alarm
Confronts us now, for lifted is the mortgage on
the farm.

The children they were growing up, and they were
smart and trim.
To some big college in the East we'd sent our
youngest, Jim ;
And every time he wrote us, at the bottom of his
screed,
He tacked some Latin fol-de-rol which none of us
could read.

The girls they ran to music, and to painting, and
to rhymes,
They said the house was out of style and far be-
hind the times ;
They suddenly discovered that it didn't keep 'em
warm—
Another step of course towards a mortgage on the
farm.

We took a cranky notion, Hannah Jane and me
one day,
While we were coming home from town, a-talking
all the way.
The old house wasn't big enough for us, although
for years
Beneath its humble roof we'd shared each other's
joys and tears.

We built 't o'er and when 'twas done, I wish you
could have seer it,
It was a most tremendous thing—I really didn't
mean it ;
Why, it was big enough to hold the people of the
town,
And not one-half as cosy as the old one we pulled
down.

I bought a fine pianner and it shortened still the
pile,
But, then, it pleased the children, and they banged
it all the while ;
No matter what they played for me, their music
had no charm,
For every tune said plainly : " There's a mortgage
on the farm ! "

I worked from morn tiil eve, and toiled as often
toils the slave
To meet that grisly interest ; I tried hard to be
brave,
And oft when I came home at night with tired
brain and arm,
The chickens hung their heads, they felt the mort-
gage on the farm.

But we saved a penny now and then, we laid them
in a row ;
The girls they played the same old tunes, and let
the new ones go ;
And when from college came our Jim with laurels
on his brow,
I led him to the stumpy field and put him to the
plow.

He something said in Latin which I didn't under-
stand,
But it did me good to see his plow turn up the
dewy land ;
And when the year had ended and empty were
the cribs,
We found we'd hit the mortgage, sir, a blow be-
tween the ribs.

To-day I harnessed up the team and thundered
off to town.
And in the lawyer's sight I planked the last bright
dollar down ;
And when I trotted up the lane, a-feeling good
and warm,
The old red rooster crowed his best : " No mort-
gage on the farm. "

I'll sleep almighty good to-night, the best for
many a day,
The skeleton that haunted us has passed fore'er
away.
The girls can play the brand new tunes with no
fears to alarm,
And Jim can go to Congress, with no mortgage on
the farm !

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LOVE IN A COTTAGE.

THEY may talk of love in a cottage,
And bowers of trellised vine—
Of nature bewitchingly simple,
And milkmaids half divine;
They may talk of the pleasure of sleeping
In the shade of a spreading tree,
And a walk in the fields at morning,
By the side of a footstep free!
But give me a sly flirtation
By the light of a chandelier—
With music to play in the pauses,
And nobody very near;
Or a seat on a silken sofa,
Near a form that is half divine,
And mamma too blind to discover
The small white hand in mine.

Your love in a cot-
tage is hungry,
Your vine is a nest
for flies.

Your milkmaid
shocks the Graces,
And simplicity talks
of pies!

You lie down to your
shady slumber
And wake with a
bug in your ear.
And your damsel
that walks in the
morning
Is shod like a moun-
taineer.

True love is at home
on a carpet,
And mightily likes
his ease—

And true love has an eye for a dinner,
And starves beneath shady trees.
His wing is the fan of a lady,
His foot's an invisible thing,
And his arrow is tipped with a jewel,
And shot from a silver string.

N. P. WILLIS.

GRANDFATHER'S HOUSE.

GRANDFATHER'S house was a gray old
building
Ever and ever so long ago;
The fields around it were deep with clover,
The birds sang over it soft and low.
Round Grandfather's house the turf—green vel-
vet—
Was sprinkled with daises white as snow.

A clump of lilacs bloomed in May time
Over the path by Grandfather's door—

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Ah, me! the charm of those purple blossoms,
Their graceful plumes just nodding o'er
The reaching, childish hands below them—
Their dewy fragrance I'll know no more.

Grandfather's barn with its whistling crannies,
Its frowning beams and rafters gray,
Its clover smell, the twitter of swallows,
And great, high, billowy mows of hay—
I have found no joy that could be measured
With Grandfather's barn on a rainy day.

Grandfather's woods were—"miles" it may be,
They reached much farther than one could see;
They were deep and dark and full of shadow,
Often explored, and as often we
Found new treasures; the leaves in autumn
Were rustled by small feet noisily.



Grandfather's room: when the day was over
We rested full in its soothing calm,
And heard from the Book with the leather cover,
The ever-new—old-fashioned psalm.
We knew not why, we asked not wherefore;
But peace settled over our hearts like balm.

Oh! for a glimpse of the dear old homestead,
The meadow green where the sweet flag grew,
For one long breath from the fragrant orchard,
A touch of the cool leaves bright with dew—
For even a sight of the "Rocky pasture,"
Or the swamp where at nightfall the cows came
through.

The days were long and the sunshine golden
At Grandfather's house in the long ago;
The moon was larger, the stars were brighter
And fun was plenty in rain or snow;
Now life at the best is dull and prosy—
Strange that the world should alter so!

MARY MCGUIRE.

HAPPY LOVE.

SINCE the sweet knowledge I possess
That she I love is mine,
All nature throbs with happiness,
And wears a face divine.



The woods seem greener than they were,
The skies are brighter blue;
The stars shine clearer, and the air
Lets finer sunlight through.
Until I loved, I was a child,
And sported on the sands;
But now the ocean opens out,
With all its happy lands.

The circles of my sympathy
Extend from earth to heaven,
I strove to pierce a mystery,
And lo! the clue is given.
The woods, with all their boughs and leaves,
Are preachers of delight,

And wandering clouds in summer eves
Are Edens to my sight.
My confidants and comforters
Are river, hill and grove,
And sun, and stars, and heaven's blue deep,
And all that live and move.

O friendly hills! O garrulous woods!
O sympathizing air!
O many-voiced solitudes!
I know my love is fair.
I know that she is fair and true,
And that from her you've caught
The changeful glories ever new,
That robe you in my thought.
Grief, from the armor of my heart,
Rolls off like rustling rain:
'Tis life to love; but double life
To be beloved again.

CHARLES MAC KAY.

THE OLD BARN.

BETWEEN broad fields of
wheat and corn
Is the lowly home where I
was born;
The peach-tree leans against the
wall,
And the woodbine wanders over all
There is the barn—and as of yore,
I can smell the hay from the open
door,
And see the busy swallows throng,
And hear the peewee's mournful
song.

Oh, ye who daily cross the sill,
Step lightly, for I love it still;
And when you crowd the old barn eaves,
Then think what countless harvest sheaves
Have passed within that scented door
To gladden eyes that are no more.

T. BUCHANAN READ.

HOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS.

I F ever household affections and love are graceful
things, they are graceful in the poor. The
ties that bind the wealthy and the proud at
home may be forged on earth, but those which
link the poor man to his humble hearth are of the
true metal and bear the stamp of heaven. The
man of high descent may love the halls and lands
of his inheritance as a part of himself, as trophies
of his birth and power; the poor man's attach-
ment to the tenement he holds, which strangers
have held before, and may to-morrow occupy
again, has a worthier root, struck deep into a
purer soil.

CHARLES DICKENS.

GOOD-NIGHT SONG.

THE birds fly home from east and west,
 The sleepy winds are blowing,
 All tired wee things have gone to rest,
 And baby must be going.
 Dress him in white,
 And fold him tight,
 And whisper once, and twice, "Good night!"
 Then set afloat
 The cradle boat,
 The slumber-ship is just in sight!
 Now rock and row,
 Swing to and fro,
 The winds are soft, the waves are low,
 The dream-world shores lie dim and blue,
 The sky is fair, the ship is true.

Oh baby! to be left behind
 Would bring us care and sorrow;
 'Tis in dream-world you must find
 The laughter for to-morrow.
 There kisses grow,
 And dimples blow,
 And thinking streams of music flow,
 So sweet and clear—
 Oh, baby dear,
 The time is up to rock and row.
 We reach the ship;
 No—back we slip—
 Again the oars we poise and dip,
 We dip and poise—Oh! ship so white,
 Now take him in! sweetheart, good night.

ONE OF THE SLEEPY KIND.

I LOVE to wake at early dawn,
 When sparrows "cheep,"
 And then turn over with a yawn,
 And go to sleep.

I love to see the rising sun
 In picture books.
 In nature I don't care a bun
 How Phebus looks.

I love to lie abed each morn,
 In dreamy doze,
 And make the neighborhood forlorn
 With tuneful nose.

I love to draw the blankets well
 Up around my chin;
 I hate to hear the breakfast bell—
 Confound its din!

In short, I love the sweet embrace
 Of slumber deep;
 And heaven to me will be a place
 Where I can sleep!



AH, NO! I CANNOT SAY "FAREWELL."

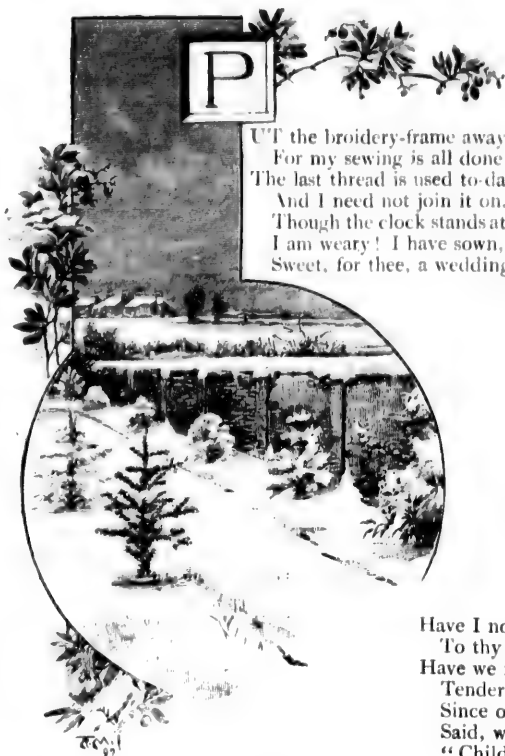
AH, no! I cannot say "Farewell,"
 'Twould pierce my bosom through;
 And to this heart 'twere death's dread knell,
 To hear thee sigh "Adieu."
 Though soul and body both must part,
 Yet ne'er from thee I'll sever,
 For more to me than soul thou art,
 And oh! I'll quit thee never.

Whate'er through life may be thy fate,
 That fate with thee I'll share,
 If prosperous, be moderate,
 If adverse, meekly bear;
 This bosom shall thy pillow be,
 In every change whatever,
 And tear for tear I'll shed with thee,
 But oh! forsake thee, never.

One home, one hearth, shall ours be still,
 And one our daily fare;
 One altar, too, where we may kneel,
 And breathe our humble prayer;
 And one our praise, that shall ascend
 To one all-bounteous Giver;
 And one our will, our aim, our end,
 For oh! we'll sunder never.

And when that solemn hour shall come,
 That sees thee breathe thy last,
 That hour shall also fix my doom,
 And seal my eyelids fast.
 One grave shall hold us side by side,
 One shroud our clay shall cover;
 And one then may we mount and glide,
 Through realms of love, forever.

ALEXANDER RODGER.



PUT the broidery-frame away,
For my sewing is all done!
The last thread is used to-day,
And I need not join it on.
Though the clock stands at the noon,
I am weary! I have sown,
Sweet, for thee, a wedding-gown.

BERTHA IN THE LANE.

Sister, help me to the bed,
And stand near me, dearest-sweet!
Do not shrink nor be afraid,
Blushing with a sudden heat!
No one standeth in the street!—
By God's love I go to meet,
Love I thee with love complete.

Lean thy face down! drop it in
These two hands, that I may hold
Twixt their palms thy cheek and chin.
Stroking back the curls of gold.
'Tis a fair, fair face, in sooth,—
Larger eyes and redder mouth
Than mine were in my first youth!

Thou art younger by seven years—
Ah! so bashful at my gaze
That the lashes, hung with tears,
Grow too heavy to upraise?
I would wound thee by no touch
Which thy shyness feels as such,—
Dost thou mind me, dear, so much?

Have I not been nigh a mother
To thy sweetness,—tell me, dear?
Have we not loved one another
Tenderly, from year to year?
Since our dying mother mild
Said, with accents undefiled,
“Child, be mother to this child!”

Hope that blessed me, bliss that crowned,
Love that left me with a wound,
Life itself, that turned around!

ELIZABETH B. BROWNING.

Mother, mother, up in heaven,
Stand upon the jasper sea,
And be witness I have given
All the gifts required of me;—

ABSENCE.

WHAT shall I do with all the days and hours
That must be counted ere I see thy face?
How shall I charm the interval that low'rs
Between this time and that sweet time of grace?

Shall I in slumber steep each weary sense,
Weary with longing?—shall I flee away
Into past days, and with some fond pretense,
Cheat myself to forget the present day?

Shall love for thee lay on my soul the sin
Of casting from me God's great gift of time?
Shall I these mists of memory locked within,
Leave, and forget, life's purposes sublime?

Oh! how, or by what means, may I contrive
To bring the hour that brings thee back more
near?

How may I teach my drooping hope to live
Until that blessed time, and thou art here?

I'll tell thee: for thy sake, I will lay hold
Of all good aims, and consecrate to thee,
In worthy deeds, each moment that is told,
While thou, beloved one! art far from me.

For thee, I will arouse my thoughts to try
All heavenward flights, all high and holy strains;
For thy dear sake I will walk patiently
Thro' these long hours, nor call their minutes pains.

I will this dreary blank of absence make
A noble task time, and will therein strive
To follow excellence, and to o'ertake
More good than I have won, since yet I live.

FANNY K. BUTLER.



A FAIR BEGINNER



GOLDSMITH READING THE "VICAR OF WAKEFIELD"

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THE HAPPY LOT.

BLEST is the hearth where daughters gird the fire,
And sons that shall be happier than their sire.

Who sees them crowd around his evening chair,
While love and hope inspire his wordless prayer.

From their home paternal may they go.

With little to unlearn, though much to know!

Them, may no poisoned tongue, no evil eye,

Curse for the virtues that refuse to die;

The generous heart, the independent mind,

Till truth, like falsehood, leaves a sting behind!

May temperance crown their feast, and friendship share!

May pity come, love's sister spirit, there!

May they shun baseness as they shun the grave!

May they be frugal, pious, humble, brave!

Sweet peace be theirs—the moonlight of the breast—

And occupation, and alternate rest:

And dear to care and thought the usual walk;

Theirs be no flower that withers on the stalk,

But roses cropped, that shall not bloom in vain;

And hope's blest sun, that sets to rise again.

Be chaste their nuptial bed, their home be sweet.

Their floor resound the tread of little feet;

Blest beyond fear and fate, it blessed by thee,

And heirs, O love! of thine eternity.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

Did listen, as her lips did frame
The helpless little stranger's name—
When baby came!

When darkness came and baby died,
The misty grief that fell belie'd
The transient joy that filled the room



THE BABY.

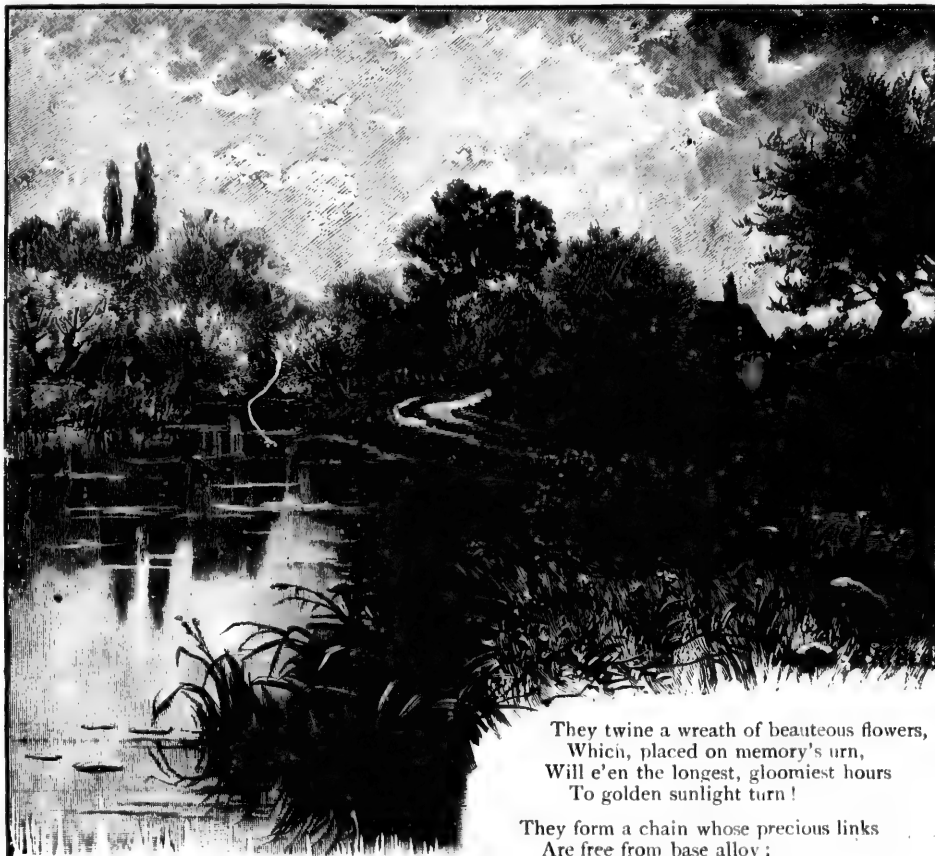
WHEN morning broke and baby came
The house did scarcely seem the same
As just before The very air
Grew fragrant with the essence rare
Of a celestial garden, where
The angels, breathless, learned to hear
The youthful mother's fervid prayer
To God, to guard her first-born care.
And with what diligence each ear

But just before; where brooding gloom
Now dumbly spoke the baby's doom.
We hid away the little things
Woven by nature's matchless loom—
A woman's hands! The amber bloom
Waxed dimmer on the finch's wings;
The flowers, too, in sorrow vied,
As if kind nature drooped and cried—
When baby died!

CHARLES G. ROGERS.

SCENES OF MY YOUTH.

SCENES of my birth, and careless childhood
hours!
Ye smiling hills, and spacious fertile vales!
Where oft I wandered plucking vernal flowers,
And revelled in the odor-breathing gales;



Should fickle fate, with talismanic wand,
Bear me afar where either India glows,
Or fix my dwelling on the polar land,
Where nature wears her ever-during snows;
Still shall your charms my fondest themes adorn,
When placid evening paints the western sky,
And when Hyperion wakes the blushing morn,
To rear his gorgeous sapphire throne on high.
For to the guiltless heart, where'er we roam,
No scenes delight us like our much-loved home.

ROBERT HILLHOUSE.

THE THREE DEAREST WORDS.

THERE are three words that sweetly
blend,
That on the heart are graven;
A precious, soothing balm they lend—
They're mother, home and heaven!

They twine a wreath of beauteous flowers,
Which, placed on memory's urn,
Will e'en the longest, gloomiest hours
To golden sunlight turn!

They form a chain whose precious links
Are free from base alloy;
A stream where whosoever drinks
Will find refreshing joy!

They build an altar where each day
Love's offering is renewed:
And peace illumes with genial ray
Life's darkened solitude!

If from our side the first has fled,
And home be but a name,
Let's strive the narrow path to tread,
That we the last may gain!

MARY J. MUCKLE.

THE MOTHER.

A SOFTENING thought of other years,
A feeling linked to hours
When life was all too bright for tears,—
And hope sang, wreathed with flowers!
A memory of affections fled—
Of voices—heard no more!—

Stirred in my spirit when I
read
That name of fondness
o'er!

Oh, mother!—in that early
word

What loves and joys com-
bine;

What hopes—too oft, alas!—
deferred:

What vigils—griefs—are
thine!—

Yet never till the hour we
roam,

By worldly thralls op-
prest,

Learn we to prize that truest
home—

A watchful mother's breast!

The thousand prayers at mid-
night poured,

Beside our couch of
woes;

The wasting weariness en-
dured

To soften our repose!—

Whilst never murmur marked
thy tongue—

Nor toils relaxed thy
care:—

How, mother, is thy heart so
strong

To pity and forbear?

What filial fondness e'er re-
paid,

Or could repay, the past?—

Alas! for gratitude decayed!
Regrets—that rarely

last!—

'Tis only when the dust is thrown

Thy lifeless bosom o'er,

We muse upon thy kindness shown—

And wish we'd loved thee more!

'Tis only when thy lips are cold,

We mourn with late regret,

'Mid myriad memories of old,

The days forever set!

And not an act—nor look—nor thought—

Against thy meek control,

But with a sad remembrance fraught
Wakes anguish in the soul!

In every land—in every clime—

True to her sacred cause,

Filled by that effluence sublime

From which her strength she draws,

Still is the mother's heart the same—



The mother's lot as tried:—
Then, oh! may nations guard that name
With filial power and pride!

CHARLES SWAIN.

THE SUNNY SIDE.

Mirth is heaven's medicine. Every one ought
to bathe in it. Grim care, moroseness, anxiety,
all this rust of life ought to be scoured off by the
oil of mirth. It is better than emery. Every man
ought to rub himself with it.

THE OLD FARMHOUSE.

WE sat within the farmhouse old,
Whose windows, looking o'er the bay,
Gave to the sea-breeze, damp and cold,
An easy entrance, night and day.

Not far away we saw the port—
The strange, old-fashioned, silent town—
The lighthouse—the dismantled fort—
The wooden houses, quaint and brown.

We sat and talked until the night,
Descending, filled the little room ;
Our faces faded from the sight,
Our voices only broke the gloom.

The very tones in which we spake
Had something strange. I could but mark ;
The leaves of memory seemed to make
A mournful rustling in the dark.

Oft died the words upon our lips,
As suddenly, from out the fire
Built of the wreck of stranded ships,
The flames would leap and then expire.

And, as their splendor flashed and failed,
We thought of wrecks upon the main—
Of ships dismasted, that were hailed
And sent no answer back again.



We spake of many a vanished scene,
Of what we once had thought and said,
Of what had been, and might have been,
And who was changed, and who was dead ;

And all that fills the hearts of friends,
When first they feel, with secret pain,
Their lives thenceforth have separate ends,
And never can be one again ;

The first slight swerving of the heart,
That words are powerless to express,
And leave it still unsaid in part,
Or say it in too great excess.

The windows, rattling in their frames—
The ocean, roaring up the beach—
The gusty blast—the bickering flames—
All mingled vaguely in our speech ;

Until they made themselves a part
Of fancies floating through the brain—
The long-lost ventures of the heart,
That send no answers back again.

O flames that glowed ! O hearts that yearned !
They were indeed too much akin,
The driftwood fire without that burned,
The thoughts that burned and glowed within.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH.

VOICE of summer, keen and shrill.
Chirping round my winter fire,
Of thy song I never tire,
Weary others as they will ;
For thy song with summer's filled—
Filled with sunshine, filled with June ;
Firelight echo of that noon
Heard in fields when all is stilled.
In the golden light of May,
Bringing scents of new-mown hay,
Bees, and birds, and flowers away :

Prithee, haunt my fireside still,
Voice of summer, keen and shrill !
Neither night nor dawn of day
Puts a period to thy play.
Sing, then, and extend thy span
Far beyond the date of man.
Wretched man, whose years are spent
In repining discontent,
Lives not, aged though he be,
Half a span, compared with thee.

WILLIAM C. BENNETT.

MY OWN FIRESIDE.

LET others seek for empty joys,
 At ball, or concert, rout or play ;
 Whilst far from fashion's idle noise,
 Her gilded domes and trappings gay,
 I while the wintry eve away,
 'Twixt book and lute the hours divide :
 And marvel how I e'er could stray
 From thee—my own fireside !

My own fireside ! Those simple words
 Can bid the sweetest dreams arise ;

To thoughts of quiet bliss give birth ;
 Then let the churlish tempest chide,
 It cannot check the blameless mirth
 That glads my own fireside !

My refuge ever from the storm
 Of this world's passion, strife, and care ;
 Though thunder-clouds the skies deform,
 Their fury cannot reach me there ;
 There all is cheerful, calm, and fair ;
 Wrath, envy, malice, strife, or pride,



Awaken feeling's tenderest chords,
 And fill with tears of joy mine eyes.
 What is there my wild heart can prize,
 That doth not in thy sphere abide ;
 Haunt of my home-bred sympathies,
 My own—my own fireside !

A gentle form is near me now ;
 A small, white hand is clasped in mine ;
 I gaze upon her placid brow,
 And ask, what joys can equal thine ?
 A babe, whose beauty's half divine,
 In sleep his mother's eyes doth hide ;
 Where may love seek a fitter shrine
 Than thou—my own fireside !

What care I for the sullen roar
 Of winds without, that ravage earth ;
 It doth but bid me prize the more
 The shelter of thy hallowed hearth :—

Hath never made its hated lair
 By thee—my own fireside !

Thy precincts are a charmed ring,
 Where no harsh feeling dares intrude ;
 Where life's vexations lose their sting ;
 Where even grief is half subdued ;
 And peace, the halcyon, loves to brood.
 Then let the world's proud fool deride ;
 I'll pay my debt of gratitude
 To thee—my own fireside !

Shrine of my household deities ;
 Bright scene of home's unsullied joys ;
 To thee my burdened spirit flies,
 When fortune frowns, or care annoys !
 Thine is the bliss that never cloy ;
 The smile whose truth hath oft been tried ;—
 What, then, are this world's tinsel toys.
 To thee—my own fireside !

Oh, may the yearnings, fond and sweet,
That bid my thoughts be all of thee,
Thou ever guide my wandering feet
To thy heart-soothing sanctuary!
Whate'er my future years may be,
Let joy or grief my fate betide;
Be still an Eden bright to me,
My own—my own fireside!

ALARIC A. WATTS.



THE WINDOW.



At my window, late and early,
In the sunshine and the
rain,
When the jocund beams of
morning
Come to wake me from my
napping,
With their golden fingers
tapping
At my window-pane:
From my troubled slumbers flitting—
From my dreamings fond and vain,
From the fever intermitting,
Up I start and take my sitting
At my window-pane.

Through the morning, through the noontide,
Fettered by a diamond chain,
Through the early hours of evening,
When the stars begin to tremble,
As their shining ranks assemble
O'er the azure plain:

When the thousand lamps are blazing,
Through the street and lane—
Mimic stars of man's upraising—
Still I linger, fondly gazing
From my window-pane!

For, amid the crowds slow passing,
Surging like the main,
Like a sunbeam among shadows,
Through the storm-swept cloudy masses,
Sometimes one bright being passes
'Neath my window-pane;
Thus a moment's joy I borrow
From a day of pain.
See, she comes! but bitter sorrow!
Not until the slow to-morrow
Will she come again.

D. F. M'CARTHY.

THE LOST LITTLE ONE.

WE miss her footfall on the floor,
Amidst the nursery din,
Her tip-tap at our bedroom door,
Her bright face peeping in.

And when to Heaven's high court above
Ascends our social prayer,
Though there are voices that we love,
One sweet voice is not there.

And dreary seem the hours, and lone,
That drag themselves along,
Now from our board her smile is gone,
And from our hearth her song.

We miss that farewell laugh of hers,
With its light joyous sound,
And the kiss between the balusters,
When good-night time comes round.

And empty is her little bed,
And on her pillow there
Must never rest that cherub head
With its soft silken hair.

But often as we wake and weep,
Our midnight thoughts will roam,
To visit her cold, dreamless sleep,
In her last narrow home.

Then, then it is faith's tear-dimmed eyes
See through ethereal space,
Amidst the angel-crowded skies,
That dear, that well-known face.

With beckoning hand she seems to say,
"Though, all her sufferings o'er,
Your little one is borne away
To this celestial shore.

Doubt not she longs to welcome you
To her glad, bright abode,
There happy endless ages through
To live with her and God."

GATHERING APPLES.

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness!
 Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
 Conspiring with him how to load and bless
 With fruit the vines that round the thatch-
 eaves run;
 To bend with apples the mossed
 cottage trees,
 And fill all fruit with ripe-
 ness to the core;
 To swell the gourd and
 plump the hazel-shells
 With a sweet kernel; to set
 budding more,
 And still more, later flowers
 for the bees,
 Until they think warm days
 will never cease.
 For summer has o'erbrimmed their
 clammy cells.

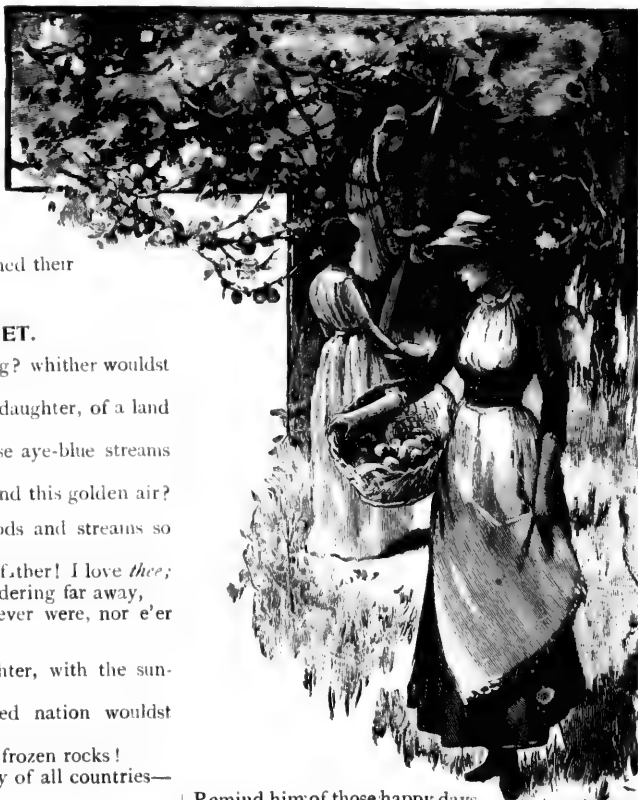
HOME—A DUET.

HE. Dost thou love wandering? whither wouldst
 thou go?
 Dreamest thou, sweet daughter, of a land
 more fair?
 Dost thou not love these aye-blue streams
 that flow?
 These spicy forests? and this golden air?
 SHE. Oh, yes! I love the woods and streams so
 gay,
 And more than all, O father! I love *thee*;
 Yet would I fain be wandering far away,
 Where such things never were, nor e'er
 shall be.
 HE. Speak, mine own daughter, with the sun-
 bright locks,
 To what pale banished nation wouldst
 thou roam?
 SHE. O father, let us find our frozen rocks!
 Let's seek that country of all countries—
 home!
 HE. See'st thou these orange flowers! this palm
 that rears
 Its head up tow'ards heaven's blue and
 cloudless dome?
 SHE. I dream, I dream, mine eyes are hid in tears,
 My heart is wandering round our ancient
 home.
 HE. Why, then, we'll go. Farewell, ye tender
 skies,
 Who sheltered us when we were forced to
 roam.
 SHE. On, on! Let's pass the swallow as he flies!
 Farewell, kind land! Now, father, *now*
 for home.

BARRY CORNWALL.

IF THOU HAST LOST A FRIEND.

IF thou hast lost a friend,
 By hard or hasty word,
 Go—call him to thy heart again;
 Let pride no more be heard.



Remind him of those happy days,
 Too beautiful to last;
 Ask, if a *word* should cancel years
 Of truth and friendship past?
 Oh! if thou'st lost a friend,
 By hard or hasty word,
 Go—call him to thy heart again;
 Let pride no more be heard.
 Oh! tell him, from thy thought,
 The light of joy hath fled;
 That, in thy sad and silent breast,
 Thy lonely heart seems dead;
 That mount and vale—each path ye trod,
 By morn or evening dim,—
 Reproach you with their frowning gaze,
 And ask your soul for him.

Then, if thou'st lost a friend,
By hard or hasty word,
Go—call him to thy heart again;
Let pride no more be heard.

CHARLES SWAIN.

I THINK ON THEE.

I THINK on thee in the night,
When all beside is still,
And the moon comes out, with her pale, sad
light,
To sit on the lonely hill.
When the stars are all like dreams,
And the breezes all like sighs,
And there comes a voice from the far-off streams,
Like thy spirit's low replies!

I think on thee by day,
'Mid the cold and busy crowd,
When the laughter of the young and gay
Is far too glad and loud.
I hear thy soft sad tone,
And thy young sweet smile I see;
My heart, my heart, were all alone,
But for its dreams of thee!

Of thee who wert so dear,—
And yet I do not weep,
For thine eyes were stained by many a tear
Before they went to sleep;
And if I haunt the past,
Yet may I not repine,
That thou hast won thy rest at last,
And all the grief is mine.

I think upon thy gain,
Whate'er to me it cost,
And fancy dwells with less of pain
On all that I have lost!
Hope, like the cuckoo's oft-told tale,
Alas! it wears her wing;
And love, that, like the nightingale,
Sings only in the spring!

Thou art my spirit's all,
Just as thou wert in youth,
Still from thy grave no shadows fall
Upon my lonely truth.
A taper yet above thy tomb
Since lost its sweeter rays,
And what is memory through the gloom
Was hope in brighter days.

I am pining for the home
Where sorrow sinks to sleep,
Where the weary and the weepers come,
And they cease to toil and weep;
They walk about with smiles,
That each should be a tear,
Vain as the summer's glowing spoils,
Flung o'er an early bier.

Oh! like those fairy things,
Those insects of the East,
That have their beauty in their wings,
And shroud it when at rest;
That fold their colors of the sky,
When earthward they alight,
And flash their splendor on the eye,
Only to take their flight.

I never knew how dear thou wert,
Till thou wert borne away!
I have it yet about my heart,
Thy beauty of that day!
As if the robe thou wert to wear
Beyond the stars were given,
That I might learn to know it there,
And seek thee out in heaven.

T. K. HERVEY.

UNCONSCIOUS INFLUENCE.

THERE'S never a rose in all the world
But makes some green spray sweeter;
There's never a wind in all the sky
But makes some bird wing fleetier:
There's never a star but brings to heaven
Some silver radiance tender;
And never a rosy cloud but helps
To crown the sunset splendor;
No robin but may thrill some heart,
His dawnlight gladness voicing,
God gives us all some small, sweet way
To set the world rejoicing.

DOMESTIC LOVE.

DOMESTIC Love! not in proud palace halls
Is often seen thy beauty to abide;
Thy dwelling is in lowly cottage walls,
That in the thickets of the woodbine hide:
With hum of bees around, and from the side
Of woody hills some little bubbling spring,
Shining along through banks with harebells
dyed;
And many a bird to warble on the wing,
When morn her saffron robe o'er heaven and earth
doth fling.

O! love of loves!—to thy white hand is given
Of earthly happiness the golden key!
Thine are the joyous hours of winter's even,
When the babes cling around their father's
knee;
And thine the voice, that on the midnight sea
Melts the rude mariner with thoughts of home,
Peopling the gloom with all he longs to see.
Spirit!—I've built a shrine; and thou hast come,
And on its altar closed—for ever closed thy
plume!

GEORGE CROLY.



THOMAS MOORE.



JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

"NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE."

HOW mournful seems, in broken dreams,
The memory of the day,
When icy death hath sealed the breath
Of some dear form of clay!

When pale, unmoved, the face we loved.
The face we thought so fair,
And the hand lies cold, whose fervent hold
Once charmed away despair.

Oh, what could heal the grief we feel
For hopes that come no more,
Had we ne'er heard the Scripture word,
"Not lost, but gone before!"

Oh sadly yet with vain regret
The widowed heart must yearn;
And mothers weep their babes asleep
In the sunlight's vain return.

The brother's heart shall rue to part
From the one through childhood known;
And the orphan's tears lament
for years
A friend and father gone

For death and life, with ceaseless
strife,

Beat wild on this world's shore,
And all our calm is in that balm,
"Not lost, but gone before."

Oh! world wherein nor death,
nor sin,

Nor weary warfare dwells;
Their blessed home we parted
from

With sobs and sad farewells.

Where eyes awake, for whose dear
sake

Our own with tears grow dim,
And faint accords of dying words
Are changed for heaven's sweet hymn;

Oh! there at last, life's trials past,
We'll meet our loved once more,
Whose feet have trod the path to God—
"Not lost, but gone before."

CAROLINE NORTON.

AUNT JEMIMA'S QUILT.

A MIRACLE of gleaming dyes,
Blue, scarlet, buff and green;
Oh, ne'er before by mortal eyes
Such gorgeous hues were seen!
So grandly was its plan designed,
So cunningly 'twas built,
The whole proclaimed a master mind—
My Aunt Jemima's quilt.

This work of art my aunt esteemed
The glory of her age;
No poet's eyes have ever beamed
More proudly o'er his page.



Were other quilts to this compared
Her nose would upward tilt;
Such impudence was seldom dared
O'er Aunt Jemima's quilt.

Her dear old hands have gone to dust,
That once were lithe and light,
Her needles keen are thick with rust
That flashed so nimbly bright;
And here it lies by her behest,
Stained with the tears we spilt,
Safe folded in this cedar chest—
My Aunt Jemima's quilt.



GATHERING FLOWERS.

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THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

This delightful poem was written when the author, a poor printer, resided in Duane Street, New York City. Coming into the house one hot day he poured out a glass of water and eagerly drank it. As he did so he exclaimed, "This is very refreshing; but how much more refreshing would it be to take a good, long draught from the old oaken bucket I left hanging in my father's well, at home." "Sel'n," said his wife, "wouldn't that be a pretty subject for a poem?" Woodworth took his pen, and as the picture of his old home in Plymouth county, Mass., came to his memory, he wrote the familiar words which have touched the universal heart.

HOW dear to this heart
Are the scenes of my
childhood,

When fond recollection
presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow,
the deep-tangled wild-
wood,

And every loved spot
which my infancy knew—
The wide-spreading pond,
and the mill which stood
by it,

The bridge, and the rock
where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the
dairy-house nigh it,

And e'en the rude bucket
which hung in the well;
The old oaken bucket, the
iron-bound bucket,

The moss-covered bucket
which hung in the well.

That moss-covered bucket I hail as
a treasure;

For often, at noon, when returned
from the field,

I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.

How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glow-
ing!

And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell!
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well;
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to re-
ceive it,

As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips;
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to
leave it,

Though filled with the nectar that J. piter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,

As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the
well;

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.



BEREFT.

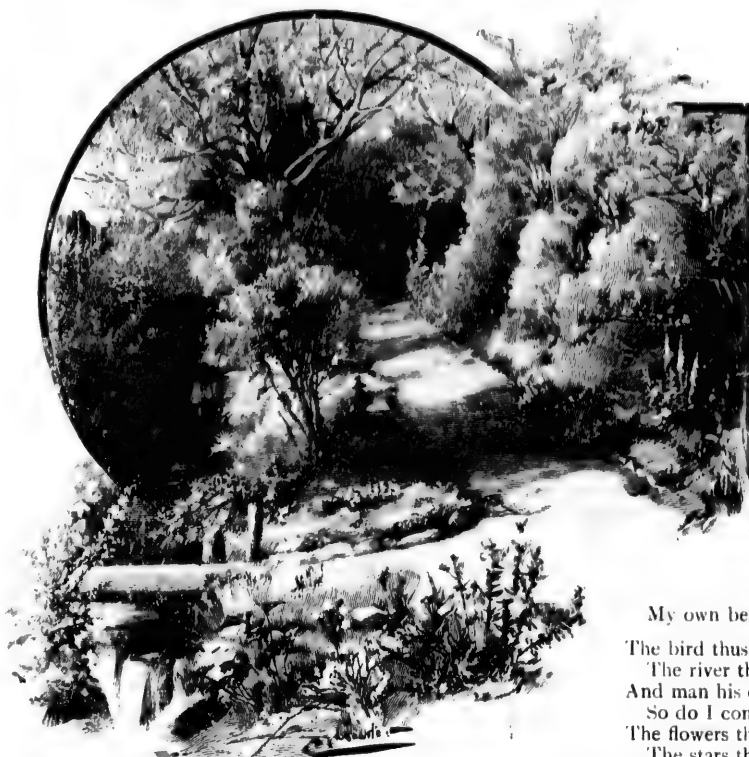
LET me come in where you sit weeping: aye
Let me who have not any child to die
Weep with you for the little one whose love
I have known nothing of.

The little arms that slowly, slowly loosed
Their pressure round your neck; the hands you used
To kiss; such arms, such hands, I never knew;
May I not weep with you?
Fain would I be of service, say something
Between the tears that would be comforting
But, ah! so sadder than yourselves am I
Who have no child to die!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

I COME TO THEE, MY WIFE.

I COME to thee, my wife,
In every time of need,
To strengthen me in strife,
For noble work and deed;
I come in hours of calm,
Because thy love is rest,



A blessing and a balm;
With thee I'm ever blest!

I come to thee soul-sad,
I come to thee for cheer,
Thy sun of love makes glad,
And drives away the drear.
I come with darksome thought,
To thee so full of light,
A magic change is wrought,
And day replaces night.

O come to thee, my wife,
My heart is lone and low;

I come to thee its life
That joy may overflow;
I come and find my food,
The food the angels eat,
And stay in raptured mood,
All blessed at thy feet!

I come with empty mind,
As winter comes
to spring,
I come to thee,
so kind,
And thou dost
fullness bring;
I breathe thy
light and air,
I live beneath
thy smile,
And all my mind
is fair,
And budding all
the while!

Dear wife, I come
to thee,
Because thou
art so true,
Because thy love
is free,
And there I love
renew.
I come and share
thy heart,
And mingle with
thy life.
No more, no more
to part,

My own beloved wife!

The bird thus seeks its nest,
The river thus the sea,
And man his evening rest,
So do I come to thee.
The flowers thus do grow,
The stars thus sweetly shine,
And all my heart is so
Because that it is thine!

The Arab loves the fount
That slakes his desert thirst,
The Swiss the towering mount
Where freedom came at first
I love the love of thee,
My darling and my own,
Thy love a mighty sea,
Thy faith, my heart's great throne!

I come to thee, my wife,
In every time I know;
I come to thee, my wife,
Till loves together flow.

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'Tis let them wander on,
Through time, and death and bliss,
For we, my love are one,
In yonder world and this!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

THE HAPPY HUSBAND.



FT, oft methinks, the while
with thee
I breathe, as from the heart,
thy dear
And dedicated name, I hear
A promise and a mystery,
A pledge of more than pass-
ing life,
Yea, in that very name of
wife!
A pulse of love, that ne'er
can sleep!
A feeling that upbraids the
heart
With happiness beyond de-
sert,
That gladness half requests to
weep!

Nor bless I not the keener sense
And unalarming turbulence
Of transient joys, that ask no sting
From jealous fears, or coy denying;
But born beneath love's brooding wing,
And into tenderness soon dying,
Wheel out their giddy moment, then
Resign the soul to love again.
A more precipitated vein
Of notes, that eddy in the flow
Of smoothest song, they come, they go,
And leave their sweeter under-strain
Its own sweet self—a love of thee
That seems, yet cannot greater be!

S. T. COLERIDGE.

JUST WHAT I WANTED.

GRANDPAPA looked at his fine new chair,
On the twenty-sixth day of December,
Saying: "Santa Claus is so good to me!
He never fails to remember;
But my old armchair is the one for me"
(And he settled himself in it nicely);
"I hope he wont mind if I cling to it,
For it fits my back precisely."

Papa came home that very night,
He had plowed his way through the snow,
And the Christmas twinkle had left his eye,
And his step was tired and slow.
Warming for him his slippers lay,
The lovely embroidered-in-gold ones,
That had hung on the Christmas tree last night;
But he slipped his feet in the old ones.

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And when dear little Marjory's bedtime came,
On the parlor rug they found her,
The long, dark lashes a-droop on her cheeks
And her Christmas toys around her.
Neglected Angelique's waxen nose
The fire had melted completely;
But her precious rag doll, Hannah Jane,
On her breast was resting sweetly.



ONE OF THE DEAR- EST WORDS.

HERE is something in
the word home, that
wakes the kindest
feelings of the heart.
It is not merely friends
and kindred who ren-
der that place so dear;
but the very hills and
rocks and rivulets
throw a charm around
the place of one's na-
tivity. It is no won-
der that the loftiest
harps have been tuned
to sing of "home,
sweet home." The
rose that bloomed in

the garden where one has wandered in early years
a thoughtless child, careless in innocence, is lovely
in its bloom, and lovelier in its decay.

No songs are sweet like those we heard among
the boughs that shade a parent's dwelling, when
the morning or the evening hour found us gay as
the birds that warbled over us. No waters are
bright like the clear silver streams that wind
among the flower-decked knolls, where, in child-
hood, we have often strayed to pluck the violet or
the lily, or to twine a garland for some loved
schoolmate.

We may wander away and mingle in the
"world's fierce strife," and form new associa-
tions and friendships, and fancy we have almost
forgotten the land of our birth; but at some even-
ing hour, as we listen perchance to the autumn
winds, the remembrance of other days comes over
the soul, and fancy bears us back to childhood's
scenes. We roam again the old familiar haunts,
and press the hands of companions long since cold
in the grave, and listen to the voices we shall hear
on earth no more. It is then a feeling of melan-
choly steals over us, which, like Ossian's music, is
pleasant, though mournful to the soul.

The African, torn from his willow-braided hut,
and borne away to the land of strangers and of
toil, weeps as he thinks of home, and sighs and
pines for the coccoland beyond the waters of the

sea. Years may have passed over him; strifes and toil may have crushed his spirits; all his kindred may have found graves upon the corals of the ocean; yet, were he free, how soon would he seek the shores and skies of his boyhood dreams!

The New England mariner, amid the icebergs of the Northern seas, or breathing the spicy gales of the evergreen isles, or coasting along the shores of the Pacific, though the hand of time may have blanched his raven locks, and care have plowed deep furrows on his brow, and his heart have been chilled by the storms of the ocean, till the fountains of his love have almost ceased to gush with the heavenly current; yet, upon some summer's evening, as he looks out upon the sun sinking behind the western wave, he will think of home; his heart will yearn for the loved of other days, and his tears flow like the summer rain.

How, after long years of absence, does the heart of the wanderer beat, and his eyes fill, as he catches a glimpse of the hills of his nativity; and when he has pressed the lip of a brother or sister, how soon does he hasten to see if the garden, and the orchard, and the stream look as in days gone by! We may find climes as beautiful, and skies as bright, and friends as devoted; but that will not usurp the place of home.

COME HOME.

These lines of Mrs. Hemans, addressed to her brother who was fighting in Spain under Sir John Moore, display the remarkable tenderness, beauty and sweetness of her far famed productions. In the qualities that belong to the poetry of feeling and sentiment, she may be said to have few rivals, and no superior among literary celebrities.

COME home.
Would I could send my spirit o'er the deep.

Would I could wing it like a bird to thee,
To commune with thy thoughts, to fill thy sleep
With these unwearying words of melody,
Brother, come home.

Come home.
Come to the hearts that love thee, to the eyes
That beam in brightness but to gladden thine;
Come where fond thoughts like holiest incense rise.

Where cherished memory rears her altar's shrine.
Brother, come home.

Come home.
Come to the hearthstone of thy earlier days,
Come to the ark, like the o'erwearied dove,
Come with the sunlight of thy heart's warm rays,
Come to the fireside circle of thy love.
Brother, come home.

Come home.
It is not home without thee; the lone seat
Is still unclaimed where thou wert wont to be;

In every echo of returning feet
In vain we list for what should herald thee—
Brother, come home.

Come home.
We've nursed for thee the sunny buds of spring;
Watched every germ a full-blown flow'ret rear,
Saw o'er their bloom the chilly winter bring
Its icy garlands, and thou art not here.
Brother, come home.

Come home.
Would I could send my spirit o'er the deep,
Would I could wing it like a bird to thee
To commune with thy thoughts, to fill thy sleep
With these unwearying words of melody,
Brother, come home.
FELICIA D. HEMANS.

FAREWELL.

FAREWELL! if ever fondest prayer
For other's weal availed on high,
Mine will not all be lost in air,
But waft thy name beyond the sky
'Twere vain to speak—to weep—to sigh—
Oh! more than tears of blood can tell,
When wrung from guilt's expiring eye,
Are in that word, Farewell! Farewell!

These lips are mute, these eyes are dry,
But in my breast and in my brain,
Awake the pangs that pass not by.
The thought that ne'er shall sleep again;
My soul nor deigns nor dares complain;
Though grief and passion there rebel,
I only know we loved in vain,
I only feel Farewell! Farewell!

LORD BYRON.

NEAR THEE.

I WOULD be with thee—near thee—ever near
Thee—
Watching thee ever, as the angels are—
Still seeking with my spirit-power to cheer thee,
And thou to see me, but as some bright star,
Knowing me not, but yet oft-times perceiving
That when thou gazest I still brighter grow,
Beaming and trembling—like some bosom heaving
With all it knows, yet would not have thee know.

I would be with thee—fond, yet silent ever,
Nor break the spell in which my soul is bound;
Mirrored within thee as within a river;
A flower upon thy breast, and thou the ground!
That, when I died and unto earth returned,
Our natures never more might parted be;
Within thy being all mine own inured—
Life, bloom, and beauty, all absorbed in thee!

CHARLES SWAIN.

HER FEEBLE STEPS



PROUD young mother, in the glow
Of life's glad morning, long ago
It was her happy task to guide
His childish steps when, side by side,
Along a sunlit path they walked.
His small hand clasped in hers, and talked
With joyous tones, and laughter light,
Amid a world of beauty bright —

Now, bent beneath the weight of years,
She leans upon his arm, and hears
The deep, stern voice his comrades know.
Speaking in accents soft and low,
While, with erect and manly air,
A noble son, with loving care
He guides her feeble steps, whose day
Of life is fading fast away!



With grateful heart he dwells upon
The gracious time, forever gone,
The hours she watched and tended him!
And now her eyes are growing dim,
And strength is failing, he will guide
Her feeble steps with tender pride
Counting her love of higher worth
Than any prize he gains
on earth

J. R. Eastwood

FAILED.

YES, I'm a ruined man, Kate—everything gone at last ;

Nothing to show for the trouble and toil of the weary years that are past ;
Houses and lands and money have taken wings and fled ;
This very morning I signed away the roof from over my head.

I shouldn't care for myself, Kate ; I'm used to the world's rough ways ;
I've dug and delved and plodded along through all my manhood days ;
But I think of you and the children, and it almost breaks my heart ;
For I thought so surely to give my boys and girls a splendid start.

So many years on the ladder, I thought I was near the top—
Only a few days longer, and then I expected to stop,
And put the boys in my place, Kate, with an easier life ahead ;
But now I must give the prospect up ; that comforting dream is dead.

"I am worth more than my gold, eh ?" You're good to look at it so ;
But a man isn't worth very much, Kate, when his hair is turning to snow.
My poor little girls, with their soft white hands, and their innocent eyes of blue,
Turned adrift in the heartless world—what can a I what will they do ?

"An honest failure ?" Indeed it was ; dollar for dollar was paid ;
Never a creditor suffered, whatever people have said.
Better are rags and a conscience clear than a palace and flush of shame.
One thing I shall leave to my children, Kate ; and that is an honest name.

What's that ? "The boys are not troubled, they are ready now to begin
And gain us another fortune, and work through thick and thin ?"
The noble fellows ! already I feel I haven't so much to bear ;
Their courage has lightened my heavy load of misery and despair.

"And the girls are so glad it was honest ; they'd rather not dress so fine,
And think they did it with money that wasn't honestly mine ?"

They're ready to show what they're made of—
quick to earn and to save—
My blessed, good little daughters ! so generous and so brave !

And you think we needn't fret, Kate, while we have each other left,
No matter of what possessions our lives may be bereft ?
You are right. With a quiet conscience, and a wife so good and true,
I'll put my hand to the plow again ; and I know that we'll pull through.

EVERY INCH A MAN.

SHE sat on the porch in the sunshine
As I went down the street—
A woman whose hair was silver,
But whose face was blossom sweet,
Making me think of a garden,
When in spite of the frost and snow
Of bleak November weather,
Late, fragile lilies grow.

I heard a footstep behind me,
And the sound of a merry laugh.
And I knew the heart it came from
Would be like a comforting staff
In the time and the hour of trouble,
Hopeful and brave and strong ;
One of the hearts to lean on,
When we think all things go wrong.

I turned at the click of the gate latch,
And met his manly look ;
A face like his gives me pleasure,
Like the page of a pleasant book.
It told of a steadfast purpose,
Of a brave and daring will ;
A face with a promise in it
That, God grant, the years fulfill.

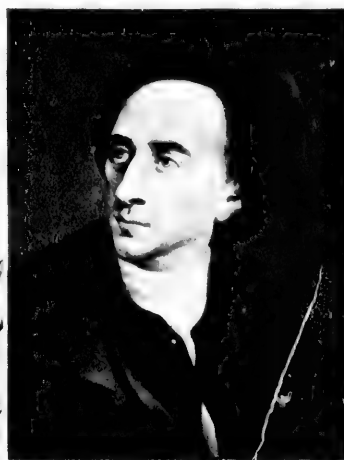
He went up the pathway singing.
I saw the woman's eyes
Grow bright with a wordless welcome,
As sunshine warms the skies.
"Back again, sweetheart mother,"
He cried, and bent to kiss
The loving face that was uplifted
For what some mothers miss.

That boy will do to depend on ;
I hold that this is true—
From lads in love with their mothers
Our bravest heroes grew.
Earth's grandest hearts have been loving hearts
Since time and earth began ;
And the boy who kisses his mother
Is every inch a man !

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OLIVER GOLDSMITH



WILLIAM COWPER



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



JOHN MILTON

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THE CHARMS OF NATURE:

CONTAINING

GRAPHIC DESCRIPTIONS OF NATURAL SCENERY,

INCLUDING

THE PICTURESQUE, THE BEAUTIFUL, AND THE SUBLIME.



AFTER SUNSET.

NE tremulous star above the deepening west;
 The splash of waves upon a quiet beach;
 A sleepy twitter from some hidden nest
 Amidst the clustered ivy, out of reach.

The sheep-bell's tinkle from the daisied leas;
 The rhythmic fall of homeward-wending fee;
 A wind that croons amongst the leafy trees,
 And dies away in whispers faint and sweet.

A pale young moon, whose slender silver bow
 Creeps slowly up beyond the purple hill;
 And seems to absorb the golden afterglow
 Within the far horizon lingering still.

AN open lattice and the scent of musk;
 Then, through the slumbrous hush of earth and sky,
 A tender mother-voice that in the dusk
 Sings to a babe some Old-World lullaby.

E. MATHESON.

A MOONLIGHT NIGHT.

THE stars that stand about the moon,
 Their shining faces veil as soon
 As at her full, in splendor bright,
 She floods the earth with silver light.

And through green boughs of apple trees
 Cool comes the rustling of the breeze.
 While from the quivering leaves down flows
 A stream of sleep and soft repose.

JANE SEDGWICK.

THE ROSE.

“THE rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
 And hope is brightest when it dawns
 from fears;
 The rose is sweetest washed with morning dew,
 And love is loveliest when embalmed in tears.
 O wilding rose, whom fancy thus endears,

I bid your blossoms in my bonnet wave,
 Emblem of hope and love through future years!”
 Thus spoke young Norman, heir of Armandave.
 What time the sun arose on Vennachar's broad
 wave.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.



SPRING.

DIP down upon the northern shore,
O sweet new-year, delaying long :
Thou doest expectant nature wrong ;
Delaying long, delay no more.

What stays thee from the clouded noons,
Thy sweetness from its proper place ?
Can trouble live with April days,
Or sadness in the summer moon ?

Bring orchis, bring the foxglove spire,
The little speedwell's darling blue,

The happy birds, that change their sky
To build and brood, that live their lives
From land to land ; and in my breast
Spring wakens too ; and my regret
Becomes an April violet,
And buds and blossoms like the rest.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE USE OF FLOWERS.

GOD might have made the earth bring forth,
Enough for great and small,
The oak-tree and the cedar-tree,



Deep tulips dashed with fiery dew,
Laburnums, dropping-wells of fire.

O thou, new-year, delaying long,
Delayest the sorrow in my blood,
That longs to burst a frozen bud,
And flood a fresher throat with song.

Now fades the last long streak of snow ;
Now bourgeons every maze of quick
About the flowering squares, and thick
By ashen roots the violets blow.

Now rings the woodland loud and long,
The distance takes a lovelier hue,
And drowned in yonder living blue
The lark becomes a sightless song.

Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,
The flocks are whiter down the vale,
And milkier every milky sail
On winding stream or distant sea ;

Where now the seamew pipes, or dives
In yonder greening gleam, and fly

Without a flower at all.
We might have had enough, enough
For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine, and toil,
And yet have had no flowers.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
All dyed with rainbow-light,
All fashioned with supremest grace
Upspringing day and night :—
Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountains high,
And in the silent wilderness
Where no man passes by ?

Our outward life requires them not,—
Then wherefore had they birth ?—
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth ;
To comfort man,—to whisper hope,
Whene'er his faith is dim,
For who so careth for the flowers
Will care much more for him !

MARY HOWITT.



THE FIRST FLOWERS OF THE SEASON.

SONG OF THE SUMMER WINDS.

UP the dale and down the bourne,
O'er the meadows swift we fly ;
Now we sing, and now we mourn,
Now we whistle, now we sigh.



By the grassy-fringed river,
Through the murmuring reeds we sweep ;
Mid the lily-leaves we quiver,
To their very hearts we creep.
Now the maiden rose is blushing
At the frolic things we say,
While aside her cheek we're rushing,
Like some truant bees at play.

Through the blooming groves we rustle,
Kissing every bud we pass,—
As we did it in the bustle,
Scarcely knowing how it was.

Down the glen, across the mountain,
O'er the yellow heath we roam,
Whirling round about the fountain,
Till its little breakers foam.

Bending down the weeping willows,
While our vesper hymn we sigh :
Then unto our rosy pillows
On our weary wings we hie.

There of idlenesses dreaming,
Scarce from waking we refrain,
Moments long as ages deeming
Till we're at our play again.
GEORGE DARLEY.

ONLY PROMISES.

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast ?
Your date is not so past
But you may stay yet here awhile
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What ! were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good night ?
'Tis pity nature brought ye
forth
Merely to show your worth
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave ;
And after they have shown their pride
Like you awhile, they glide
Into the grave.

ROBERT HERRICK.

THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

On the eastern border of the Colorado plateau the summits attain their greatest elevation, and here are more than two hundred peaks that rise to an altitude of thirteen or fourteen thousand feet above the level of the sea.

THESE mountains, piercing the blue sky
With their eternal cones of ice—
The torrents dashing from on high,
O'er rock and crag and precipice—
Change not, but still remain as ever,
Unwasting, deathless, and sublime,
And will remain while lightnings quiver.
Or stars the hoary summits climb,
Or rolls the thunder-chariot of eternal time.
ALBERT PIKE.

THE FALLS OF
NIAGARA.

The following selection vividly depicts the overwhelming impressions of sublimity and infinite power, which the first view of the great Cataract is so well calculated to produce upon the beholder.

I STOOD within a vision's
spell ;
I saw, I heard. The
liquid thunder
Went pouring to its
foaming hell.
And it fell
Ever, ever fell
Into the invisible abyss
opened under.

I stood upon a speck of
ground ;
Before me fell a stormy
ocean,
I was like a captive bound ;
And around
A universe of sound
Troubled the heavens with
ever-quivering motion.

Down, down forever—down,
down forever,
Something falling, falling,
falling,
Up, up forever—up, up for-
ever,
Resting never,
Boiling up forever,
Steam-clouds shot up with
thunder-bursts appalling.

A tone that since the birth
of man
Was never for a moment
broken,
A word that since the world
began,
And waters ran,
Hath spoken still to
man,—

Of God and of Eternity hath spoken.

THE VALE OF CASHMERE.

WHO has not heard of the Vale of Cash-
mere,
With its roses the brightest that earth
ever gave,
Its temples, and grottoes, and fountains as clear
As the love-lighted eyes that hang over their wave?
O, to see it at sunset—when warm o'er the lake
Its splendor at parting a summer eve throws,



Like a bride, full of blushes, when lingering to take
A last look of her mirror at night ere she
goes !—
When the shrines through the foliage are gleaming
half shown,
And each hallows the hour by some rites of its
own.

Here the music of prayer from a minaret swells,
Here the Magian his urn full of perfume is
swinging,

And here, at the altar, a zone of sweet bells
Round the waist of some fair Indian dancer is
ringing.

Or to see it by moonlight—when mellowly
shines

The light o'er its palaces, gardens, and shrines;
When the waterfalls gleam like a quick fall of
stars,

And the nightingale's hymn from the Isle of
Chenars

Is broken by laughs and light echoes of feet
From the cool shining walks where the young
people meet.

Or at morn, when the magic of daylight awakes
A new wonder each minute as slowly it breaks.

Hills, cupolas, fountains, called forth every one
Out of darkness, as they were just born of the
sun

When the spirit of fragrance is up with the
day,

From his harem of night-flowers stealing away;
And the wind, full of wantonness, woos like a
lover

The young aspen-trees till they tremble all over.
When the east is as warm as the light of first
hopes,

And the day, with its banner of radiance unfurled,
Shines in through the mountainous portal that
opes

Sublime, from that valley of bliss to the world!

THOMAS MOORE.

THE NIGHTINGALE.



ARK! ah, the nightingale!
The tawny throated!
Hark! from that moonlit cedar
what a burst!
What triumph! hark—what
pain!
O wanderer from a Grecian
shore,
Still—after many years, in dis-
tant lands—
Still nourishing in thy be-
wildered brain
That wild, unquenched, deep-
sunken, Old World pain—
Say, will it never heal?
And can this fragrant lawn,
With its cool trees, and night,

And the sweet, tranquil Thames,
And moonshine, and the dew,
To thy racked heart and brain
Afford no balm?

Dost thou to-night behold,
Here, through the moonlight on this English
grass,

The unfriendly palace in the Thracian wild?

Dost thou again peruse,
With hot cheeks and seared eyes,
The too clear web, and thy dumb sister's shame?

Dost thou once more essay
Thy flight; and feel come over thee,
Poor fugitive! the feathery change;
Once more; and once more make resound,
With love and hate, triumph and agony,
Lone Daulis, and the high Cephisian vale?

Listen, Eugenia—

How thick the bursts come crowding through the
leaves!

Again—thou hearest!
Eternal passion!
Eternal pain!

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

TO THE DAISY.

IN youth from rock to rock I went,
From hill to hill, in discontent,
Of pleasure high and turbulent,
Most pleased when most uneasy;
But now my own delights I make,—
My thirst at every rill can slake,
And gladly nature's love partake
Of thee, sweet daisy!

When soothed a while by milder airs,
Thou winter in the garland wears
That thinly shades his few grey hairs;
Spring cannot shun thee;
Whole summer fields are thine by right:
And autumn, melancholy wight!
Doth in thy crimson head delight
When rains are on thee.

In shoals and bands, a dancing train,
Thou greet'st the traveler in the lane;
If welcomed once thou countest it gain;
Thou art not daunted,
Nor carest if thou be set at naught:
And oft alone in nooks remote
We meet thee, like a pleasant thought,
When such are wanted.

Be violets in their secret news
The flowers the wanton zephyrs choose;
Proud be the rose, with rains and dews
Her head imperaling;
Thou liv'st with less ambitious aim,
Yet hast not gone without thy fame;
Thou art indeed, by many a claim,
The poet's darling!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.



HARK! THE NIGHTINGALE.

THE BROOK.

FROM THE SPANISH.

LAUGH of the mountain! lyre of bird and tree!
 Pomp of the meadow! mirror of the morn!
 The soul of April, unto whom are born
 The rose and jessamine, leaps wild in thee!

How without guile thy bosom, all transparent
 As the pure crystal, lets the curious eye
 Thy secrets scan, thy smooth, round pebbles count!
 How, without malice murmuring, glides thy current!



Although, where'er thy devious current strays,
 The lap of earth with gold and silver teems,
 To me thy clear proceeding brighter seems
 Than golden sands that charm each shepherd's gaze.

O sweet simplicity of days gone by!
 Thou shun'st the haunts of man, to dwell in lim-
 pid fount!

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

HARK, HARK! THE LARK.

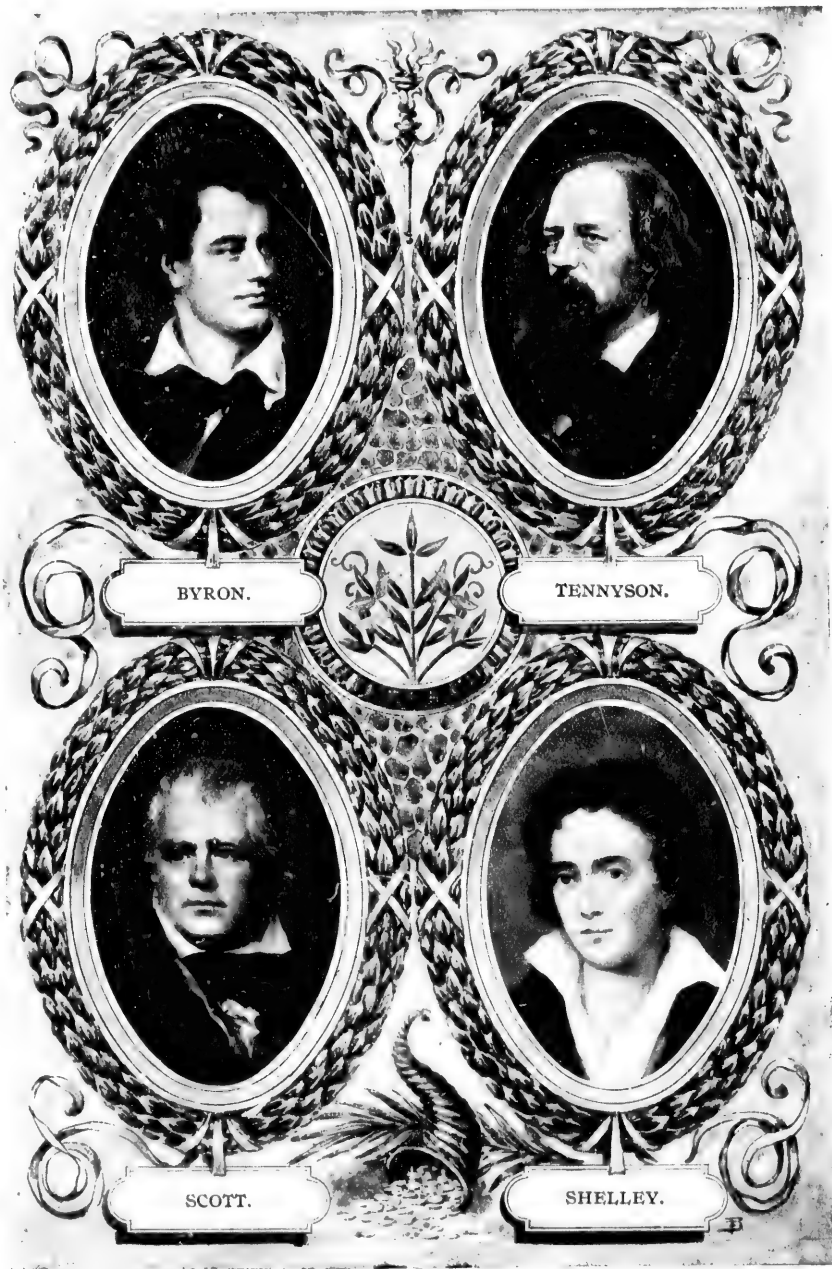
HARK, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
 And Phœbus 'gins arise,
 His steeds to water at those springs
 On chaliced flowers that lies;
 And winking Mary-buds begin

To ope their golden eyes;
 With everything that pretty bin,
 My lady sweet, arise;
 Arise, arise!

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

nt !
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BYRON.

TENNYSON.

SCOTT.

SHELLEY.



WINTER SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN.

SUMMER joys are o'er;
 Flowerets bloom no more,
 Wintry winds are sweeping;
 Through the snow-drifts peeping,
 Cheerful evergreen
 Rarely now is seen.

Now no plumed throng
 Charms the wood with song;
 Ice-bound trees are glittering;
 Merry snow-birds, twittering,
 Fondly strive to cheer
 Scenes so cold and drear.

Winter, still I see
 Many charms in thee,—
 Love thy chilly greeting,
 Snow-storms fiercely beating,
 And the dear delights
 Of the long, long nights.

CHARLES T. BROOKS.

CAPE-COTTAGE AT SUNSET.

WE stood upon the ragged rocks,
 When the long day was nearly done;
 The waves had ceased their sullen shocks,
 And lapped our feet with murmuring tone,
 And o'er the bay in streaming locks
 Blew the red tresses of the sun.

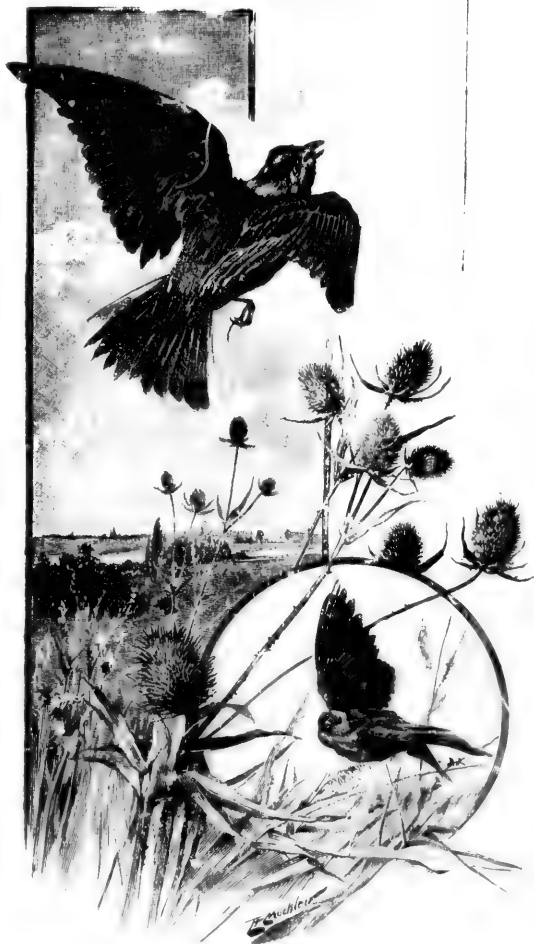
Along the west the golden bars
 Still to a deeper glory grew;
 Above our heads the faint, few stars
 Looked out from the unfathomed blue;
 And the fair city's clamorous jars
 Seem melted in that evening hue.

O sunset sky! O purple tide!
 O friends to friends that closer pressed!
 Those glories have in darkness died,
 And ye have left my longing breast.
 I could not keep you by my side,
 Nor fix that radiance in the west.

W. B. GLAZIER.

THE BOBOLINK.

BOBOLINK ! that in the meadow,
Or beneath the orchard's shadow,
Keepst up a constant rattle
Joyous as my children's prattle,
Welcome to the north again !



Welcome to mine ear thy strain,
Welcome to mine eye the sight
Of thy buff, thy black and white.
Brighter plumes may greet the sun,
By the banks of Amazon :
Sweeter tones may weave the spell
Of enchanting Philomel ;
But the tropic bird would fail,

And the English nightingale,
If we should compare their worth
With thine endless, gushing mirth.

When the ides of May are past,
June and summer nearing fast,
While from depths of blue above
Comes the mighty breath of love,
Calling out each bud and flower
With resistless, secret power—
Waking hope and fond desire,
Kindling the erotic fire—
Filling youths' and maidens' dreams
With mysterious, pleasing themes ;
Then, amid the sunlight clear
Floating in the fragrant air,
Thou dost fill each heart with pleasure
By thy glad ecstatic measure.

A single note, so sweet and low,
Like a full heart's overflow,
Forms the prelude ; but the strain
Gives no such tone again,
For the wild and saucy song
Leaps and skips the notes among,
With such quick and sportive play,
Ne'er was madder, merrier lay.

Gayest songster of the spring !
Thy melodies before me bring
Visions of some dream-built land,
Where, by constant zephyrs fanned,
I might walk the livelong day,
Embosomed in perpetual May.
Nor care nor fear thy bosom knows ;
For thee a tempest never blows ;
But when our northern summer's o'er,
By Delaware's or Schuylkill's shore
The wild rice lifts its airy head,
And royal feasts for thee are spread,
And when the winter threatens there,
Thy tireless wings yet own no fear,
But bear thee to more southern coasts,
Far beyond the reach of frosts.

Bobolink ! still may thy gladness
Take from me all taints of sadness ;
Fill my soul with trust unshaken
In that Being who has taken
Care for every living thing
In summer, winter, fall or spring.

THOMAS HILL.

PERSEVERANCE.

A SWALLOW in the spring
Came to our granary, and 'neath the eaves
Essayed to make a nest, and there did bring
Wet earth and straw and leaves.

Day after day she toiled
With patient art, but ere her work was crowned,

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Some sad mishap the tiny fabric spoiled,
And dashed it to the ground.

She found the ruin wrought,
But not cast down, forth from the place she flew,
And with her mate from fresh earth and grasses
brought
And built her nest anew.

But scarcely had she placed
The last soft feather on its ample floor,
When wicked hand, or chance, again laid waste
And wrought the ruin o'er.

But still her heart she kept,
And toiled again—and last night, hearing calls,
I looked—and lo! three little swallows slept
Within the earth-made walls.

What truth is here, O man!
Hath hope been smitten in its early dawn?
Have clouds o'ercast thy purpose, trust, or plan?
Have faith, and struggle on!

R. S. S. ANDROS.

THE STORMY PETREL.



THOUSAND miles from
land are we,
Tossing about on the stormy
sea—
From billow to bounding
billow cast,
I lik' fleecy snow on the
stormy blast.

The sails are scattered abroad like weeds;
The strong masts shake like quivering reeds;
The mighty cables and iron chains,
The hull, which all earthly strength disdains—
They strain and they crack: and hearts like
stone
Their natural, hard, proud strength disown.

Up and down!—up and down!
From the base of the wave to the billow's crown,
And amidst the flashing and feathery foam
The stormy petrel finds a home—
A home, if such a place may be
For her who lives on the wide, wide sea,
On the craggy ice, in the frozen air,
And only seeketh her rocky lair
To warm her young, and to teach them to
spring
At once o'er the waves on their stormy wing!

O'er the deep!—o'er the deep!
Where the whale and the shark and the swordfish
sleep—
Outflying the blast and the driving rain,
The petrel telleth her tale—in vain;

For the mariner curseth the warning bird
Which bringeth him news of the storm unheard!
Ah! thus does the prophet of good or ill
Meet hate from the creatures he serveth still;
Yet he ne'er falters—so, petrel, spring
Once more e'er the waves on thy stormy wing!

BARRY CORNWALL.

THE PELICAN.

ERELONG the thriving brood outgrew their
cradle,
Ran through the grass, and dabbled in the
pools;
No sooner denizens of earth than made
Free both of air and water; day by day,
New lessons, exercises, and amusements
Employed the old to teach, the young to learn.
Now floating on the blue lagoon beholding them:
The sire and dam in swan-like beauty steering,
Their cygnets following through the foamy wake,
Picking the leaves of plants, pursuing insects,
Or catching at the bubbles as they broke:
Till on some minor fry, in reedy shallows,
With flapping pinions and unsparing beaks
The well-taught scholars plied their double art
To fish in troubled waters, and secure
The petty captives in their maiden pouches;
Then hurried with their banquet to the shore,
With feet, wings, breast, half swimming and half
flying.

But when their pens grew strong to fight the
storm,
And buffet with the breakers on the reef,
The parents put them to severe reproof;
On beetling rocks the little ones were mar-
shalled;
There, by endearments, stripes, example, urged
To try the void convexity of heaven,
And plough the ocean's horizontal field.
Timorous at first they fluttered round the verge,
Balanced and furled their hesitating wings,
Then put them forth again with steadier aim;
Now, gaining courage as they felt the wind
Dilate their feathers, till their airy frames
With buoyancy that bore them from their feet,
They yielded all their burdens to the breeze.
And sailed and soared where'er their guardians
led:

Ascending, hovering, wheeling, or alighting,
They searched the deep in quest of nobler game
Than yet their inexperience had encountered;
With these they battled in that element,
Where wings or fins were equally at home,
Till, conquerors in many a desperate strife,
They dragged their spoils to land, and gorged at
leisure.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

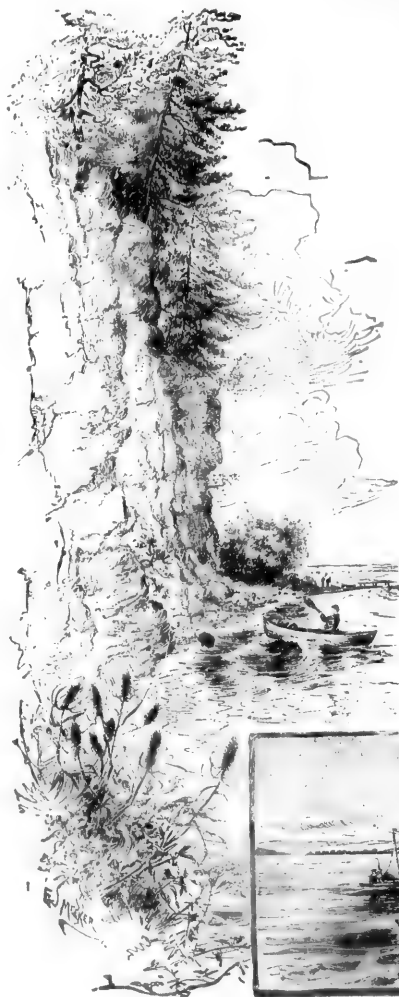
CASCO BAY.

NOWHERE, fairer, sweeter, rarer,
 Does the golden-locked fruit-bearer,
 Through his painted woodlands stray,
 Than where hill-side oaks and beeches
 Overlook the long blue reaches,
 Silver coves and pebbled beaches
 And green isles of Casco Bay;
 Nowhere day, for delay,
 With a tenderer look beseeches,
 "Let me with my charmed earth say."

On the grainlands of the mainlands
 Stands the serried corn like train-bands,
 Plume and pennon rustling gay;
 Out at sea, the islands wooded,
 Silver birches, golden-hooded,
 Set with maples, crimson-blooded,
 White sea-foam and sand-hills gray,
 Stretch away, far away,
 Dim and dreary, over-brooded
 By the hazy autumn day.

Gayly chattering to the clattering
 Of the brown nuts downward pattering,
 Leap the squirrels red and gray,
 On the grass-land, on the fallow,
 Drop the apples, red and yellow,
 Drop the russet pears and mellow,
 Drop the red leaves all the day
 And away, swift away
 Sun and cloud, o'er hill and hollow
 Chasing, weave their web of play.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.



LILACS.

F AIR, purple children of the sun,
 I pet your blossoms one by one.
 Come look of love into your eyes,
 Your perfume breathe, your beauty prize,

Hold your sweet clusters to my view,
 Cool my warm blushes with your dew,
 And evening, morning, and at noon,
 Mourn that your tints are gone so soon.

HENRY DAVENPORT.



BLOSSOMS AND PERFUM.

FLOWERS.

SPAKE full well, in language quaint and olden,
 One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
 When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
 Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine.

Not alone in spring's armorial bearing,
 And in summer's green-emblazoned field,
 But in arms of brave old autumn's wearing,
 In the centre of his brazen shield;



Stars they are, wherein we read our history,
 As astrologers and seers of eld;
 Yet not wrapped about with awful mystery,
 Like the burning stars, which they beheld.

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,
 God hath written in those stars above;
 But not less in the bright flowerets under us
 Stands the revelation of his love.

Everywhere about us they are glowing,
 Some like stars, to tell us spring is born;
 Others, their blue eyes with tears o'erflowing,
 Stand like Ruth amid the golden corn;

Not alone in meadows and green alleys,
 On the mountain-top, and by the brink
 Of sequestered pools in woodland valleys,
 Where the slaves of nature stoop to drink;

Not alone in her vast dome of glory,
 Not on graves of bird and beast alone,
 But in old cathedrals high and hoary,
 On the tombs of heroes, carved in stone;

In the cottage of the rudest peasant,
 In ancestral homes, whose crumbling towers,
 Speaking of the past unto the present,
 Tell us of the ancient games of flowers.

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In all places, then, and in all seasons,
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,
Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
How akin they are to human things.

And with childlike, credulous affection
We behold their tender buds expand;
Emblems of our own great resurrection,
Emblems of the bright and better land.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.



A SCENE ON THE HUDSON.

COOL shades and dews are round my way,
And silence of the early day;
Mid the dark rocks that watch his bed,
Glitters the mighty Hudson spread,
Unrippled, save by drops that fall
From shrubs that fringe his mountain wall;
And o'er the clear, still waters swells
The music of the Sabbath bells.

All, save this little nook of land
Circled with trees, on which I stand;
All, save that line of hills which lie
Suspended in the mimic sky—
Seems a blue void, above, below,
Through which the white clouds come and go,
And from the green world's farthest steep
I gaze into the airy deep.

Loveliest of lovely things are they,
On earth, that soonest pass away.
The rose that lives its little hour
Is prized beyond the sculptured flower.
Even love, long tried and cherished long,
Becomes more tender and more strong,
At thought of that insatiate grave
From which its yearnings cannot save.

River! in this still hour thou hast
Too much of heaven on earth to last;
Nor long may thy still waters lie,
An image of the glorious sky.
Thy fate and mine are not repose,
And ere another evening close,
Thou to thy tides shalt turn again,
And I to seek the crowd of men.

W. C. BRYANT.

PACK CLOUDS AWAY.

PACK clouds away, and welcome day,
With night we banish sorrow;
Sweet air, blow soft; mount, lark, aloft,
To give my love good morrow.
Wings from the wind to please her mind,
Notes from the lark I'll borrow:
Bird, prune thy wing; nightingale, sing,
To give my love good morrow,
To give my love good morrow,
Notes from them all I'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin redbreast,
Sing, birds, in every furrow;
And from each hill let music shrill
Give my fair love good morrow.
Blackbird and thrush in every bush,
Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow,
You pretty elves, amongst yourselves,
Sing my fair love good morrow,
To give my love good morrow,
Sing birds in every furrow. T. HEYWOOD.

OUR GREAT PLAINS.

THESE plains are made up, to a great extent, of rolling prairies, seemingly as boundless as the sea, over which millions of buffalo once roamed wild and fearless, but which are fast dwindling to timid, shifty, wary herds, ever scenting danger, and taking flight at the approach of man.

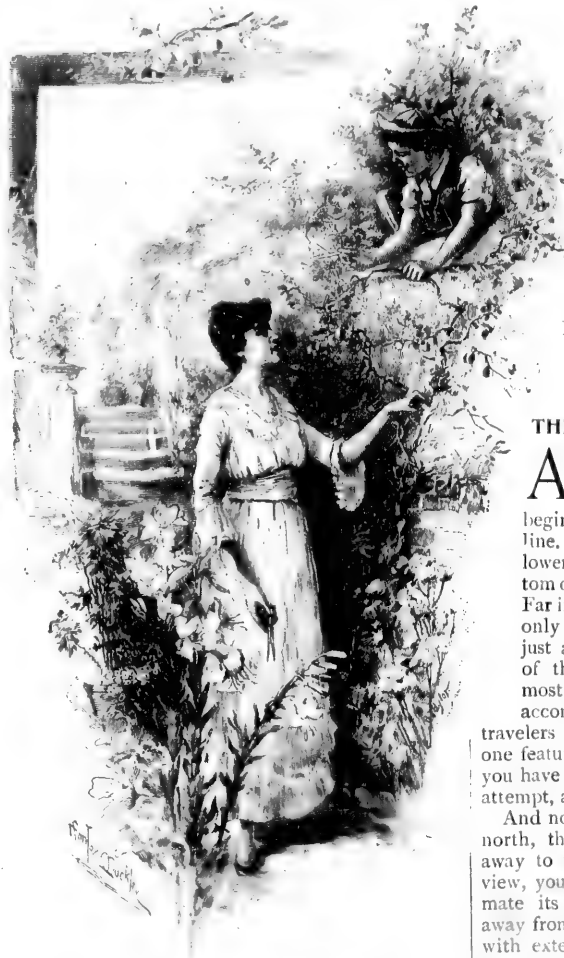
Room! Room to turn round in, to breathe and be free,
And to grow to be giant, to sail as at sea
With the speed of the wind on a steed with his mane
To the wind, without pathway or route or a rein

Room! Room to be free where the white-bordered sea
Blows a kiss to a brother as boundless as he:
And to east and to west, to the north and the sun,
Blue skies and brown grasses are welded as one,
And the buffalo come like a cloud on the plain,
Pouring on like the tide of a storm-driven main,
And the lodge of the hunter, to friend or to foe
Offers rest; and unquestioned you come or you go.
Vast plains of America! Seas of wild lands!
I turn to you, lean to you, lift up my hands.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

A DREAM OF SUMMER.

BLAND as the morning breath of June
The southwest breezes play;
And, through its haze, the winter noon
Seems warm as summer's day.



The snow-plumed angel of the North
Has dropped his icy spear:
Again the mossy earth looks forth,
Again the streams gush clear.
The fox his hill-side cell forsakes,
The muskrat leaves his nook.
The bluebird in the meadow brakes
Is singing with the brook.

"Bear up, oh mother nature!" cry
Bird, breeze, and streamlet free;
"Our winter voices prophesy
Of summer days to thee!"

So, in those winters of the soul,
By bitter blasts and drear
O'erswept from memory's frozen
pole,
Will sunny days appear.
Reviving hope and faith, they show
The soul its living powers,
And how, beneath the winter's snow,
Lie germs of summer flowers!
The night is mother of the day,
The winter of the spring,
And ever upon old decay
The greenest mosses cling.
Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,
Through showers the sunbeams
fall;
For God, who loveth all his works,
Has left his hope with all!

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

THE GREAT HORSE-SHOE CURVE.

A BRIEF stop is made at Altoona Station, and then, with all steam on, the giant locomotive at the head of your train begins the ascent of the heaviest grade on the line. The valley beside you sinks lower and lower, until it becomes a vast gorge, the bottom of which is hidden by impenetrable gloom. Far in the depths cottages appear for a moment, only to disappear in the darkness, and then, just as night is falling, you begin the circuit of the world-famous Horse-shoe Curve, the most stupendous piece of engineering ever accomplished; the wonder and admiration of travelers from the four corners of the globe; the one feature of American railroad construction that you have been told required the utmost courage to attempt, and the most miraculous skill to achieve.

And now, as the enormous bend, sweeping first north, then curving westward, and still curving away to the south again, presents itself to your view, you confess that you did not begin to estimate its grandeur. An eagle soars majestically away from some crag above your head, and floats with extended wings over the gulch that makes your brain reel as you glance downward, so deep is it.

The clouds into which you are climbing bend low and hide the rugged top of the mountain to whose beetling side you are clinging, forming a whitish-ray canopy that extends half-way across the dizzy chasm. It is all so large, so grand, so majestic, that you admit that your imagination has been unequal to the task of picturing it.

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SONG TO MAY.



MAY, queen of blossoms,
And fulfilling flowers,
With what pretty music,
Shall we charm the
hours?
Wilt thou have pipe and
reed,
Blown in the open
mead?
Or to the lute give heed,
In the green bowers?

THE WOOD.

WITCH-HAZEL, dogwood, and the maple
here;
And there the oak and hickory;
Linn, poplar, and the beech tree, far and near
As the eased eye can see.

Wild ginger, wahoo, with its roan balloons;
And brakes of briars of a twilight green;
And fox grapes plumed with summer; and strung
moons
Of mandrake flower between.



Thou hast no need of us,
Or pipe or wire;
Thou hast the golden bee
Ripened with fire;
And many thousand more
Songsters, that thee adore,
Filling earth's grassy floor
With new desire.

Thou hast thy mighty herds,
Tame, and free-livers;
Doubt not, thy music too
In the deep rivers;
And the whole plummy flight
Warbling the day and night—
Up at the gates of light,
See, the lark quivers!

EDWARD, LORD THURLOW.

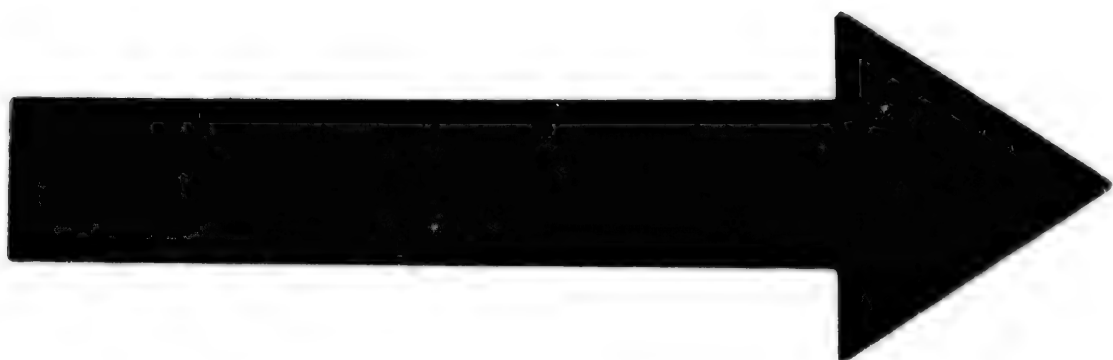
Deep gold-green ferns, and mosses red and gray—
Mats for what naked myth's white feet?
And cool and calm, a cascade far away,
With ever-falling beat.

Old logs made sweet with death; rough bits of bark;
And tangled twig and knotted root;
And sunshine splashes, and great pools of dark;
And many a wild bird's flute.

Here let me sit until the Indian dusk
With copper-colored feet comes down;
Sowing the wildwood with star-fire and mu k,
And shadows blue and brown.

Then side by side with some magician dream
To take the owlet-haunted lane,
Half-roofed with vines; led by a firefly gleam,
That brings me home again.

MADISON CAWEIN.



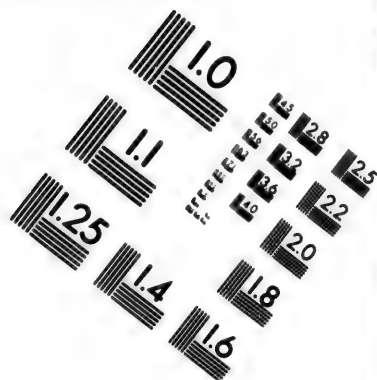
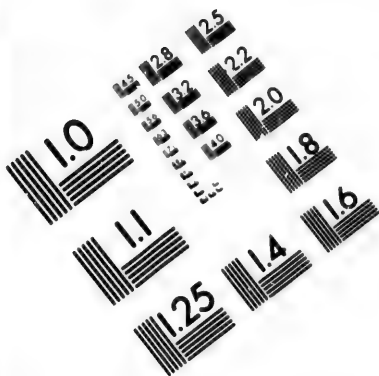
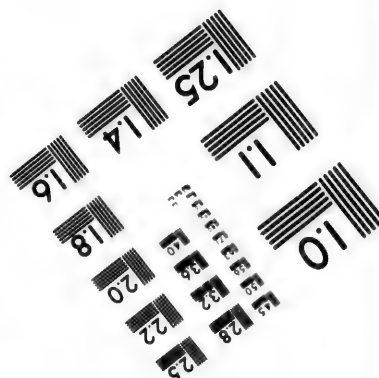
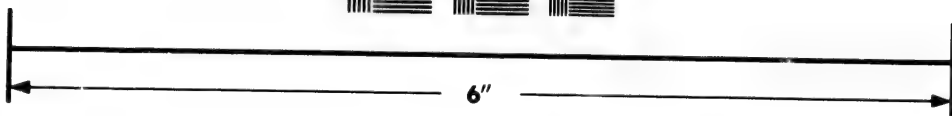
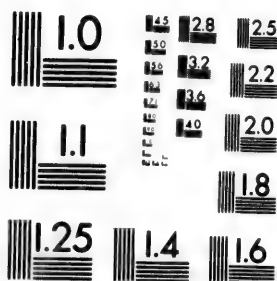


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OSME'S SONG.

HITHER! hither!
 O come hither!
 Lads and lasses come and see!
 Trip it neatly,
 Foot it fealty,
 O'er the grassy turf to me!

Odorous blossoms
 For sweet bosoms,
 Garlands green to bind the hair;
 Crowns and kirtles
 Weft of myrtles,
 You may choose, and beauty wear!



Here are bowers
 Hung with flowers,
 Richly curtained halls for you!
 Meads for rovers,
 Shades for lovers,
 Violet beds, and pillows too!

Purple heather
 You may gather,
 Sandal-deep in seas of bloom!
 Pale-faced lily,
 Proud Sweet-Willy,
 Gorgeous rose, and golden broom!

Brightsome glasses
 For bright faces
 Shine in ev'ry rill that flows;
 Every minute
 You look in it
 Still more bright your beauty grows!

Hither! hither!
 O come hither!
 Lads and lasses come and see!
 Trip it neatly,
 Foot it fealty,
 O'er the grassy turf to me!

GEORGE DARLEY.

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THE RIVULET.

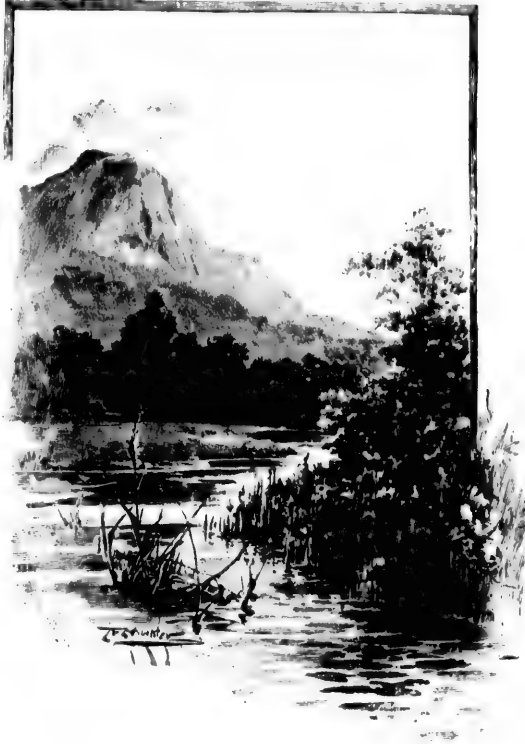
THIS little rill that from the
springs
Of yonder grove its current
brings,
Plays on the slope a while,
and then
Goes prattling into groves
again,
Oft to its warbling
waters drew

My little feet, when life was new.
When woods in early green were dressed,
And from the chambers of the west
The warmer breezes, travelling out,
Breathed the new scent of flowers about,
My truant steps from home would stray,
Upon its grassy side to play,
List the brown thrasher's vernal hymn,
And crop the violet on its brim,
With blooming cheek and open brow,
As young and gay, sweet rill, as thou.

And when the days of boyhood came,
And I had grown in love with fame,
Duly I sought thy banks, and tried
My first rude numbers by thy side.
Words cannot tell how bright and gay
The scenes of life before me lay.
Then glorious hopes, that now to speak
Would bring the blood into my cheek,
Passed o'er me; and I wrote on high,
A name I deemed should never die.

Years change thee not. Upon yon hill
The tall old maples, verdant still,
Yet tell, in grandeur of decay,
How swift the years have passed away,
Since first, a child, and half afraid,
I wandered in the forest shade.
Thou ever joyous rivulet,
Dost dimple, leap, and prattle yet;
And sporting with the sands that pave
The windings of thy silver wave,
And dancing to thy own wild chime,
Thou laughst at the lapse of time.
The same sweet sounds are in my ear,
My early childhood loved to hear;
As pure thy limpid waters run,
As bright they sparkle to the sun;
As fresh and thick the bending ranks
Of herbs that line thy oozy banks;
The violet there, in soft May dew,
Comes up, as modest and as blue;
As green amid thy current's stress,
Floats the scarce-rooted water-cress:
And the brown ground-bird, in thy glen,
Still chirps as merrily as then.

Thou changest not—but I am changed,
Since first thy pleasant banks I ranged;
And the grave stranger, come to see
The play-place of his infancy,
Has scarce a single trace of him
Who sported once upon thy brim.
The visions of my youth are past—
Too bright, too beautiful to last.



And I shall sleep—and on thy side,
As ages after ages glide,
Children their early sports shall try,
And pass to hoary age and die.
But thou, unchanged from year to year,
Gayly shalt play and glitter here;
Amid young flowers and tender grass
Thy endless infancy shalt pass;
And, singing down thy narrow glen,
Shalt mock the fading race of men.

W. C. BRYANT

THE NIGHTINGALE.

PRIZE thou the nightingale,
 Whoso sooths thee with his tale,
 And wakes the woods around;
 A singing feather he a winged and wandering
 sound;

Whose tender carolling
 Sets all ears listening
 Unto that living lyre,
 Whence flow the airy notes his ecstasies inspire;

Whose shrill, capricious song
 Breathes like a flute along,
 With many a careless tone—



Music of thousand tongues, formed by one tongue
 alone.

O charming creature rare!
 Can aught with thee compare?
 Thou art all song—thy breast
 Thrills for one month o' the year—is tranquil all
 the rest.

Thee wondrous we may call—
 Most wondrous this of all,
 That such a tiny throat
 Should wake so loud a sound, and pour so loud a
 note. JOHN BOWRING.

THE SWALLOW.

THE gorse is yellow on the heath,
 The banks with speedwell flowers are gay,
 The oaks are budding; and beneath,
 The hawthorn soon will bear the wreath,
 The silver wreath of May.

The welcome guest of settled spring,
 The swallow, too, is come at last;
 Just at sunset, when thrushes sing,
 I saw her dash with rapid wing,
 And hailed her as she passed.

Come, summer visitant, attach
 To my reed-roof your nest of clay,
 And let my ear your music catch.
 Low twittering underneath the thatch,
 At the gray dawn of day.

As fables tell, an Indian sage,
 The Hindustani woods among,
 Could in his desert hermitage,
 As if 'twere marked in written page,
 Translate the wild bird's song.

I wish I did his power possess,
 That I might learn, fleet bird, from thee,
 What our vain systems only guess,

And know from what wild wilderness
 You came across the sea.

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

THE EARLY PRIMROSE.

MILD offspring of a dark and sullen sire!
 Whose modest form, so delicately fine,
 Was nursed in whirling storms
 And cradled in the winds.

Thee, when young spring first questioned winter's
 sway,
 And dared the sturdy blusterer to the fight,
 Thee on this bank he threw
 To mark his victory.

In this low vale the promise of the year,
 Serene, thou openest to the nipping gale,
 Unnoticed and alone,
 Thy tender elegance.

So virtue blooms, brought forth amid the storms
 Of chill adversity; in some lone walk
 Of life she rears her head,
 Obscure and unobserved;

While every bleaching breeze that on her blows
 Chastens her spotless purity of breast,
 And hardens her to bear
 Serene the ills of life.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

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THE FATHER OF WATERS.

Not only in the extent of fertile territory drained, but in the vast flood of waters which it carries down to the Gulf, the Mississippi has no equal among the rivers of Europe.

AY, gather Europe's royal rivers all—
The snow-swelled Neva, with an empire's weight

On her broad breast, she yet may overwhelm;
Dark Danube, hurrying, as by foe pursued,
Through shaggy forests and from palace walls,
To hide its terrors in a sea of gloom;
The castled Rhine, whose vine-crowned waters flow,

The fount of fable and the source of song;
The rushing Rhone, in whose cerulean depths
The loving sky seems wedded with the wave;
The yellow Tiber, choked with Roman spoils,
A dying miser shrinking 'neath his gold;
And Seine, where fashion glasses fairest forms;
And Thames, that bears the riches of the world;
Gather their waters in one ocean mass—
Our Mississippi, rolling proudly on,
Would sweep them from its path, or swallow up,
Like Aaron's rod, these streams of fame and song.

SARAH J. HALE.

BUTTERFLY BEAU.

I'M a volatile thing, with an exquisite wing,
Sprinkled o'er with the tints of the rainbow;
All the Butterflies swarm to behold my sweet form,

Though the Grubs may all vote me a vain beau.
In my toilet go through, with my rose-water dew,
And each blossom contributes its essence;
Then all fragrance and grace, not a plume out of place,

I adorn the gay world with my presence—
In short, you must know,
I'm the Butterfly Beau.

At first I enchant a fair Sensitive plant,
Then I flirt with the Pink of perfection;
Then I seek a Sweet Pea, and I whisper, "For thee
I have long felt a fond predilection."

A Lily I kiss, and exult in my bliss,
But I very soon search for a new lip;
And I pause in my flight to exclaim with delight,
"Oh! how dearly I love you, my Tulip!"
In short, you must know,
I'm the Butterfly Beau.

Thus for ever I rove, and the honey of love
From each delicate blossom I pilfer;
But though many I see pale and pining for me,
I know none that are worth growing ill for;
And though I must own, there are some that I've known,
Whose external attractions are splendid;
On myself I most doat, for in my pretty coat
All the tints of the garden are blended—
In short, you must know,
I'm the Butterfly Beau. T. HAYNES BAYLY.

THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.

On Mount Cannon, or Profile Mountain, opposite Lafayette, west of the Notch, in the White Mountains, and 1,500 feet above the road, are three projecting rocks, that, viewed from a particular point, assume a well defined profile of a colossal human face eighty feet long, with firmly drawn chin, lips slightly parted, and a well-proportioned nose, surmounted by a massive brow. Hence the mountain is called "Profile Mountain," and to this interesting intimation of a human countenance that suddenly disappears when the observer moves, has been given the above appropriate title.

AGLORY smites the craggy heights:
And in a halo of the haze,
Flushed with faint gold, far up, behold
That mighty face, that stony gaze!
In the wild sky upborne so high
Above us perishable creatures,
Confronting time with those sublime,
Impassive, adamant features.

Thou beaked and bald high front, miscalled
The profile of a human face!
No kin art thou, O Titan brow,
To puny man's ephemeral race.
The groaning earth to thee gave birth,—
Throes and convulsions of the planet;
Lonely uprose, in grand repose,
Those eighty feet of facial granite.

We may not know how long ago
That ancient countenance was young;
Thy sovereign brow was seamed as now
When Moses wrote and Homer sung.
Empires and states it antedates,
And wars, and arts, and crime, and glory;
In that dim morn when man was born
Thy head with centuries was hoary.

Canst thou not tell what then befell?
What forces moved, or fast or slow;
How grew the hills; what heats, what chills;
What strange, dim life, so long ago?
High-visaged peak, wilt thou not speak
One word, for all our learned wrangle?
What earthquakes shaped, what glaciers scraped
That nose, and gave the chin its angle?

O silent speech, that well can teach
The little worth of words or fame!
I go my way, but thou wilt stay
While future millions pass the same:—
But what is this I seem to miss?
Those features fall into confusion!
A further pace—where was that face?
The veriest fugitive illusion!

O Titan, how dislimned art thou!
A withered cliff is all we see;
That giant nose, that grand repose,
Have in a moment ceased to be;

Or still depend on lines that blend,
On merging shapes, and sight, and distance,
And in the mind alone can find
Imaginary brief existence!

JOHN T. TROWBRIDGE.



AFTER SUMMER.

WE'LL not weep for summer over,
No, not we;
Strew above his head the clover,
Let him be!

Other eyes may weep his dying,
Shed their tears
There upon him where he's lying
With his peers.

Shall we in our tombs, I wonder,
Far apart,
Sundered wide as seas can sunder
Heart from heart.

Dream at all of all the sorrows
That were ours—
Bitter nights, more bitter morrows;
Poison-flowers

Summer gathered, as in madness,
Saying, "See
These are yours, in place of gladness—
Gifts from me!"

Nay, the rest that will be ours
Is supreme—
And below the poppy flowers
Steals no dream.

P. B. MARSTON.



THE DAINTY ROSE.

I WILL not have the mad Clytie,
Whose head is turned by the sun;
The tulip is a courtly queen,
Whom, therefore, I will shun;
The cowslip is a country wench,
The violet is a nun—
But I will woo the dainty rose,
The queen of every one.

The pea is but a wanton witch,
In too much haste to wed,
And clasps her rings on every hand;
The wolfsbane I should dread—

Nor will I dreary rosemary,
That always mourns the dead—
But I will woo the dainty rose,
With her cheeks of tender red.

The lily is all in white, like a saint,
And so is no mate for me—
And the daisy's cheek is tipped with a blush,
She is of such low degree;
Jasmine is sweet, and has many loves,
And the broom's betrothed to the bee—
But I will plight with the dainty rose,
For fairest of all is she.

THOMAS HOOD.



FLORAL BEAUTIES.

SNOWDROPS.

O DARLING spirits of the snow,
Who hide within your heart the green,
Howe'er the wintry wind may blow,
The secret of the summer sheen
Ye smile to know!

By frozen rills, in woods and mead,
A mild pure sisterhood ye grow,
Who bend the meek and quiet head,



And are a token from below
From our dear dead;
As in their turf ye softly shine
Of innocent white lives they lead,
With healing influence divine
For souls who on their memory feed,
World-worn like mine.

RODEN NOEL.

PLEASURE DERIVED FROM NATURE.

WERE all the interesting diversities of color and form to disappear how unsightly, dull and wearisome would be the aspect of the world! The pleasures conveyed to us by the endless varieties with which these sources of beauty are presented to the eye, are so much things of course, and exist so much without intermission, that we scarcely think either of their nature, their number or the great proportion which they constitute in the whole mass of our enjoyment.

But were an inhabitant of this country to be removed from its delightful scenery to the midst of an Arabian desert, a boundless expanse of sand, a waste spread with uniform desolation, enlivened by the murmur of no stream and cheered by the beauty of no verdure, although he might live in a palace and riot in splendor and luxury, he would, I think, find life a dull, wearisome, melancholy round of existence, and amid all his gratifications would sigh for the hills and valleys of his native land, the brooks and rivers, the living lustre of the spring, and the rich glories of the autumn.

The ever-varying brilliancy and grandeur of the landscape, and the magnificence of the sky, sun, moon and stars, enter more extensively into the enjoyment of mankind than we, perhaps, ever think, or can possibly apprehend, without frequent and extensive investigation. This beauty and splendor of the objects around us, it is ever to be remembered, are not necessary to their existence, nor to what we commonly intend by their usefulness. It is therefore, to be regarded as a source

of pleasure gratuitously superinduced upon the general nature of the objects themselves, and in this light as a testimony of the divine goodness peculiarly affecting.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

AN ITALIAN SUNSET.

IT was one of those evenings never to be forgotten by a painter—but one too which must come upon him in misery as a gorgeous mockery. The sun was yet up, and resting on the highest peak of a ridge of mountain-shaped clouds, that seemed to make a part of the distance; suddenly he disappeared, and the landscape was overspread with a cold, lurid hue; then, as if molten in a furnace, the fictitious mountains began to glow; in a moment more they tumbled asunder; in another he was seen again, piercing their fragments, and darting his shafts to the remotest east, till, reaching the horizon, he appeared to recall them, and with a parting flash to wrap the whole heavens in flame.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

VALLEY OF THE HUDSON.

AND how changed is the scene from that on which Hudson gazed! The earth glows with the colors of civilization; the banks of the streams are enamelled with richest grasses; woodlands and cultivated fields are harmoniously blended; the birds of spring find their delight in orchards and trim gardens, variegated with choicest plants from every temperate zone; while the brilliant flowers of the tropics bloom

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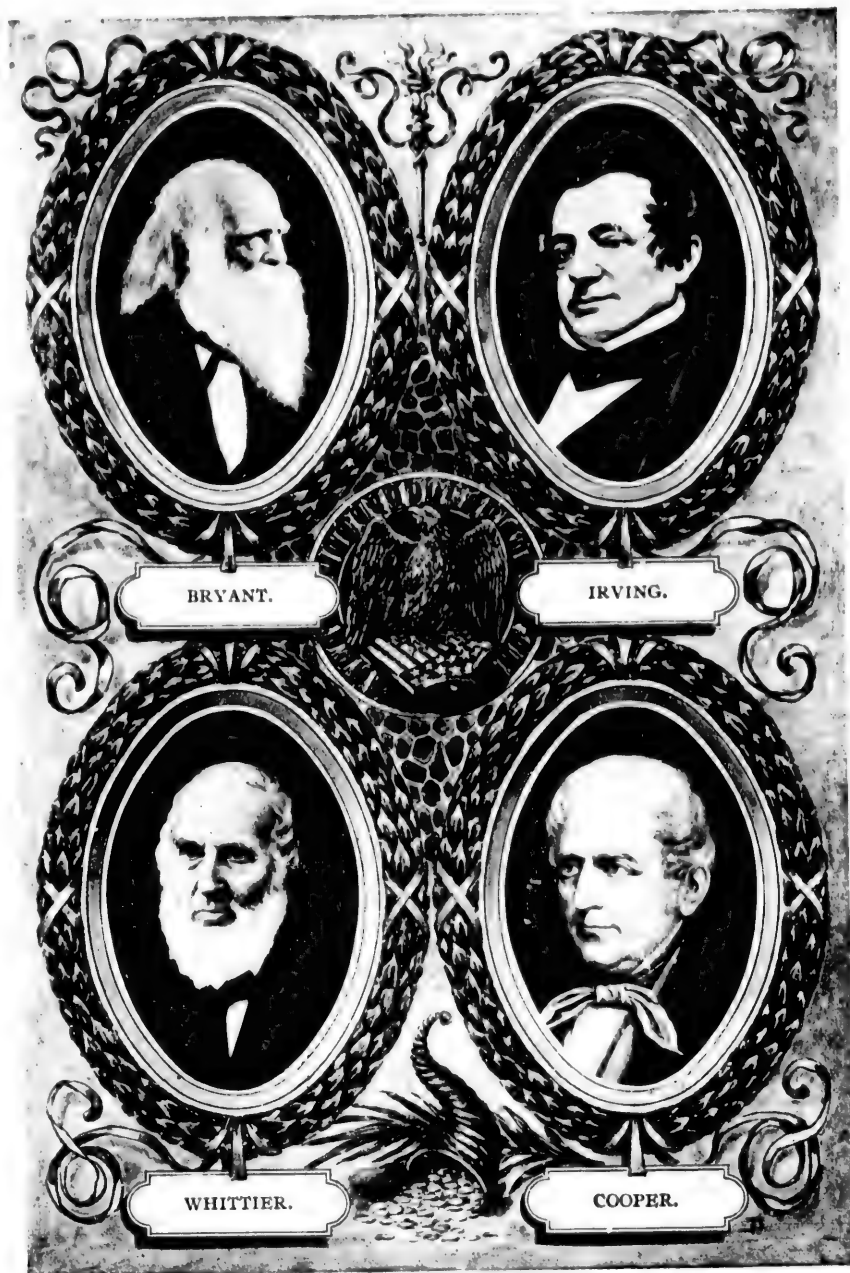
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from the windows of the greenhouse and the
 south.

The yeoman, living like a good neighbor near
 the fields he cultivated, glories in the fruitfulness
 of the valleys, and counts with honest exultation
 the flocks and herds that browse in safety on the
 hills. The thorn has given way to the rosebush;
 the cultivated vine clammers over rocks where the
 brood of serpents used to nestle; while industry
 smiles at the changes she has wrought, and inhales
 the bland air which now has health on its wings.

GEORGE BANCROFT.

THE MOSS ROSE.

THE angel of the flowers,
 one day,
 Beneath a rose-tree
 sleeping lay—
 That spirit to whose charge
 't is given
 To bathe young buds in dews
 of heaven,
 Awaking from his light re-
 pose,
 The angel whispered to the
 rose:

"O fondest object of my care,
 Still fairest found, where all are fair:
 For the sweet shade thou giv'st to me
 Ask what thou wilt, 't is granted thee."

"Then," said the rose, with deepened glow,
 "On me another grace bestow."
 The spirit paused, in silent thought—
 What grace was there that flower had not?
 'T was but a moment—o'er the rose
 A veil of moss the angel throws,
 And, robed in nature's simplest weed,
 Could there a flower that rose exceed?

F. W. KRUMMACHER.

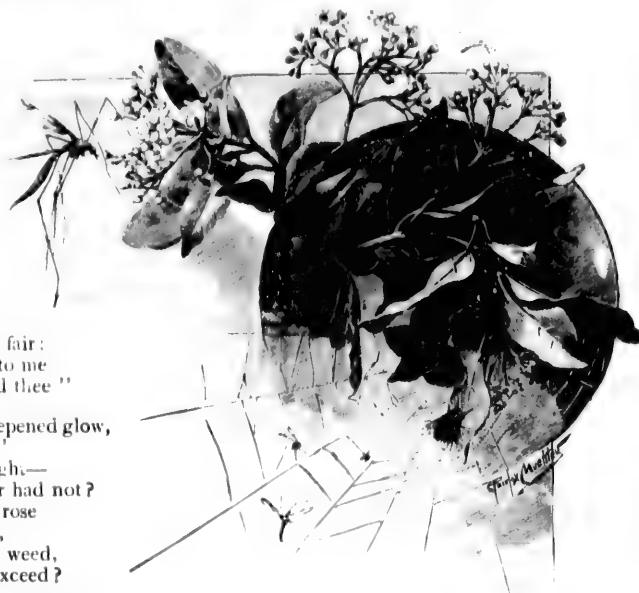
FOLDING THE FLOCKS.

SHEPHERDS all, and maidens fair,
 Fold your flocks up; for the air
 'Gins to thicken, and the sun
 Already his great course hath run
 See the dewdrops, how they kiss
 Every little flower that is;
 Hanging on their velvet heads,
 Like a string of crystal beads.

See the heavy clouds low falling
 And bright Hesperus down calling
 The dead night from underground;
 At whose rising, mists unsound,
 Damps and vapors, fly apace.
 And hover o'er the smiling face
 Of these pastures; where they come,
 Striking dead both bud and bloom.

There, ore from such danger lock
 Every one his loved flock;
 And let your dogs lie loose without,
 Lest the wolf come as a scout
 From the mountain, and ere day,
 Bear a lamb or kid away;
 Or the crafty, thievish fox,
 Break upon your simple flocks.

To secure yourself from these,
 Be not too secure in case;
 So shall you good shepherds prove,
 And deserve your master's love.



Now, good-night! may sweetest slumbers
 And soft silence fall in numbers
 On your eyelids. So farewell:
 Thus I end my evening knell.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

BUTTERFLY LIFE.

WHAT, though you tell me each gay little
 rover
 Shrinks from the breath of the first
 autumn day!

Surely 'tis better, when summer is over,
 To die when all fair things are fading away.
 Some in life's winter may toil to discover
 Means of procuring a weary delay—
 I' be a butterfly; living, a rover,
 Dying when fair things are fading away!

T. HAYNES BAYLY.

THE VERNAL SEASON.

THANK Providence for spring! The earth—and man himself, by sympathy with his birthplace—would be far other than we find them, if life toiled wearily onward, without this periodical infusion of the primal spirit. Will the



world ever be so decayed that spring may not renew its greenness? Can man be so dismally age-stricken that no faintest sunshine of his youth may revisit him once a year? It is impossible. The moss on our time-worn mansion brightens into beauty; the good old pastor, who once dwelt here, renewed his prime, regained his boyhood, in the genial breezes of his ninetieth spring.

Alas for the worn and heavy soul, if, whether in youth or age, it have outlived its privilege of spring-

time sprightliness! From such a soul the world must hope no reformation of its evil—no sympathy with the lofty faith and gallant struggles of those who contend in its behalf. Summer works in the present, and thinks not of the future; autumn is a rich conservative; winter has utterly lost its faith, and clings tremulously to the remembrance of what has been; but spring, with its outgushing life, is the true type of the movement.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

THE SONGSTERS.

UP SPRINGS the lark,
Shrill-voiced and loud,
The messenger of morn;
Ere yet the shadows fly, he
Mounted sings
Amid the dawning clouds, and
From their haunts
Calls up the tuneful nations.
Every copse
Deep-tangled, tree irregular,
And bush
Bending with dewy moisture,
O'er the heads
Of the coy quiristers that lodge
Within,
Are prodigal of harmony. The
thrush
And woodlark, o'er the kind-
contending throng
Superior heard, run through
the sweetest length
Of notes; when listening Phil-
omelia deigns
To let them joy, and purposes,
in thought
Elate, to make her night excel
their day.

The blackbird whistles from
the thorny brake;
The mellow bullfinch answers
from the grove;
Nor are the linnets, o'er the
flowering furze
Poured out profusely, silent:
joined to these

Innumerable songsters, in the freshening shade
Of new-sprung leaves, their modulations mix
Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,
And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone,
Aid the full concert; while the stockdove breathes
A melancholy murmur through the whole.
'Tis love creates their melody, and all
This waste of music is the voice of love;
That even to birds and beasts the tender arts
Of pleasing teaches.

JAMES THOMSON.

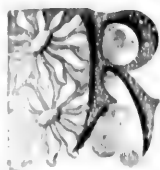


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THE SPARROW.



OBIN I love, the blue-bird and
the wren,
The thrush, the lark and many,
many more;
But, oh, above them all, that
friend of men
I love, the sparrow piping at
my door.

When summer flees, and winter blusters forth
With roaring blasts that shake the naked trees,
Still you may hear above the legion'd North
A merry note above the copices.

The sparrow still doth pipe his little lay
As sweetly as he piped it in the spring;
No migrant he, that quickly flies away
When summer winds no longer round him sing.

A hardy comrade, when the storms arise
He breasts their fury like some honest friend,
That, when adversity besets our skies,
Doth quit us not, but cheers us to the end.

So, when I hear the choir of summer sing,
I listen, pleased, but hear above the art
Of gayer birds the sparrow's note, and cling
To it as something dearer to my heart.

JORIS VON LINDEN.

INDIAN SUMMER.

WHEN leaves grow sear all things take
sombre hue;
The wild winds waltz no more the wood-
side through,

And all the faded grass is wet with dew.

A gauzy nebula films the pensive sky,
The golden bee supinely buzzes by,
In silent flocks the blue-birds southward fly.

The forests' cheeks are crimsoned o'er with shame,
The cynic frost enlaces every lane,
The ground with scarlet blushes is aflame!

The one we love grows lustrous-eyed and sad,
With sympathy too thoughtful to be glad,
While all the colors round are running mad.

The sunbeams kiss askant the sombre hill,
The naked woodbine climbs the window-sill,
The breaths that noon exhales are faint and chill.

The ripened nuts drop downward day by day,
Sounding the hollow tocsin of decay,
And bandit squirrels smuggle them away.

Vague sighs and scents pervade the atmosphere,
Sounds of invisible stirrings hum the ear,
The morning's lash reveals a frozen tear.

The hermit mountains gird themselves with mail,
Mocking the threshers with an echo flail,
The while the afternoons grow crisp and pale.

Inconstant summer to the tropics flees,
And, as her rose sails catch the amorous breeze,
Lo! bare, brown autumn trembles to her knees!

The stealthy nights encroach upon the days,
The earth with sudden whiteness is ablaze,
And all her paths are lost in crystal maze!

Tread lightly where the dainty violets blew,
Where the spring winds their soft eyes open flew,
Safely they sleep the churlish winter through.

Though all life's portals are indited with woe,
And frozen pearls are all the world can show,
Feel! Nature's breath is warm beneath the snow.

Look up! dear mourners! Still the blue expanse,
Serenely tender, bends to catch thy glance,
Within thy tears sibyllic sunbeams dance!

With blooms full sapped again will smile the land,
The fall is but the folding of His hand,
Anon with fuller glories to expand.

The dumb heart hid beneath the pulseless tree
Will throb again; and then the torpid bee
Upon the ear will drone his drowsy glee.

So shall the truant blue-birds backward fly,
And all loved things that vanish or that die
Return to us in some sweet by-and-by.

VENICE AT NIGHT.

THE moon was at the height. Its rays fell in
a flood on the swelling domes and massive
roofs of Venice, while the margin of the
town was brilliantly defined by the glittering bay.
The natural and gorgeous setting was more than
worthy of that picture of human magnificence; for
at that moment, rich as was the queen of the Adri-
atic in her works of art, the grandeur of her pub-
lic monuments, the number and splendor of her
palaces, and most else that the ingenuity and am-
bition of man could attempt, she was but secondary
in the glories of the hour.

Above was the firmament gemmed with worlds,
and sublime in immensity. Beneath lay the broad
expanse of the Adriatic, endless to the eye, tran-
quil as the vault it reflected, and luminous with its
borrowed light. Here and there a low island, re-
claimed from the sea by the patient toil of a
thousand years, dotted the Lagunes, burdened by
the group of some conventual dwellings, or pic-
turesque with the modest roofs of a hamlet of the
fishermen. Neither oar, nor song, nor laugh, nor
flap of sail, nor jest of mariner disturbed the still-
ness. All in the near view was clothed in mid-
night loveliness, and all in the distance bespoke
the solemnity of nature at peace. The city and
the Lagunes, the gulf and the dreamy Alps, the
interminable plain of Lombardy, and the blue void
of heaven lay alike in a common and grand repose.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

TO A MOUSE.

ON TURNING HER UP IN HER NEST WITH THE PLOUGH.

WEE, slee kit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie,
 O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
 Thou need na start awa' sae hasty,
 Wi' bickering brattle!
 I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
 Wi' murd'ring pattle!



I'm truly sorry man's dominion
 Has broken nature's social union,
 An' justifies that ill opinion

Which makes thee startle
 At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
 An' fellow-mortal!

I doubt na, whyles, but thou mayst thieve;
 What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!
 A 'aimen icker in a thrave
 'S a sma' request;
 I'll get a blessin' wi' the laive,
 And never miss 't!

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!
 Its silly wa's the win's are strewin'!
 An' naething now to big a new ane
 O' foggage green!
 An' bleak December's winds ensuin',
 Baith snell and keen!

Thou saw the fells laid bare an' waste,
 An' weary winter comin' fast,
 An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
 Thou thought to dwell,
 Till, crash! the cruel coulter past
 Out through thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble
 Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!
 Now thou's turned out for
 a' thy trouble,
 But house or hald,
 To thole the winter's
 sleety dribble,
 An' cranreuch could!

But, Mousie, thou art no
 thy lane,
 In proving foresight may
 be vain:
 The best-laid schemes o'
 mice an' men
 Gang aft a-gley,
 An' lea'e us naught but
 grief and pain,
 For promised joy.

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me!
 The present only toucheth thee;
 But, och! I backward cast my e'e
 On prospects drear;
 An' forward, though I canna see,
 I guess an' fear.

ROBERT BURNS

SUMMER WOODS.

I LOVE at eventide to walk alone,
 Down narrow gleens, o'erhung with dewy
 thorn,
 Where, from the long grass underneath, the snail,
 Jet black, creeps out, and sprouts his timid horn.
 I love to muse o'er meadows newly mown,
 Where withering grass perfumes the sultry air;
 Where bees search round, with sad and weary
 drone,
 In vain, for flowers that bloomed but newly there;
 While in the juicy corn the hidden quail
 Cries, "Wet my foot;" and, hid as thoughts un-
 born.
 The fairy-like and seldom-seen land-rail
 Utters "Craik, craik," like voices underground,
 Right glad to meet the evening's dewy veil,
 And see the light fade into gloom around.

JOHN CLARE

THE WEST WIND.

BENEATH the forest's skirts I rest,
Whose branching pines rise dark and high,
And hear the breezes of the West
Among the threaded foliage sigh.

Sweet Zephyr! why that sound of woe?
Is not thy home among the flowers?
Do not the bright June roses blow,
To meet thy kiss at morning hours?

And lo! thy glorious realm outspread—
Yon stretching valleys, green and gay,
And yon free hill-tops, o'er whose head
The loose white clouds are borne away.

And there the full broad river runs,
And many a fount wells fresh and sweet,
To cool thee when the mid-day suns
Have made thee faint beneath their heat.

Thou wind of joy, and youth, and love;
Spirit of the new-wakened year!
The sun in his blue realm above
Smooths a bright path when thou art here.

In lawns the murmuring bee is heard,
The wooing ring-dove in the shade;
On thy soft breath, the new-fledged bird
Takes wing, half happy, half afraid.

Ah! thou art like our wayward race;—
When not a shade of pain or ill
Dims the bright smile of Nature's face,
Thou lovest to sigh and murmur still.

W. C. BRYANT.

THE FOOLISH HAREBELL.

AHAREBELL hung its willful head:
"I am so tired, so tired! I wish I was
dead."

She hung her head in the mossy dell:
"If all were over, then all were well."

The wind he heard, and was pitiful;
He waved her about to make her cool.

"Wind, you are rough," said the dainty bell;
"Leave me alone—I am not well."

And the wind, at the voice of the drooping dame,
Sank in his heart, and ceased for shame.

"I am hot, so hot!" she sighed and said;
"I am withering up; I wish I was dead."

Then the sun, he pitied her pitiful case,
And drew a thick veil over his face.

"Cloud, go away, and don't be rude;
I am not—I don't see why you should."

The cloud withdrew, and the harebell cried.
"I am faint, so faint! and no water beside!"

And the dew came down its million-fold petal;
But she murmured, "I did not want a bath."

A boy came by in the morning gray;
He plucked the harebell, and threw it away.

The harebell shivered, and cried, "Oh! oh!
I am faint, so faint! Come, dear wind, blow."

The wind blew softly, and did not speak.
She thanked him kindly, but grew more weak.

"Sun, dear sun, I am cold," she said.
He rose; but lower she drooped her head.

"O rain! I am withering; all the blue
Is fading out of me;—come, please do."

The rain came down as fast as it could,
But for all its will it did her no good.

She shuddered and shivered, and moaning said;
"Thank you all kindly;" and then she was dead.

Let us hope, let us hope, when she comes next
year,
She'll be simple and sweet. But I fear, I fear.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

TO THE DAISY.

WITH little here to do or see
Of things that in the great world be,
Sweet daisy! oft I talk to thee.
For thou art worthy,
Thou unassuming commonplace
Of nature, with that homely face,
And yet with something of a grace
Which love makes for thee!

I see thee glittering from afar.—
And then thou art a pretty star,
Not quite so fair as many are
In heaven above thee!
Yet like a star, with glittering crest,
Self-poised in air thou seem'st to rest;—
May peace come never to his nest
Who shall reprove thee!

Sweet flower! for by that name at last,
When all my reveries are past,
I call thee, and to that cleave fast,
Sweet, silent creature!
That breath'st with me in sun and air,
Do thou, as thou art wont, repair
My heart with gladness, and a share
Of thy meek nature.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

TO THE SKYLARK.

ETHEREAL minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!
Dost thou despise the earth where cares
around?

Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?

'Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond,
Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain;
Yet mightst thou seem, proud privilege! to sing
All independent of the leafy spring.

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;
A privacy of glorious light is thine,



Thy nest, into which thou canst drop at will,
Those quivering wings composed, that music
still!

To the last point of vision and beyond,
Mount, daring warbler!—that love-prompted
strain,

Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
Of harmony, with instinct more divine;
Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam—
True to the kindred points of heaven and
home!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE PINE FOREST BY THE SEA.



WE wandered to the pine forest
That skirts the ocean's foam;
The lightest wind was in its nest,
The tempest in its home.
The whisp'ring waves were half asleep,
The clouds were gone to play,
And on the bosom of the deep
The smile of heaven lay;
It seemed as if the hour were one
Sent from beyond the skies,
Which scattered from above the sun
A light of Paradise!

How calm it was! the silence there
By such a chain was bound,
That even the busy woodpecker
Made stiller by her sound
The inviolable quietness;
The breath of peace we drew,
With its soft motion made not less
The calm that round us grew.

We paused beside the pools that lie
Under the forest bough;
Each seemed as 'twere a little sky
Gulfed in a world below;
A firmament of purple light
Which in the dark earth lay,
More boundless than the depth of night,
And purer than the day—
In which the lovely forests grew,
As in the upper air,
More perfect both in shape and hue
Than any spreading there.

There lay the glade and the neighboring lawn,
And through the dark green woods
The white sun, twinkling like the dawn
Out of a speckled cloud.
Sweet views which in our world above
Can never well be seen,

Were imaged by the water's love
Of that fair forest green:
And all was interfused beneath
With an Elysian glow,
An atmosphere without a breath,
A softer day below.

PERCY B. SHELLEY.

ONE SWALLOW.

THE day was gray and dark and chill,
Though May had come to meet us,
So closely April lingered still,
She had no heart to greet us;
When, with a swift and sudden flight,
Wind-blown o'er hill and hollow,
Two gray wings swept across my sight,
And lo! the first wild swallow.

"Alas, fair bird! the little breast
That cuts the air so fleetly
Should still have pressed its southern nest
Till June was piping sweetly.
In spite of cheery song and voice,
Thou brave and blithe new-comer,
I cannot in thy joy rejoice;
One swallow makes no summer."

Thus in my thought I fain would say:
Meantime, on swift wing speeding,
Its wild and winning roundelay
The bird sang on unheeding:
Of odorous fields and drowsy nooks,
Of slow tides landward creeping,
Of woodlands thrilled with jocund tunes,
Of soft airs hushed and sleeping.

He sang of waving forest heights
With strong green boughs upspringing;
Of faint stars pale with drowsy lights,
In dusky heavens swinging;
Of nests high hung in cottage eaves,
Of yellow corn-fields growing,
And through the long, slim, fluttering leaves,
The sleepy winds a-blowing.

He sang until my soul took heed
Of warm, soft-falling showers,
Of dells high piled with tangled leaves,
And gay with tangled flowers;

Of life, and love, and hope's bright crew;
This brave and blithe new comer—
And so, and so, at last I knew
One swallow made the summer.

M. E. BLAINE.

FIRST SIGHT OF THE VALLEY OF MEXICO BY THE SPANIARDS.

THE troops, refreshed by a night's rest, succeeded, early on the following day, in gaining the crest of the sierra of Ahualco, which stretches like a curtain between the two

great mountains on the north and south. Their progress was now compara-

ble and gorgeous panorama before them. Stretching far away at their feet were seen noble forests of oak, sycamore, and cedar, and beyond, yellow fields of maize and the towering maguay, intermingled with orchards and blooming gardens; for flowers, in such demand for their religious festivals, were even more abundant in this populous valley than in other parts of Anahuac. In the centre of the great basin were beheld the lakes, occupying then a much larger portion of its surface than at present; their borders thickly studded with towns and hamlets, and, in the midst—like some Indian empress with her coronal of pearls—the fair city of Mexico, with her white towers and pyramidal temple, reposing, as it were, on the bosom of the waters—the far-famed "Venice of the Aztecs."

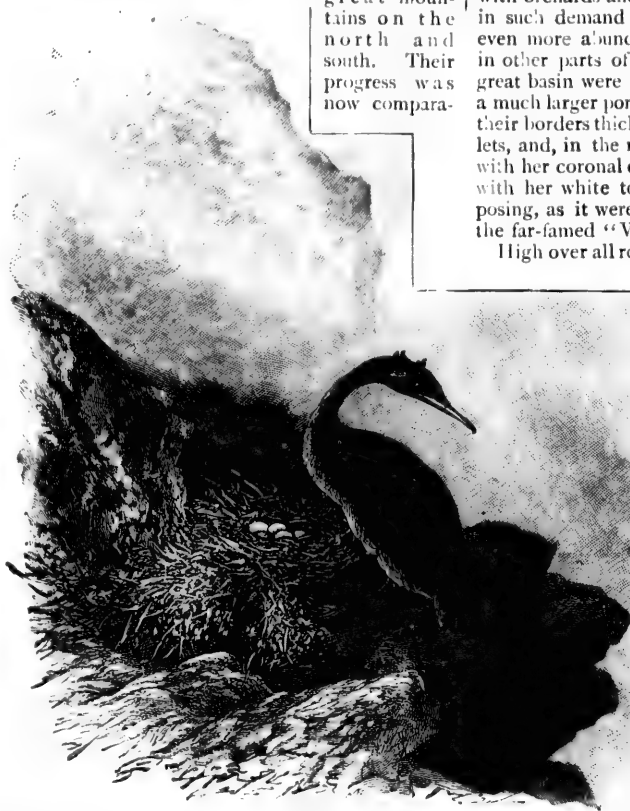
High over all rose the royal hill of Chapultepec, the residence of the Mexican monarchs, crowned with the same grove of gigantic cypresses, which at this day fling their broad shadows over the land. In the distance beyond the blue waters of the lake, and nearly screened by intervening foliage, was seen a shining speck, the rival capital of Tezcuco, and, still further on, the dark belt of porphyry, girdling the valley around like a rich setting which nature had devised for the fairest of her jewels.

Such was the beautiful vision which broke on the eyes of the conquerors. And even now, when so sad a change has come over the scene;

tively easy, and they marched forward with a buoyant step as they felt they were treading the soil of Montezuma.

They had not advanced far, when, turning an angle of the sierra, they suddenly came on a view which more than compensated the toils of the preceding day. It was that of the Valley of Mexico, which, with its picturesque assemblage of water, woodland, and cultivated plains, its shining cities and shadowy hills, was spread out like some gay

when the stately forests have been laid low, and the soil, unsheltered from the fierce radiance of a tropical sun, is in many places abandoned to sterility; when the waters have retired, leaving a broad and ghastly margin white with the incrustation of salts, while the cities and hamlets on their borders have mouldered into ruins;—even now that desolation broods over the landscape, so indestructible are the lines of beauty which nature has traced on its features, that no traveler, however cold, can gaze on them





OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.



EUGENE FIELD.

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with any other emotions than those of astonishment and rapture.

What, then, must have been the emotions of the Spaniards, when, after working their toilsome way into the upper air, the cloudy tabernacle parted before their eyes, and they beheld these fair

scenes in all their pristine magnificence and beauty! It was like the spectacle which greeted the eyes of Moses from the summit of Pisgah, and, in the warm glow of their feelings, they cried out, "It is the promised land."

W. H. PRESCOTT.

THE FLOWER.

ONCE in a golden hour
I cast to earth a seed.
Up there came a flower,
The people said, a weed.

Sowed it far and wide
By every town and tower,
Till all the people cried,
"Splendid is the flower."



To and fro they went
Through my garden-bower,
And muttering discontent
Cursed me and my flower.

Then it grew so tall
It wore a crown of light,
But thieves from o'er the wall
Stole the seed by night;

Read my little fable:
He that runs may read,
Most can raise the flowers now,
For all have got the seed.

And some are pretty enough,
And some are poor indeed;
And now again the people
Call it but a weed.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

NEW ENGLAND IN WINTER.

SHUT in from all the world without
We sat the clean-winged hearth about
Content to let the north-wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door,
While the red logs before us beat
The frost-line back with tropic heat;
And ever, when a louder blast
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
The merrier up its roaring draught
The great throat of the chimney laughed,

The house-dog on his paws outspread
Laid to the fire his drowsy head,
The cat's dark silhouette on the wall
A couchant tiger's seemed to fall;
And, for the winter fireside meet,
Between the andirons' straddling feet,
The mug of cider simmered slow,
The apples sputtered in a row,
And, close at hand, the basket stood
With nuts from brown October's wood.

J. G. WHITTIER.

TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN.

THOU blossom, bright with autumn dew,
And colored with the heaven's own blue,
That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night;

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,

Or columbines, in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late, and com'st alone,
When woods are bare and birds are flown,
And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.

W. C. BRVANT.



THE THRUSH.

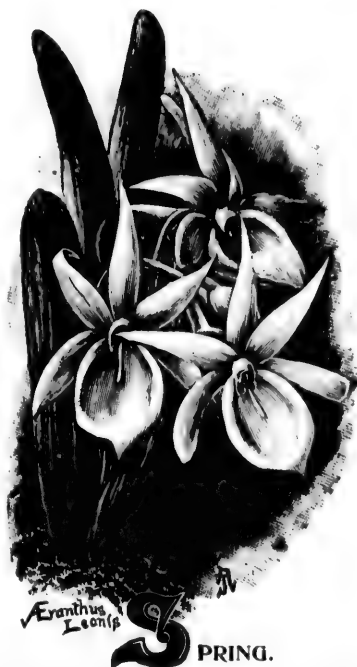
SONGSTER of the russet coat,
Full and liquid is thy note;
Plain thy dress, but great thy skill,
Captivating at thy will.

Small musician of the field,
Near my bower thy tribute yield,

Little servant of the ear,
Ply thy task, and never fear.

I will learn from thee to praise
God, the author of my days;
I will learn from thee to sing,
Christ, my Saviour and my King;
Learn to labor with my voice,
Make the sinking heart rejoice.

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THE bud is in the bough and the leaf is in the bud,
And earth's beginning now in her veins to feel the blood,

Which, warmed by summer's sun in the alembic of the vine,
From her founts will overrun in a ruddy gush of wine.

How awful is the thought of the wonders underground,
Of the mystic changes wrought in the silent, dark profound;

How each thing upward tends by necessity decreed,
And the world's support depends on the shooting of a seed!

The summer's in her ark, and this sunny-pinioned day

Is commissioned to remark whether winter holds her sway;

Go back, thou dove of peace, with myrtle on thy wing,

Say that floods and tempests cease and the world is ripe for spring.

Thou hast fanned the sleeping earth till her dreams are all of flowers,

And the waters look in mirth for their overhanging bowers;

The forest seems to listen for the rustle of its leaves,
And the very skies to glisten in the hope of summer eves.

The cattle lift their voices from the valleys and the hills,

And the feathered race rejoices with a gush of tuneful bills;

And if this cloudless arch fills the poet's song with glee,

O thou sunny first of March! be it dedicate to thee.

HORACE SMITH.

THE COMET.

T WAS a beautiful night on a beautiful deep,
And the man at the helm had fallen asleep,

And the watch on the deck, with his head on his breast,

Was beginning to dream that another's is pressed,
When the look-out aloft cried, "A sail! ho, a sail!"

"A sail! ho, a sail!" "Where away?" "North-n'n'th west!"

"Make her out?" "No, your honor!" The din drowns the rest.

There indeed is the stranger, the first in these seas,

Yet she drives boldly on in the teeth of the breeze,

Now her bows to the breakers she readily turns;
Ah, how brightly the light of her binnacle burns!

Not a signal for Saturn this rover has given,
No salute from our Venus, the flag-star of Heaven,

Not a rag or a ribbon adorning her spars,
She has saucily sailed by the red planet Mars;

She has doubled triumphant the Cape of the Sun,

And the sentinel stars without firing a gun!
Now a flag at the fore and mizzen unfurled.

She is bearing quite gallantly down on the world!

"Helm-a-port!" "Show a light!" "She will run us aground!"

"Fire a gun!" "Bring her to!" "Sail ahoy!" "Whither bound?"

"Avast! there, ye lubbers! Leave the rudder alone;"

'Tis a craft in commission—the Admiral's own;
And she sails with sealed orders, unopened as yet,

Though her anchor she weighed before Lucifer set!

Ah! she sails by a chart no draughtsman can make,

Where each cloud that can trail, and each wave that can break;

Where each planet is cruising, each star is at rest,

With its anchor let go in the blue of the blest ;
 Where the sparkling flotilla, the Asteroids, lie,
 Where the craft of red morning is flung on the
 sky ;
 Where the breath of the sparrow is staining the
 air—
 On the chart that she bears you will find them all
 there !
 Let her pass on in peace to the port whence she
 came,
 With her trackings of fire and her streamers of
 flame !

BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR.



LAKE MAHOPAC.

LAKE of the soft and sunny hills,
 What loveliness is thine !
 Around thy fair, romantic shore
 What countless beauties shine !
 Shrouded in their deep and hollow urn,
 Thy silver waters lie—
 A mirror set in waving gems
 Of many a regal dye.
 Oh, pleasant to the heart it is
 In those fair isles to stray,
 Or fancy's idle visions weave
 Through all the golden day,
 Where dark old trees, around whose stems
 Caressing woodbines cling,
 O'er mossy, flower-enchanted banks
 Their trembling shadows fling.

CAROLINE M. SAWYER.

FLOWERS.

HOW the universal heart of man blesses flowers !
 They are wreathed round the cradle, the
 marriage altar, and the tomb. The Per-
 sian in the far East delights in their perfume, and
 writes his love in nosegays ; while the Indian child
 of the far West clasps his hands with glee as he
 gathers the abundant blossoms—the illuminated
 scripture of the prairies. The Cupid of the an-
 cient Hindoos tipped his arrows with flowers, and
 orange buds are the bridal crown with us, a nation
 of yesterday. Flowers garlanded the Grecian

altar, and they hang in votive wreaths before the
 Christian shrine.

All these are appropriate uses. Flowers should
 deck the brow of the youthful bride, for they are
 in themselves a lovely type of marriage. They
 should twine round the tomb, for their perpetually
 renewed beauty is a symbol of the resurrection.
 They should festoon the altar, for their fragrance
 and their beauty ascend in perpetual worship be-
 fore the Most High.

LYDIA M. CHILD.

THE BUGLE.

THE splendor falls on castle walls
 And snowy summits old in story :
 The long light shakes across the lakes,
 And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
 Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark! O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Eliland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

ALFRED TENNYSON



ROSES, roses, red and white,
They are sweet and fresh and bright;
Buy them for thy love's delight!
In a garden old they grew,
Old with flowers ever new—
Buy them for thy loved one true,

Roses, red and white, to wear
On her bosom, in her hair,
Buy them for thy lady fair:
Like a token from above,
Thy heart faithful they will prove—
Buy them for thy lady love.

WILLIAM COWAN.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

HARK! the nightingale begins his song,
"Most musical, most melancholy" bird!
A melancholy bird! O idle thought!
In nature there is nothing melancholy.
But some night-wandering man, whose heart was
pierced
With the remembrance of a grievous wrong,

Or slow distemper, or neglected love
(And so, poor wretch! filled all things with him-
self,
And made all gentle sounds tell back the tale
Of his own sorrows), he, and such as he,
First named these notes a melancholy strain.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

THE NORTH STAR.

ON thy unaltering blaze
The half-wrecked mariner, his compass
lost,
Fixes his steady gaze.
And steers, undoubting, to the friendly coast;
And they who stray in perilous wastes, by night,
Are glad when thou dost shine to guide their foot-
steps right.

And, therefore, bards of old,
Sages, and hermits of the solemn wood,
Did in thy beams behold
A beauteous type of that unchanging good,
That bright eternal beacon, by whose ray
The voyager of time should shape his heedful
way.

W. C. BRYANT.



HARVEST.

SWEET, sweet, sweet,
Is the wind's song,
Astir in the rippled wheat
All day long,
It hath the brook's wild gayety,
The sorrowful cry of the sea.
Oh, hush and hear!
Sweet, sweet and clear,
Above the locust's whirr
And hum of bee
Rises that soft, pathetic harmony.

In the meadow-grass
The innocent white daisies blow,
The dandelion plume doth pass
Vaguely to and fro—
The unquiet spirit of a flower,
That hath too brief an hour.
Now doth a little cloud all white,
Or golden bright,
Drift down the warm blue sky;
And now on the horizon line
Where dusky woodlands lie,
A sunny mist doth shine,
Like to a veil before a holy shrine,
Concealing, half-revealing, things divine.

Sweet, sweet, sweet,
Is the wind's song,
Astir in the rippled wheat
All day long.
That exquisite music calls
The reaper everywhere—
Life and death must share.
The golden harvest falls.

So doth all end—
Honored philosophy,

Science and art,
The bloom of the heart,
Master, Consoler, Friend,
Make Thou the harvest of our day
To fall within thy ways.
ELLEN M. HUTCHINSON.

SONG OF THE BROOK.

I COME from haunts of coot and hern:
I make a sudden sally
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorns, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow,
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots:
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

MIDSUMMER.

AROUND this lovely valley rise
The purple hills of Paradise.

O, softly on yon banks of haze
Her rosy face the summer lays!

Becalmed along the azure sky
The argosies of cloudland lie,



Whose shores, with many a shining rift,
Far off their pearl-white peaks uplift.

Through all the long midsummer day
The meadow sides are sweet with hay.

I seek the coolest sheltered seat,
Just where the field and forest meet—

Where grow the pine trees tall and bland,
The ancient oaks austere and grand,

And fringy roots and pebbles fret
The ripples of the rivulet.

I watch the mowers as they go
Through the tall grass, a white-sleeved row.

With even stroke their scythes they swing,
In tune their merry whetstones ring.

Behind, the nimble youngsters run
And toss the thick swaths in the sun.

The cattle graze; while warm and still
Slopes the broad pasture, basks the hill.

And bright, where summer breezes break,
The green wheat crinkles like a lake.

The butterfly and humble-bee
Come to the pleasant woods with me;

Quickly before me runs the quail,
The chickens skulk behind the rail;

High up the lone wood-pigeon sits,
And the woodpecker pecks and flits

Sweet woodland music sinks and swells,
The brooklet rings its tinkling bells,

The swarming insects drone and hum,
The partridge beats his throbbing drum,

The squirrel leaps among the boughs
And chatters in his leafy house.

The oriole flashes by; and, look!
Into the mirror of the brook,

Where the vain bluebird trims his coat,
Two tiny feathers fall and float.

As silently, as tenderly,
The down of peace descends on me.

O, this is peace! I have no need
Of friend to talk, of book to read;

A dear Companion here abides;
Close to my thrilling heart He hides;

The holy silence is His voice:
I lie and listen, and rejoice.

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

SUMMER-TIME.

THEY were right—those old German minne-singers—to sing the pleasant summer-time! What a time it is! How June stands illuminated in the calendar! The windows are all wide open; only the Venetian blinds closed. Here and there a long streak of sunshine streams in through a crevice. We hear the low sound of the wind among the trees; and, as it swells and freshens, the distant doors clap to, with a sudden sound.

The trees are heavy with leaves; and the gardens full of blossoms, red and white. The whole atmosphere is laden with perfume and sunshine. The birds sing. The cock struts about, and crows loftily. Insects chirp in the grass. Yellow butter-cups stud the green carpet like golden buttons, and the red blossoms of the clover like rubies. The elm-trees reach their long, pendulous branches almost to the ground. White clouds sail aloft, and vapors fet the blue sky with silver threads. The white village gleams afar against the dark hills. Through the meadow winds the river—careless, indolent. It seems to love the country, and is in no haste to reach the sea. The bee only is at work—the hot and angry bee. All things else are at play! he never plays, and is vexed that any one should.

People drive out from town to breathe, and to be happy. Most of them have flowers in their hands; bunches of apple-blossoms, and still oftener lilacs. Ye denizens of the crowded city, how pleasant to you is the change from the sultry streets to the open fields, fragrant with clover blossoms! how pleasant the fresh, breezy, country air, dashed with brine from the meadows! how pleasant, above all, the flowers, the manifold beautiful flowers!

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

TRAILING ARBUTUS.

DARLINGS of the forest!
Blossoming, alone,
When earth's grief is sorest
For her jewels gone—
Ere the last snow-drift melts, your tender buds
have blown.

Tinged with color faintly,
Like the morning sky,
Or, more pale and saintly,
Wrapped in leaves you lie—
Even as children sleep in faith's simplicity.

There the wild-wood robin,
Hymns your solitude;
And the rain comes sobbing
Through the budding wood,
While the low south wind sighs, but dare not be
more rude.

Were your pure lips fashioned
Out of air and dew,
Starlight unimpassioned,
Dawn's most tender hue,
And scented by the woods that gathered sweets for
you?

Fairest and most lonely
From the world apart;
Made for beauty only,
Veiled from nature's heart
With such unconscious grace as makes the dream
of Art!

Were not mortal sorrow
An immortal shade,
Then would I to-morrow
Such a flower be made,
And live in the dear woods where my lost child-
hood played. ROSE TERRY COOKE.

LITTLE STREAMS.

LITTLE streams are light and shadow;
Flowing through the pasture meadow,
Flowing by the green way-side,
Through the forest dim and wide,
Through the hamlet still and small—
By the cottage, by the hall,
By the ruined abbey still;
Turning here and there a mill,
Bearing tribute to the river—
Little streams, I love you ever.

Summer music is there flowing,
Flowering plants in them are growing;
Happy life is in them all,
Creatures innocent and small;
Little birds come down to drink
Fearless of their leafy brink;
Noble trees beside them grow,
Glooming them with branches low;
And between, the sunshine, glancing
In their little wave, is dancing.

Little streams have flowers a many,
Beautiful and fair as any;
Typha strong, and green bur-reed;
Willow-herb, with cotton seed;
Arrow-head, with eye of jet;
And the water-violet.
There the flowering-rush you meet,
And the plummy meadow-sweet;
And, in places deep and stilly,
Marble-like, the water-lily.

Little streams, their voices cheery,
Sound forth welcomes to the weary,
Flowing on from day to day,
Without stint and without stay;
Here, upon their flowery bank,
In the old time pilgrims drank,
Here have seen, as now, pass by,
King-fisher, and dragon-fly;
Those bright things that have their dwelling,
Where the little streams are welling.

Down in valleys green and lowly,
Murmuring not and gliding slowly;
Up in mountain-hollows wild,
Fretting like a peevish child:
Through the hamlet, where all day
In their waves the children play;
Running west, or running east,
Doing good to man and beast—
Always giving, weary never,
Little streams, I love you ever.

MARY HOWITT.



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.



ROBERT BURNS AND HIS HIGHLAND MARY.

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THE BURIED FLOWER.

I N the silence of my chamber,
 When the night is still and deep,
 And the drowsy heave of ocean
 Murmurs in its charmed sleep:
 Oft I hear the angel voices
 That have thrilled me long ago—

Voices of my lost companions,
 Lying deep beneath the snow.

Where are now the flowers we tended?
 Withered, broken, branch and stem;
 Where are now the hopes we cherished?
 Scattered to the winds with them.

For ye, too, were flowers, ye dear ones !
Nursed in hope and reared in love,
Looking fondly ever upward
To the clear blue heaven above :

Smiling on the sun that cheered us,
Rising lightly from the rain,
Never to ding up your freshness
Save to give it forth again :

Never shaken, save by accents
From a tongue that was not free,
As the modest blossom trembles
At the wooing of the bee.

O ! 'tis sad to lie and reckon
All the days of faded youth,
All the vows that we believed in,
All the words we spoke in truth.

Severed—were it severed only
By an idle thought of strife,
Such as time may knit together ;
Not the broken chord of life !

O my heart ! that once so truly
Kept another's time and tune,—
Heart, that kindled in the morning,
Look around thee in the noon !

Where are they who gave the impulse
To thy earliest thought and flow ?
Look across the ruined garden—
All are withered, dropped, or low !

O ! I fling my spirit backward,
And I pass o'er years of pain ;
All I loved is rising round me,
All the lost returns again.

Brighter, fairer far than living,
With no trace of woe or pain,
Robed in everlasting beauty,
Shall I see thee once again.

By the light that never fades,
Underneath eternal skies,
When the dawn of resurrection
Breaks o'er deathless Paradise.

WILLIAM E. AYTOUN.

THE SAND-PIPER.

ACROSS the narrow beach we flit,
One little sand-piper and I ;
And fast I gather, bit by bit,
The scattered drift-wood, bleached and dry.

The wild waves reach their hands for it,
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we flit—
One little sand-piper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
Scud black and swift across the sky ;
Like silent ghosts, in misty shrouds
Stand out the white light-houses nigh.
Almost as far as eye can reach,
I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
As fast we flit along the beach—
One little sand-piper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,
Uttering his sweet and mournful cry ;
He starts not at my fitful song,
Or flash of fluttering drapery ;
He has no thought of any wrong,
He scans me with a fearless eye ;
Staunch friends are we, well-tried and strong,
This little sand-piper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night,
When the loosed storm breaks furiously ?
My drift-wood fire will burn so bright !
To what warm shelter canst thou fly ?
I do not fear for thee, though wroth
The tempest rushes through the sky ;
For are we not God's children both,
Thou little sand-piper and I ?

CELIA THAXTER.

ELEGY—WRITTEN IN SPRING.



PAST: the iron north has
spent his rage ;
Stern winter now resigns
the lengthening day,
The stormy howlings of the
winds assuage,
And warm o'er ether west-
ern breezes play.

Of genial heat and cheerful
light the source,
From southern climes, beneath another sky,
The sun, returning, wheels his golden course ;
Before his beams all noxious vapors fly.

Far to the north grim winter draws his train,
To his own clime, to Zembla's frozen shore ;
Where, throned on ice, he holds eternal reign ;
Where whirlwinds madden, and where tempests
roar.

Loosed from the bands of frost, the verdant
ground
Again puts on her robe of cheerful green,
Again puts forth her flowers ; and all around
Smiling, the cheerful face of spring is seen.

Behold ! the trees new deck their withered boughs ;
Their ample leaves the hospitable plane,
The taper elm, and lofty ash disclose ;
The blooming hawthorn varie gates the scene.

The lily
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The lily of the vale, of flowers the queen,
 Puts on the robe she neither sewed nor spun;
 The birds on ground, or on the branches green,
 Hop to and fro, and glitter in the sun.

Soon as o'er eastern hills the morning peers,
 From her low nest the tufted lark up-prises;
 And, cheerful singing, up the air she steers;
 Still high she mounts, still loud and sweet she
 sings.



Now is the time for those who wisdom love,
 Who love to walk in virtue's flowery road,
 Along the lovely paths of spring to rove,
 And follow nature up to nature's God.

MICHAEL BRUCE.

AMERICAN SKIES.

THE sunny Italy may boast
 The beauteous tints that flush her skies,
 And lovely, round the Grecian coast,
 May thy blue pillars rise,
 I only know how fair they stand
 Around my own beloved land.

And they are fair—a charm is theirs,
 That earth, the proud green earth, has not—
 With all the forms, and hues, and airs,
 That haunt her sweetest spot.
 We gaze upon thy calm pure sphere,
 And read of Heaven's eternal year.

Oh, when, amid the throng of men,
 The heart grows sick of hollow mirth,
 How willingly we turn us then
 Away from this cold earth,
 And look into thy azure breast,
 For seats of innocence and rest!

W. C. BRYANT.

SCENERY OF LAKE SUPERIOR.

FEW portions of America can vie in scenic attractions with this interior sea. Its size alone gives it all the elements of grandeur, but these have been heightened by the mountain masses which nature has piled along its shores. In some places these masses consist of vast walls of coarse gray or drab sandstone, placed horizontally until they have attained many hundred feet in height above the water. The action of such an immense liquid area, forced against these crumbling walls by tempests, has caused wide and deep arches to be worn into the solid structure at their base, into which the billows rush with a noise resembling low pealing thunder. By this means, large areas of the impending mass are at length undermined and precipitated into the lake, leaving the split and rent parts from which they have separated standing like huge misshapen turrets and battlements. Such is the varied coast called the Pictured Rocks.

At other points of the coast volcanic forces have operated, lifting up these level strata into positions nearly vertical, and leaving them to stand like the leaves of an open book. At the same time, the volcanic rocks sent up from below have risen in high mountain piles. Such is the condition of things at the Porcupine Mountains.

There are yet other theatres of action for this sublime mass of inland waters, where it has manifested perhaps still more strongly, if not so strikingly, its abrasive powers. The whole force of the lake, under the impulse of a north-west tempest, is directed against prominent portions of the shore, which consist of the black and hard volcanic rocks. Solid as these are, the waves have found an entrance in veins of spar or minerals of softer structure, and have thus been led inland, and torn up large fields of amygdaloid and other rock, or left portions of them standing in rugged knobs or promontories. Such are the east and west coasts of the great peninsula of Keweenaw, which has recently become the theatre of mining operations.

When the visitor to these remote and boundless waters comes to see this wide and varied scene of complicated attractions, he is absorbed in wonder and astonishment. The eye, once introduced to this panorama of waters, is never done looking and admiring. Scene after scene, cliff after cliff, island after island, and vista after vista are presented. One day's scenes are but the prelude to another, and when weeks and months have been spent in picturesque rambles along its shores, the

traveler has only to ascend some of its streams and go inland to find falls and cascades, and cataracts of the most beautiful or magnificent character. Go where he will, there is something to attract him. Beneath his feet the pebbles are agates. The water is of the most crystalline purity. The sky is filled at sunset with the most gorgeous piles of clouds. The air itself is of the purest and most inspiriting kind. To visit such a scene is to draw health from its purest fountains, and to revel in intellectual delights.

HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT

HAMPTON BEACH.

THE sunlight glitters keen and bright,
Where, miles away,
Lies stretching to my dazzled sight
A luminous belt, a misty light,
Beyond the dark pine bluff and wastes of sandy gray.

The tremulous shadow of the sea!
Against its ground
Of silvery light, rock, hill, and tree,
Still as a picture, clear and free,
With varying outline mark the coast for miles around.

On—on—we tread with loose-flung rein
Our seaward way,
Through dark-green fields and blossoming grain,
Where the wild brier-rose skirts the lane,
And bends above our heads the flowering locust spray.

Ha! like a kind hand on my brow
Comes this fresh breeze,
Cooling its dull and feverish glow,
While through my being seems to flow
The breath of a new life—the healing of the seas!

Now rest we, where this grassy mound
His feet hath set
In the great waters, which have bound
His granite ancles greenly round
With long and tangled moss, and weeds with cool spray wet.

Good-bye to pain and care! I take
Mine ease to-day;
Here where these sunny waters break,
And ripples this keen breeze, I shake
All burdens from the heart, all weary thoughts away.

I draw a freer breath—I seem
Like all I see—
Waves in the sun—the white-winged gleam
Of sea-birds in the slanting beam—
And far-off sails which flit before the south wind free.

So when time's veil shall fall asunder,
The soul may know
No fearful change, nor sudden wonder,
Nor sink the weight of mystery under,
But with the upward rise, and with the vastness grow.

And all we shrink from now may seem
No new revealing;
Familiar as our childhood's stream,
Or pleasant memory of a dream
The loved and cherished past upon the new life stealing.

Serene and mild the untried light
May have its dawning;
And, as in summer's northern night
The evening and the dawn unite,
The sunset hues of time blend with the soul's new morning.

I sit alone: in foam and spray
Wave after wave
Breaks on the rocks which, stern and gray,
Shoulder the broken tide away,
Or murmurs hoarse and strong through mossy cleft and cave.

What heed I of the dusty land
And noisy town?
I see the mighty deep expand
From its white line of glimmering sand
To where the blue of heaven on bluer waves shuts down!

In listless quietude of mind,
I yield to all
The change of cloud and wave and wind,
And passive on the flood reclined,
I wander with the waves, and with them rise and fall.

But look, thou dreamer!—wave and shore
In shadow lie;
The night-wind warns me back once more
To where my native hill-tops o'er
Bends like an arch of fire the glowing sunset sky!

So then, beach, bluff and wave, farewell!
I bear with me
No token stone nor glittering shell,
But long and oft shall Memory tell
Of this brief thoughtful hour of musing by the Sea.
J. G. WHITTIER.

THE CHANGED SONG.

I THOUGHT the sparrows note from heaven,
Singing at dawn from the alder bough;
I brought him home, in his nest, at even;
He sings the song, but it pleases not now,
For I did not bring home the river and sky;—
He sang to my ear,—they sang to my eye.

R. W. EMERSON.

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THE GARDEN.

OW vainly men themselves amaze,
To win the palm, the oak, or bays;
And their incessant labors see
Crowned from some single herb, or tree,
Whose short and narrow-verged shade
Does prudently their toils upbraid;
While all the flowers and trees do close,
To weave the garland of repose.

No white nor red was ever seen
So amorous as this lovely green.
Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,
Cut in these trees their mistress' name.
Little, alas! they know or heed,
How far these beauties her exceed!
Fair trees! where'er your barks I wound,
No name shall but your own be found.

When we have run our passion's heat,
Love hither makes his best retreat,
The gods who mortal beauty chase,
Still in a tree did end their race.
Apollo hunted Daphne so,
Only that she might laurel grow;
And Pan did after Syrinx speed,
Not as a nymph, but for a reed.

What wondrous life in this I lead!
Ripe apples drop about my head;
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine;
The nectarine, and curious peach,
Into my hands themselves do reach;
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Insnared with flowers, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind from pleasure less
Withdraws into its happiness.
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find;
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds and other seas;
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide;
There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
Then whets and claps its silver wings,
And, till prepared for longer flight,
Waves in its plumage the various light.

Such was the happy garden state,
While man there walked without a mate;
After a place so pure and sweet,
What other help could yet be meet?
But 'twas beyond a mortal's share
To wander solitary there:

Two paradises are in one,
To live in paradise alone.

How well the skillful gardener drew
Of flowers, and herbs, this dial new!
Where, from above, the milder sun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run;
And, as it works, th' industrious bee
Computes its time as well as we,
How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckoned, but with herbs and flowers?

ANDREW MARVELL.

TO THE RIVER ARVE.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN AT A HAMLET NEAR THE FOOT
OF MONT BLANC.

Tourists in Switzerland are in the habit of visiting the point where the River Arve unites with the River Rhone. The Arve flows from the glaciers of the Alps, and has a peculiarly muddy appearance. The waters of the Rhone are clear as crystal. When the two rivers unite there is a distinct line of demarkation between them for a considerable distance, but gradually their waters are mingled.

NOT from the sands or cloven rocks,
Thou rapid Arve! thy waters flow;
Nor earth, within her bosom, locks
Thy dark, unfathomed wells below.
Thy springs are in the cloud, thy stream
Begins to move and murmur first
Where ice-peaks feel the noonday beam,
Or rain-storms on the glacier burst.

Born where the thunder and the blast,
And morning's earliest light are born,
Thou rushest swol'n, and loud, and fast,
By these low homes, as if in scorn;
Yet humbler springs yield purer waves;
And brighter, glassier streams than thine,
Sent up from earth's unlighted caves,
With heaven's own beam and image shine.

Yet stay; for here are flowers and trees;
Warm rays on cottage roofs are here,
And laugh of girls, and hum of bees—
Here linger till thy waves are clear.
Thou heedest not—thou hastest on;
From steep to steep thy torrent falls,
Till, mingling with the mighty Rhone,
It rests beneath Geneva's walls.

Rush on—but were there one with me
That loved me, I would light my hearth
Here, where with God's own majesty
Are touched the features of the earth.
By these old peaks, white, high, and vast,
Still rising as the tempests beat,
Here would I dwell, and sleep, at last,
Among the blossoms at their feet.

W. C. BRYANT.

VIEW ACROSS THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA.

OVER the dumb campagna-sea,
Out in the offing through mist and rain,
St. Peter's Church heaves silently
Like a mighty ship in pain,
Facing the tempest with struggle and strain.

Motionless walls of ruined towers,
Soundless breakers of desolate land!
The sullen surf of the mist devours
That mountain-range upon either hand,
Eaten away from its outline grand.

And over the dumb campagna-sea
Where the ship of the Church heaves on to wreck,
Alone and silent as God must be
The Christ walks!—Ay, but Peter's neck
Is stiff to turn on the foundering deck.

Peter, Peter, if such be thy name,
Now leave the ship for another to steer,
And proving thy faith evermore the same
Come forth, tread out through the dark and drear,
Since He who walks on the sea is here!

Peter, Peter!—he does not speak.—
He is not as rash as in old Galilee.
Sfer a ship, though it toss and leak,
Than a reeling foot on a rolling sea!
And he's got to be round in the girth, thinks he.

Peter, Peter!—he does not stir,—
His nets are heavy with silver fish:
He reckons his gains, and is keen to infer

"The broil on the shore, if the Lord should
wish,—

But the sturgeon goes to the Cæsar's dish."

Peter, Peter, thou fisher of men,
Fisher of fish wouldst thou live instead,—
Haggling for pence with the other Ten,
Cheating the market at so much a head,
Gripping the bag of the traitor dead!

At the triple crow of the Gallic cock
Thou weep'st not, thou, though thine eyes be
dazed:

What bird comes next in the tempest shock?
Vultures! See—as when Romulus gazed,
To inaugurate Rome for a world amazed!

ELIZABETH B. BROWNING.

THE BIRCH-TREE.

RIPPLING through thy branches goes the sun-
shine,

Among thy leaves that palpitate for ever;
Ovid in thee a pining Nymph had prisoned,
The soul once of some tremulous inland river.
Quivering to tell her woe, but, ah! dumb, dumb
for ever!

While all the forest, witched with slumberous moon-
shine,

Holds up its leaves in happy, happy silence,
Waiting the dew, with breath and pulse suspended,—
I hear afar thy whispering, gleaming islands,
And track thee wakeful still amid the wide-hung
silence.

Upon the brink of some wood-nestled lakelet,
Thy foliage, like the tresses, of a Dryad,
Dripping about thy slim white stem, whose shadow
Slopes quivering down the water's dusky quiet,
Thou shrink'st as on her bath's edge would some
startled Dryad.

Thou art the go-between of rustic lovers;
Thy white bark has their secrets in its keeping;
Reuben writes here the happy name of Patience,
And thy lithe boughs hang murmuring and weeping
Above her, as she steals the mystery from thy
keeping.

Thou art to me like my beloved maiden,
So frankly coy, so full of trembly confidences;
Thy shadow scarce seems shade; thy pattering
leaflets

Sprinkle their gathered sunshine o'er my senses,
And Nature gives me all her summer confidences.

Whether my heart with hope or sorrow tremble,
Thou sympathizest still; wild and unquiet,
I fling me down, thy ripple, like a river,
Flows valleyward while calmness is, and by it
My heart is floated down into the land of quiet.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

MOUNTAINS.

MOUNTAINS! who was your builder? Who laid your awful foundations in the central fires, and piled your rocks and snow-capped summits among the clouds? Who placed you in the gardens of the world, like noble altars, which to offer the sacrificial gifts of many nations?

Who reared your rocky walls in the barren desert, like towering pyramids, like monumental mounds, like giants' graves, like dismantled piles of royal thrones, telling a mournful tale of glory, once bright, but now fled forever, as flee the dreams of a mid-summer's night? Who gave you a home in the islands of the sea,—those emeralds that gleam among the waves,—those stars of ocean that mock the beauty of the stars of night?

Mountains! I know who built you. It was God! His name is written on your foreheads. He laid your cornerstones on that glorious morning when the orchestra of heaven sounded the anthem of creation. He clothed your high, imperial forms in royal robes.

He gave you a snowy garment, and wove for you a cloudy vail of crimson and gold. He crowned you with a diadem of icy jewels; pearls from the Arctic seas; gems from the frosty pole. Mountains! ye are glorious. Ye stretch your granite arms away toward the vales of the undiscovered; ye have a longing for immortality.

But, Mountains! ye long in vain. I called you glorious, and truly ye are; but your glory is like that of the starr' heavens,—it shall pass away at the trumpet-blast of the angel of the Most High. And yet ye are worthy of a high and eloquent eulogium. Ye were the lovers of the daughters of the gods; ye are the lovers of the daughters of Liberty and Religion now; and in your old and feeble age the children of the skies shall honor your bald heads.

The clouds of heaven—those shadows of Olympian power—those spectral phantoms of dead Titans—kiss your summits, as guardian angels kiss the brow of infant nobleness. On your sacred rocks I see the footprints of the Creator; I see the blazing fires of Sinai, and hear its awful voice; I see the tears of Calvary, and listen to its mighty groans.

Mountains! ye are proud and haughty things. Ye hurl defiance at the storm, the lightning, and the wind; ye look down with deep disdain upon the thunder-cloud; ye scorn the devastating tempest; ye despise the works of puny man; ye stake your rock-ribbed sides with giant laughter, when the great earthquake passes by. Ye stand as giant sentinels, and seem to say to the boisterous billows,—“Thus far shalt thou come, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed!”

Mountains! ye are growing old. Your ribs of

granite are getting weak and rotten; your muscles are losing their fatness; your hoarse voices are heard only at distant intervals; your volcanic heart throbs feebly and your lava-blood is thickening, as the winters of many ages gather their chilling snows around your venerable forms.

The brazen sunlight laughs in your old and wrinkled faces; the pitying moonlight nestles in your hoary locks; and the silvery starlight rests



upon you like the halo of inspiration that crowned the heads of dying patriarchs and prophets. Mountains! ye must die. Old Father Time, that sexton of earth, has dug you a deep, dark tomb; and in silence ye shall sleep after sea and shore shall have been pressed by the feet of the apocalyptic angel, through the long watches of an eternal night

E. M. MORSE.

THE GLORY OF MOTION.

THREE twangs of the horn, and they're all out of cover!

Must brave you, old bull-finch, that's right in the way!

A rush, and a bound, and a crash, and I'm over!

They're silent and racing and for'ard away;

Fly, Charley, my darling! Away and we follow;
There's no earth or cover for mile upon mile;
We're winged with the flight of the stork and the
swallow;

The heart of the eagle is ours for a while.

The pasture land knows not of rough plough or
harrow!

The hoofs echo hollow and soft on the sward;
The soul of the horses goes into our marrow;
My saddle's a kingdom, and I am its lord;
An rolling and flowing beneath us like ocean,
Gray waves of the high ridge and furrow glide on,
And small flying fences in musical motion,
Before us, beneath us, behind us, are gone.

O puissant of bone and of sinew availing,
On thee how I've longed for the brooks and the
showers!

O white-breasted camel, the meek and unfailing,
To speed through the glare of the long desert
hours!

And, bright little barbs, ye make worthy pretences
To go with the going of Solomon's sires:
But you stride not the stride and you fly not the
fences!

And all the wide Hejaz is naught to the shires.

O gay gondolier! from thy night-flitting shallop
I've heard the soft pulses of oar and guitar;
But sweeter the rhythmic! rush of the gallop,
The fire in the saddle, the flight of the star,
Old mare, my beloved, no stouter or faster
Hath ever strode under a man at his need;
But glad in the hand and embrace of thy master,
And pant to the passionate music of speed.

Can there e'er be a thought to an elderly person
So keen, so inspiring, so hard to forget,
So fully adapted to break into burgeon
As this—that the steel isn't out of him yet;
That flying speed tickles one's brain with a feather;
That one's horse can restore one the years that
are gone;

That, spite of gray winter and weariful weather,
The blood and the pace carry on, carry on?

R. S. J. TYRWHITT.

THE WINDY NIGHT.

ALOW and aloof,
Over the roof,
How the midnight tempests howl!
With a dreary voice, like the dismal tune
Of wolves that bay at the desert moon;
Or whistle and shriek
Through limbs that creak.
"Tu-who! Tu-whit!"
They cry, and flit,
"Tu-whit! Tu-who!" like the solemn owl!

Aloof and aloof,
Over the roof,

Sweep the moaning winds amain,
And wildly dash

The elm and ash,
Clattering on the window sash
With a clatter and patter
Like hail and rain,
That well-nigh shatter
The dusky pane!

Aloof and aloof,
Over the roof,

How the tempests swell and roar!
Though no foot is astir,
Though the cat and the cur
Lie dozing along the kitchen floor,
There are feet of air
On every stair—
Through every hall!
Through each gusty door
There's a jostle and bustle,
With a silken rustle,

Like the meeting of guests at a festival!

Aloof and aloof,
Over the roof,

How the stormy tempests swell!
And make the vane
On the spire complain;
They heave at the steeple with might and main,
And burst and sweep
Into the belfry, on the bell!
They smite it so hard, and they smite it so well,
That the sexton tosses his arms in sleep,
And dreams he is ringing a funeral knell!

T. B. READ.

THE OWL.

WHILE the moon, with sudden gleam,
Through the clouds that cover her,
Darts her light upon the stream,
And the poplars gently stir;
Pleased I hear thy boding cry,
Owl, that lov'st the cloudy sky!
Sure thy notes are harmony.

While the maiden, pale with care,
Wanders to the lonely shade,
Sighs her sorrows to the air,
While the flowerets round her fade.--
Shrinks to hear thy boding cry;
Owl, that lov'st the cloudy sky,
To her it is not harmony.

While the wretch with mournful dole,
Wrings his hands in agony,
Praying for his brother's soul,
Whom he pierced suddenly,—
Shrinks to hear thy boding cry;
Owl, that lov'st the cloudy sky,
To him it is not harmony.



In maiden meditation, fancy free.

SHAKESPEARE.



With thee conversing I forget all time,
All seasons and their change—all please alike.

MILTON.

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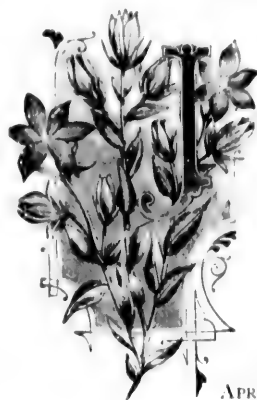
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POETRY OF THE YEAR:

COMPRISING

POEMS ON THE SEASONS, INCLUDING FLOWERS AND BIRDS.



THE YEAR'S TWELVE CHILDREN.

JANUARY, wan and gray,
Like an old pilgrim by the way,
Watches the snow, and shivering sighs
As the wild curlew round him flies,
Or, huddled underneath a thorn,
Sits praying for the lingering morn.

FEBRUARY, bluff and cold,
O'er furrows striding scorns the cold,
And with his horses two abreast
Makes the keen plough do his behest.

Rough MARCH comes blustering down the road,
In his wrathful hand the oxen goad;
Or, with a rough and angry haste,
Scatters the seeds o'er the dark waste.

APRIL, a child, half tears, half smiles,
Trips full of little playful wiles;
And laughing, 'neath her rainbow hood,
Seeks the wild violets in the wood.

MAY, the bright maiden, singing goes,
To where the snowy hawthorn blows,
Watching the lambs leap in the dells,
List'ning the simple village bells.

JUNE, with the mower's scarlet face,
Moves o'er the clover field apace,
And fast his crescent scythe sweeps on
O'er spots from whence the lark has flown.

JULY, the farmer, happy fellow,
Laughs to see the corn grow yellow;
The heavy grain he tosses up
From his right hand as from a cup.

AUGUST, the reaper, cleaves his way,
Through golden waves at break of day;
Or in his wagon, piled with corn,
At sunset home is proudly borne.

SEPTEMBER, with his baying hound,
Leaps fence and pale at every bound,
And casts into the wind in scorn,
All cares and dangers from his horn.

OCTOBER comes, a woodman old,
Fenced with tough leather from the cold;
Round swings his sturdy axe, and lo!
A fir branch falls at every blow.

NOVEMBER cowers before the flame,
Blear crone, forgetting her own name!
Watching the blue smoke curling rise,
And broods upon old memories.

DECEMBER, fat and rosy, strides
His old heart warm, well clothed his sides;
With kindly word for young and old,
The cheerier for the bracing cold,
Laughing a welcome, open flings
His doors, and as he goes he sings.

JOY OF SPRING.

FOR lo! no sooner has the cold withdrawn,
Than the bright elm is tufted on the lawn;
The merry sap has run up in the bowers,
And burst the windows of the buds in flowers;
With song the bosoms of the birds run o'er,
The cuckoo calls, the swallow's at the door,
And apple-trees at noon, with bees alive,
Burn with the golden chorus of the hive.
Now all these sweets, these sounds, this ver:al
blaze

Is but one joy, expressed a thousand ways;
And honey from the flowers, and song from birds,
Are from the poet's pen his overflowing words.

LEIGH HUNT.



MARCH—CHAFFINCH.

NO LEAF on the tree, no bloom on the lea,
The east wind blows free in the morning's prime;
Yet cheerful and gay the bird chirps his lay—
"Hearts make his own May, and its pairing time."

A. Thorburn

SPRING.

I COME! I come! ye have called me long—
I come o'er the mountains with light and song!
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose-stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the South, and the chestnut
flowers
By thousands have burst from the forest-bowers,
And the ancient graves and the fallen funes
Are veiled with wreaths on Italian plains;—
But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
To speak of the ruin or the tomb!

I have looked on the hills of the stormy North.
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth.
The fisher is out on the sunny sea.
And the reindeer bounds o'er the pastures free,
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright where my foot hath been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a glowing sigh,
And called out each voice of the deep blue sky;
From the night bird's lay through the starry time,
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,
When the dark fir-branch into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain;
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,
They are flashing down from the mountain brows,
They are flinging spray o'er the forest boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves!

Come forth, O ye children of gladness! come!
Where the violets lie may be now your home.
Ye of the rose-lip and dew-bright eye,
And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly!
With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous lay,
Come forth to the sunshine—I may not stay.

FELICIA D. HEMANS.

MARCH.



THE cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun;
The oldest and youngest;
Are at work with the
strongest;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;

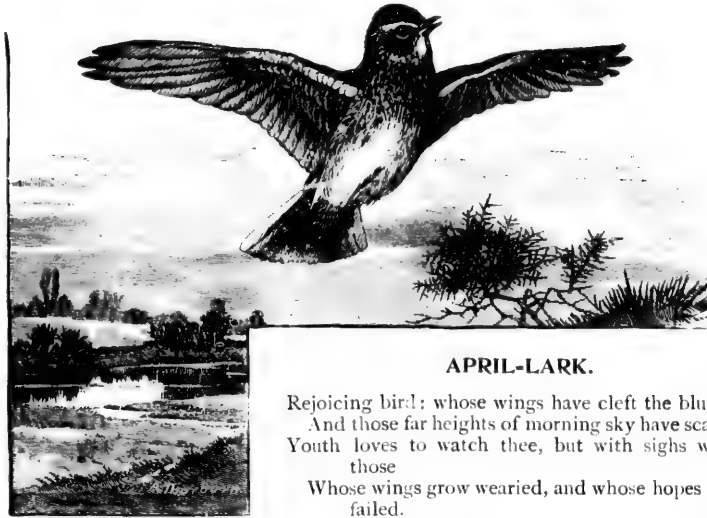
There are forty feeding like one!

Like an army defeated,
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill;
The ploughboy is whooping—anon—anon
There's joy on the mountains;
There's life in the fountains;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing;
The rain is over and gone!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.



A MARCH DAY.



APRIL-LARK.

Rejoicing bird: whose wings have cleft the blue
 And those far heights of morning sky have scaled:
 Youth loves to watch thee, but with sighs watch
 those
 Whose wings grow wearied, and whose hopes have
 failed.

DAY: A PASTORAL.

SWIFTLY from the mountain's brow,
 Shadows, nursed by night, retire:
 And the peeping sunbeam, now,
 Paints with gold the village spire.

Philomel forsakes the thorn,
 Plaintive where she prates at night;
 And the lark, to meet the morn,
 Soars beyond the shepherd's sight.

From the low-roofed cottage ridge,
 See the chatt'ring swallow spring;
 Darting through the one-arched bridge,
 Quick she dips her dappled wing.

Now the pine-tree's waving top
 Gently greets the morning gale!

Kidlings, now, begin to crop
 Daisies, in the dewy dale.

From the balmy sweets, uncloyed
 (Restless till her task be done),
 Now the busy bee's employed
 Sipping dew before the sun.

Trickling through the creviced rock,
 Where the limpid stream distils,
 Sweet refreshment waits the flock
 When 'tis sun-drove from the hills.

Sweet—O sweet, the warbling throng,
 On the white emblossomed spray!
 Nature's universal song
 Echoes to the rising day.

JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

THE GRASSHOPPER.

HAPPY insect, what can be,
 In happiness compared to thee?
 Fed with nourishment divine,
 The dewy morning's gentle wine!
 Nature waits upon thee still,
 And thy verdant cup does fill;
 'Tis filled wherever thou dost tread,
 Nature self's thy Ganymede.
 Thou dost drink and dance and sing,
 Happier than the happiest king!
 All the fields which thou dost see,
 All the plants belong to thee;
 All the summer hours produce,
 Fertile made with early juice.
 Man for thee does sow and plough,

Farmer he, and landlord thou!
 Thou dost innocently enjoy,
 Nor does thy luxury destroy.
 The shepherd gladly heareth thee,
 More harmonious than he.
 The country hinds with gladness hear,
 Prophet of the ripened year!
 To thee, of all things upon earth,
 Life is no longer than thy mirth.
 Happy insect! happy thou,
 Dost neither age nor winter know;
 But when thou'st drunk and danced and sung
 Thy fill, the flowery leaves among,
 Sated with thy summer feast,
 Thou retir'st to endless rest.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

APRIL.

NOW daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver-white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight;
The cuckoo now on every tree,
Sings cuckoo! cuckoo!

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.



A WALK BY THE WATER.

LET us walk where reeds are growing,
By the alders in the mead;
Where the crystal streams are flowing,
In whose waves the fishes feed.

There the golden carp is laving,
With the trout, the perch, and bream;
Mark! their flexile fins are waving,
As they glance along the stream.

Now they sink in deeper billows,
Now upon the surface rise;
Or, from under roots of willows,
Dart to catch the water-flies.

Midst the reeds and pebbles hiding,
See the minnow and the roach;
Or, by water-lilies gliding,
Shun with fear our near approach.

Do not dread us, timid fishes,
We have neither net nor hook;
Wanderers we, whose only wishes
Are to read in nature's book.

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

BUD AND BLOOM.

NOW fades the last long streak
Of snow,
Now burgeons every maze
Of quick

About the flowering squares and
thick

By ashen roots the violets blow.

Now rings the woodland loud and long,
The distance takes a lovelier hue,
And drowned in yonder living blue
The lark becomes a sightless song.

Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,
The flocks are whiter down the vale,
And milkier every milky sail,
On winding stream or distant sea;

Where now the seamew jibes, or dives
In yonder greening gleam, and fly
The happy birds, that change their sky
To build and brood, that live their lives

From land to land; and in my breast
Spring wakens too; and my regret
Becomes an April violet,
And buds and blossoms like the rest.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE OPEN DAY.

OF have I listen'd to a voice that spake
Of cold and dull realities of life,
Deem we not thus of life; for we may fetch
Light from a hidden glory, which shall clothe

The meanest thing that is with hues of heaven.
Our light should be the broad and open day;
And as we lose its shining, we shall look
Still on the bright and daylight face of things.

HENRY ALFORD.



MAY - NIGHTINGALE.

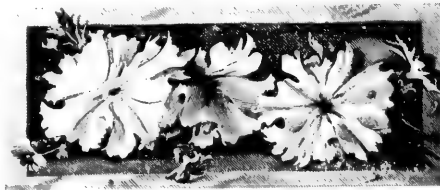
No new song sings the Nightingale,
And no new month she finds for singing;
She sings the sweet old song of love,
When May her fairest flowers is bringing

THE PRIMROSE.

WELCOME, pale primrose! starting up
between
Dead matted leaves of ash and oak, that
strew
The every lawn, the wood, and sunny
through;
'Mid creeping moss and ivy's darker green;
How much thy presence beautifies the ground,
How sweet thy modest, unaffected pride,

Glows on the sunny bank, and wood's warm side!
And when thy fairy flowers in groups are found,
The schoolboy roams enchanted along,
Plucking the fairest with a rude delight;
While the meek shepherd stops his simple song,
To gaze a moment on the pleasing sight;
O'erjoyed to see the flowers that truly bring
The welcome news of sweet returning spring.

JOHN CLARE.



A TRIBUTE TO MAY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF CONRAD OF KIRCHBERG.

MAY, sweet May, again is come—
May that frees the land from gloom;
Children, children! up and see
All her stores of jollity.
On the laughing hedgerow's side
She hath spread her treasures wide;
She is in the greenwood shade,
Where the nightingale hath made
Every branch and every tree
Ring with her sweet melody:

Hill and dale are May's own treasures,
Youths, rejoice! In sportive measures
Sing ye! join the chorus gay!
Hail this merry, merry May!
Up! then, children! we will go,
Where the blooming roses grow;
In a joyful company,
We the bursting flowers will see;
Up, your festal dress prepare!
Where gay hearts are meeting, there

May hath pleasures most inviting,
Heart, and sight, and ear delighting.
Listen to the bird's sweet song,
Hark! how soft it floats along.
Courtly dames! our pleasure share;

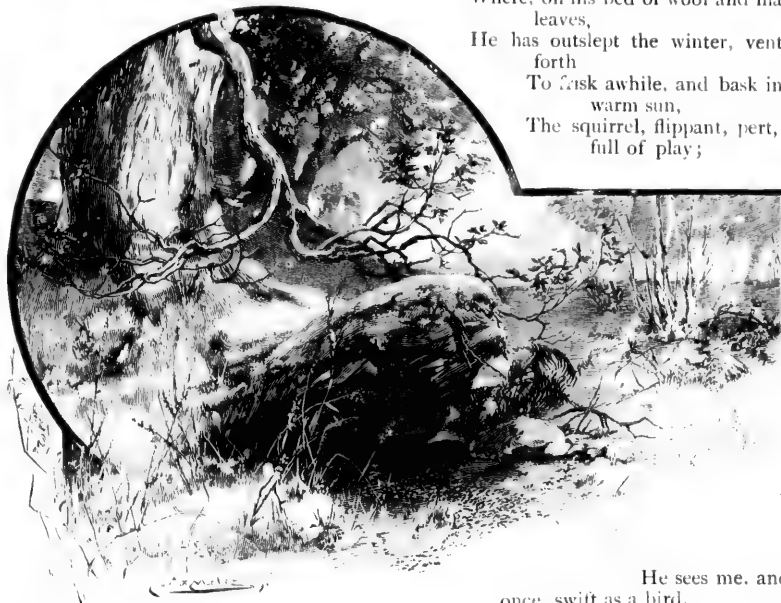
Never saw I May so fair:
Therefore, dancing will we go,
Youths, rejoice! the flow'rets blow!
Sing ye! join the chorus gay!
Hail this merry, merry May!

WILLIAM ROSCOE.

THE WOODLAND IN SPRING.

E'EN in the spring and playtime of the year,
That calls the unwonted villager abroad
With all her little ones, a sportive train,
To gather kingcups in the yellow mead,

Sits cooing in the pine-tree, nor suspends
His long love-ditty for my near approach.
Drawn from his refuge in some lovely elm,
That age or injury has hollowed deep,
Where, on his bed of wool and matted
leaves,
He has outslept the winter, ventures
forth
To bask awhile, and bask in the
warm sun,
The squirrel, flippant, pert, and
full of play;



And prink their hair with daisies, or to pick
A cheap but wholesome salad from the brook:
These shades are all my own. The timorous hare,
Grown so familiar with her frequent guest,
Scarce shuns me; and the stock dove, unalarmed,

He sees me, and at
once, swift as a bird,
Ascends the neighboring beech; there whisks his
brush
And perks his ears, and stamps and cries aloud,
With all the prettiness of feigned alarm,
And anger insignificantly fierce.

WILLIAM COWPER.

BREATHINGS OF SPRING.

WHAT wakest thou, Spring? Sweet voices
in the woods,
And reed-like echoes, that long have
been mute;
Thou bringest back to fill the solitudes,
The lark's clear pipe, the cuckoo's viewless flute,
Whose tone seems breathing mournfulness or
glee,
E'en as our hearts may be.

And the leaves greet thee, Spring!—the joyous
leaves,
Whose tremblings gladden many a copse and
glade,
Where each young spray a rosy fish receives,
When thy south wind hath pierced the whispery
shade.
And happy murmurs, running through the grass,
Tell that thy footsteps pass.

And the bright waters—they too hear thy call,
Spring, the awakener! thou hast burst their
sleep!

Amidst the hollows of the rocks their fall
Makes melody, and in the forests deep,
Where sudden sparkles and blue gleams betray
Their winding to the day.

And flowers—the fairy-peopled world of flowers!
Thou from the dust hast set that glory free,
Coloring the cowslip with the sunny hours,
And pencilling the wood anemone:
Silent they seem—yet each to thoughtful eye
Glows with mute poesy.

But what awakest thou in the heart, O Spring!
The human heart, with all its dreams and sighs?
Thou that givest back so many a buried thing,
Restorer of forgotten harmonies!
Fresh songs and scents break forth, where'er thou art,
What wakest thou in the heart?

Vain longings for the dead!—why come they back
With thy young birds, and leaves and living
blooms?

Oh! is it not, that from thine earthly track
Hope to thy world may look beyond the tombs?
Yes, gentle Spring! no sorrow dims thine air,
Breathed by our loved ones *there*!

FELICIA D. HEMANS.

CORINNA'S GOING A-MAYING.

GET up, get up for shame! the blooming morn
Upon her wings presents the God unshorn!
See how Aurora throws her fair
Fresh-quilted colors through the air!—
Get up, sweet slug-a-bed! and see
The dew bespangling herb and tree.

Each flower has wept and bowed towards the east
Above an hour since, yet you are not dressed!—
Nay, not so much as out of bed,

When all the birds have matins said,
And sung their thankful hymns: 'tis sin—

Nay, profanation, to keep in,

Whereas a thousand virgins on this day
Spring sooner than the lark, to fetch in May!

Come, my Corinna! come, and coming, mark
How each field turns a street—each street a park,
Made green, and trimmed with trees!—see how
Devotion gives each house a bough
Or branch!—each porch, each door, ere this
An ark, a tabernacle is,

Made up of whitehorn neatly interwove,
As if here were those cooler shades of love.

Can such delights be in the street
And open fields, and we not see 't?

Come, we'll abroad, and let's obey

The proclamation made for May,

And sin no more, as we have done by staying,
But, my Corinna! come let's go a-Maying.

Come, let us go, while we are in our prime,
And take the harmless folly of the time;

We shall grow old apace and die

Before we know our liberty.

Our life is short, and our days run

As fast away as does the sun:

And as a vapor, or a drop of rain,

Once lost, can ne'er be found again,

So when or you or I are made

A fable, song, or fleeting shade,

All love, all liking, all delight,

Lies drowned with us in endless night.

Then while time serves, and we are but decaying,

Come, my Corinna! come, let's go a-Maying.

ROBERT HERRICK.

THE EARTH'S GLADNESS.

THE earth with Spring's first flowers is glad,
The skies, the seas are blue
But still shall finer spirits turn

With hearts that long, and souls that burn,

And for some ghostly whiteness yearn

Some glimpses of the true;

Chasing some fair ideal sweet,

Breathless with bleeding feet.

High Summer comes with warmth and light,

The populous cities teem

Through statue-decked perspectives, long,

Aglow with painting, lit with song.

Surges the busy, world-worn throng.

But, ah! not these their dream,

Not these, like that white ghost allure,

August, celestial, pure.

Crowning the cloud-based ramparts, shines

The city of their love,

Now soft with fair reflected light,

And now intolerably bright,

Dazzling the feeble, struggling sight,

It beckons from above.

It gleams above the untrodden snows,

Flushed by the dawn's weird rose.

It gleams, it grows, it sinks, it fades,

While up the perilous height,

From the safe, cloistered walls of home,

Low cot, or airy palace dome,

The faithful pilgrims boldly come.

Though Heaven be veiled in night,

They come, they climb, they dare not stay

Whose feet forerun the day.

And some through midnight darkness fall

Missing the illumined sky;

And some with cleansed heart and mind,

And souls to lower splendors blind,

The city of their longing find,

Clear to the mortal eye

For all yet here, or far beyond the sun,

At last the height is won. LEWIS R. MORRIS.



"GATHERING FLOWERS, HERSELF A FAIRER FLOWER"



AN OCEAN VOYAGE

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ON MAY MORNING.

NOW the bright morning-star, day's har-
binger,
Comes dancing from the East, and leads
with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.

Hail bounteous May ! that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire ;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

JOHN MILTON



SUMMER EVE.

DOWN the sultry arc of day
The burning wheels have urged their
way,

And Eve along the western skies
Spreads her intermingling dyes ;
Down the deep, the miry lane,
Creaking comes the empty wain ;
And driver on the shaft-horse sits,
Whistling now and then by fits.
The barn is still—the master's gone—
And thresher puts his jacket on ;
While Dick upon the ladder tall
Nails the dead kite to the wall.

Here comes Shepherd Jack at last,
He has penned the sheepcot fast ;
For 'twas but two nights before
A lamb was eaten on the moor ;
His empty wallet Rover carries—
Now for Jack, when near home, tarries ;
With lolling tongue he runs to try
If the horse-trough be not dry.

The milk is settled in the pans,
And supper messes in the cans ;
In the hovel carts are wheeled,
And both the colts are drove a-field :
The horses are all bedded up,

And the ewe is with the tup.
The snare for Mister Fox is set,
The leaven laid, the thatching wet,
And Bess has slinked away to talk
With Roger in the holly walk.

Now on the settle all but Bess
Are set, to eat their supper mess ;
And little Tom and roguish Kate
Are swinging on the meadow gate.
Now they chat of various things—
Of taxes, ministers, and kings ;
Or else tell all the village news—
How madam did the 'squire refuse,
How parson on his tithes was bent,
And landlord oft distrained for rent.

Thus do they, till in the sky
The pale-eyed moon is mounted high.
The mistress sees that lazy Kate
The happing coal on kitchen grate
Has laid—while master goes throughout,
Sees shutter fast, the mastiff out ;
The candles safe, the hearths all clear,
And nought from thieves or fire to fear ;
Then both to bed together creep,
And join the general troop of sleep

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

CHILDREN IN SPRING.

THE snow has left the cottage-top;
 The thatch moss grows in brighter green;
 And eaves in quick succession drop,
 Where grinning icicles have been,
 Pit-patting with a pleasant noise
 In tubs set by the cottage-door;
 While ducks and geese, with happy joys,
 Plunge in the yard-pond brimming o'er.

The sun peeps through the window-pane,
 Which children mark with laughing eye,
 And in the wet street steal again,
 To tell each other spring is nigh.
 Then as young hope the past recalls,
 In playing groups they often draw,
 To build beside the sunny walls
 Their spring-time huts of sticks or straw.



And oft in pleasure's dream they hie
 Round homesteads by the village side,
 Scratching the hedge-row mosses by,
 Where painted pooty shells abide;
 Mistaking oft the ivy spray
 For leaves that come with budding spring,
 And wondering, in their search for play,
 Why birds delay to build and sing.

The mavis thrush, with wild delight,
 Upon the orchard's dripping tree
 Mutters, to see the day so bright
 Fragments of young hope's poesy;
 And dame oft stops her buzzing wheel,
 To hear the robin's note once more,
 Who tootles while he pecks his meal
 From sweet-brier buds beside the door

JOHN CLARE.

THE ROSE.

O, lovely rose!
 Tell her that wastes her time and me
 That now she knows,
 When I resemble her to thee,
 How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
 And shuns to have her graces spied,
 That hadst thou sprung
 In deserts where no men abide,
 Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
 Of beauty from the light retired!
 Bid her come forth—
 Suffer herself to be desired,
 And not blush so to be admired.

Then die, that she
 The common fate of all things rare
 May read in thee—
 How small a part of time they share
 That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

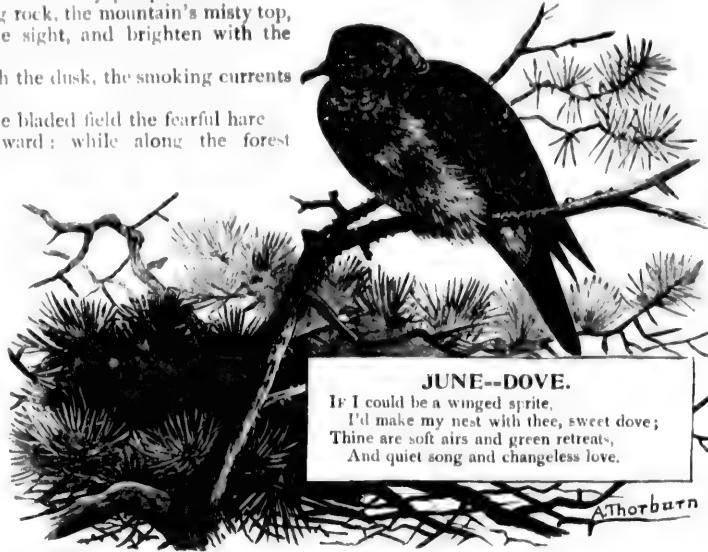
EDMUND WALLER.



A SPRING ROSE

MORNING IN SUMMER.

AND soon, observant of approaching day,
The meek-eyed morn appears, mother of
dews,
At first faint gleaming in the dappled east ;
Till far o'er ether spreads the winding glow,
And from her ore the lustre of her face
White break the clouds away. With quickened
step,
Brown night retires : young day pours in apace,
And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top,
Swell on the sight, and brighten with the
dawn.
Blue, through the dusk, the smoking currents
shine ;
And from the bladed field the fearful hare
Lims, awkward : while along the forest
glade



JUNE--DOVE.

If I could be a winged sprite,
I'd make my nest with thee, sweet dove ;
Thine are soft airs and green retreats,
And quiet song and changeless love.

A. Thorburn

The wild deer trip, and, often turning, gaze
At early passenger. Music awakes
The native voice of undissembled joy ;
And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
Roused by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd
leaves
His mossy cottage, where with peace he dwells ;
And from the crowded fold, in order, drives
His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.
But yonder comes the powerful king of day,
Rejoicing in the east ! The lessening cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
Illumed with fluid gold, his near approach
Betoken glad. Lo ! now, apparent all,
Aslant the dew-bright earth, and colored air,
He looks in boundless majesty abroad ;
And sheds the shining day, that burnished plays
On rocks, and hills and towers, and wandering
streams,
High-gleaming from afar.

JAMES THOMSON.

A JUNE DAY.

WHO has not dreamed a world of bliss,
On a bright, sunny noon like this.
Couched by his native brook's green maze.
With comrade of his boyish days ?
While all around them seemed to be
Just as in joyous infancy
Who has not loved, at such an hour,
Upon that heath, in birchen bower,
Lulled in the poet's dreamy mood,
Its wild and sunny solitude ?

While o'er the waste of purple ling
You marked a sultry glimmering ;
Silence herself there seems to sleep,
Wrapped in a slumber long and deep,
Where slowly stray those lonely sheep
Through the tall fox-gloves' crimson bloom,
And gleaming of the scattered broom.

Love you not, then, to list and hear
The crackling of the gorse-flowers near,
Pouring an orange-scented tide
Of fragrance o'er the desert wide ?
To hear the buzzard whimpering shrill
Hovering above you high and still ?
The twittering of the bird that dwells
Amongst the heath's delicious bells ?
While round your bed, or fern and blade,
Insects in green and gold arrayed,
The sun's gay tribes have lightly strayed
And sweeter sound their humming wings
Than the proud minstrel's echoing strings.

WILLIAM HOWITT.

JULY—CUCKOO.

He's told his name to every grove—
 Cr, shame such vanity upon!
 Yet now at parting we grow sad,
 For when he leaves us spring has gone.



REPOSE IN SUMMER.

HER eyelids dropped their silken eaves,
 I breathed upon her eyes,
 Through all the summer of my leaves,
 A welcome mixed with sighs.

Sometimes I let a sunbeam slip
 To light her shaded eye;
 A second fluttered round her lip,
 Like a golden butterfly.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

SONNET ON COUNTRY LIFE.

TO one who has been long in city pent,
 'Tis very sweet to look into the fair
 And open face of heaven—to breathe a
 prayer
 Full in the smile of the blue firmament.
 Who is more happy, when, with heart's con-
 tent,
 Fatigued he sinks into some pleasant lair
 Of wavy grass, and reads a debonair
 And gentle tale of love and languishment?
 Returning home at evening, with an ear
 Catching the notes of Philomel—an eye
 Watching the sailing cloudlet's bright career,
 He mourns that day so soon has glided by:
 E'en like the passage of an angel's tear
 That falls through the clear ether silently.

JOHN KEATS.

THE BLACKBIRD.

O BLACKBIRD! sing me something well,
 While all the neighbors shoot the round,
 I keep smooth plats of fruitful ground,
 Where thou may'st warble, eat, and dwell.

The espaliers and the standards all
 Are thine; the range of lawn and park;
 The unnetted black-hearts ripen dark,
 All thine, against the garden wall.

Yet, tho' I spared thee all the spring,
 Thy sole delight is, sitting still,
 With that gold dagger of thy bill
 To fret the summer jenneting.

A golden bill! the silver tongue,
 Cold February loved, is dry:
 Plenty corrupts the melody
 That made thee famous once, when young.

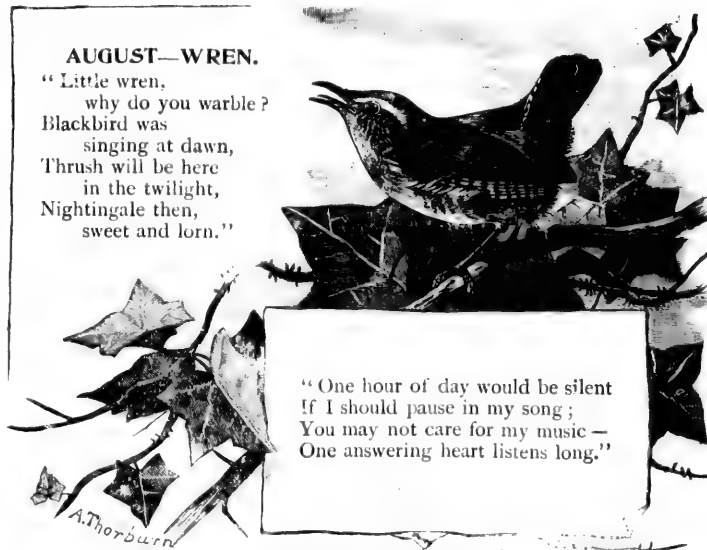
And in the sultry garden-squares,
 Now thy flute-notes are changed to coarse.
 I hear thee not at all, or hoarse
 As when a hawker hawks his wares.

Take warning! he that will not sing
 While yon sun prospers in the blue,
 Shall sing for want, ere leaves are new,
 Caught in the frozen palms of spring.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

AUGUST—WREN.

"Little wren,
why do you warble?
Blackbird was
singing at dawn,
Thrush will be here
in the twilight,
Nightingale then,
sweet and lorn."



"One hour of day would be silent
If I should pause in my song;
You may not care for my music—
One answering heart listens long."

SUMMER REVERIE.

I STOOD tiptoe upon a little hill,
The air was cooling, and so very still,
That the sweet buds which with a modest pride
Pull droopingly, in slanting curve aside,
Their scanty-leaved, and finely-tapering stems,
Had not yet lost their starry diadems
Caught from the early sobbing of the morn.
The clouds were pure and white as flocks new
shorn,
And fresh from the clear brook; sweetly they slept
On the blue fields of heaven, and then there crept
A little noiseless noise among the leaves,
Born of the very sigh that silence heaves;
For not the faintest motion could be seen
Of all the shades that slanted o'er the green.

There was wide wandering for the greediest eye,
To peer about upon variety;
Far round the horizon's crystal air to skim.
And trace the dwindled edgings of its brim;

To picture out the quaint and curious bending
Of a fresh woodland alley never-ending;
Or by the bowery clefts, and leafy shelves,
Guess where the jaunty streams refresh themselves

I gazed awhile, and felt as light and free
As though the fanning wings of Mercury
Had played upon my heels: I was light-hearted,
And many pleasures to my vision started;
So I straightway began to pluck a posy
Of luxuries bright, milky, soft, and rosy.

A bush of May-flowers with the bees about them;
Ah, sure no tasteful nook could be without them!
And let a lush laburnum oversweep them,
And let long grass grow round the roots to keep
them
Moist, cool, and green; and shade the violets,
That they may bind the moss in leafy nets.

JOHN KEATS.

SHEPHERD AND FLOCK.

A ROUND the adjoining brook, that purls along
The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,
Now scarcely moving through a reedy pool,
Now starting to a sudden stream, and now
Gently diffused into a limpid plain;
A various group the herds and flocks compose,
Rural confusion! On the grassy bank
Some ruminating lie; while others stand
Half in the flood, and often bending sip

The circling surface. In the middle droops
The strong laborious ox, of honest front,
Which incomposed he shakes; and from his sides
The troublous insects lashes with his tail,
Returning still. Amid his subjects safe
Slumbers the monarch-swain, his careless arm
Thrown round his head, on downy moss sustained
Here laid his scrip, with wholesome viands filled;
There, listening every noise, his watchful dog,

JAMES THOMSON.

A WINTER SKETCH.

THE blessed morn has come again ;
 The early gray
 Taps at the slumberer's window-pane,
 And seems to say,
 Break, break from the enchanter's chain,
 Away, away !

'Tis winter, yet there is no sound
 Along the air
 Of winds along their battle-ground ;
 But gently there
 The snow is falling—all around
 How fair, how fair ! RALPH HEYT.



TO MEADOWS.

YE have been fresh and green ;
 Ye have been filled with flowers ;
 And ye the walks have been
 Where maids have spent their hours.

Ye have beheld where they
 With wicker arks did come,
 To kiss and bear away
 The richer cowslips home ;

You've heard them sweetly sing,
 And seen them in a round ;

Each virgin, like the spring,
 With honeysuckles crowned.

But now we see none here
 Who-e silvery feet did tread,
 And with dishevelled hair
 Adorned this smoother mead.

Like unthriffs, having spent
 Your stock, and needy grown,
 You're left here to lament
 Your poor estates alone.

ROBERT HERRICK.

A SONG FOR THE SEASONS.

WHEN the merry lark doth gild
 With his song the summer hours,
 And their nests the swallows build
 In the roofs and tops of towers,
 And the golden broom-flower burns
 All about the waste,
 And the maiden May returns
 With a pretty haste—
 Then, how merry are the times!
 The summer times! the spring times!

Now, from off the ashy stone
 The chilly midnight cricket crieth,
 And all merry birds are flown,
 And our dream of pleasure dieth;
 Now the once blue, laughing sky
 Saddens into gray,
 And the frozen rivers sigh,
 Pining all away!
 Now, how solemn are the times!
 The winter times! the night times!

Yet, be merry: all around
 Is through one vast change revolving;
 Even night, who lately frowned,
 Is in paler dawn dissolving;
 Earth will burst her fetters strange,
 And in spring grow free;
 All things in the world will change,
 Save—my love for thee!
 Sing then, hopeful are all times!
 Winter, summer, spring times!

BARRY CORNWALL.

SUMMER'S HAUNTS.

UNTO me, glad summer,
 How hast thou flown to me?
 My chainless footsteps nought hath kept
 From thy haunts of song and glee;
 Thou hast flown in wayward visions,
 In memories of the dead—
 In shadows from a troubled heart.
 O'er thy sunny pathway shed.

FELICIA D. HEMANS.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'TIS the last rose of summer
 Left blooming alone;
 All her lovely companions
 Are faded and gone;
 No flower of her kindred,
 No rosebud is nigh,
 To reflect back her blushes,
 Or give sigh for sigh!
 I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
 To pine on the stem;
 Since the lovely are sleeping,
 Go, sleep thou with them.

Thus kindly I scatter
 Thy leaves o'er the bed
 Where thy mates of the garden
 Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
 When friendships decay,
 And from love's shining circle
 The gems drop away!
 When true hearts lie withered
 And fond ones are flown,
 Oh! who would inhabit
 This bleak world alone?

THOMAS MOORE.

FAIR SUMMER.

THE spring's gay promise melted into thee,
 Fair summer! and thy gentle reign is
 here;
 Thy emerald robes are on each leafy tree;
 In the blue sky thy voice is rich and clear;
 And the free brooks have songs to bless thy
 reign—
 They leap in music 'midst thy bright domain.

Thus gazing on thy void and sapphire sky,
 O, summer! in my inmost soul arise
 Uplifted thoughts, to which the woods reply,
 And the bland air with its soft melodies—
 Till basking in some vision's glorious ray,
 I long for eagles' plumes to flee away!

WILLIS G. CLARK.

A DAY IN AUTUMN.

THERE was not, on that day, a speck to stain
 The azure heaven; the blessed sun, alone,
 In unapproachable divinity,
 Careered, rejoicing in his fields of light.
 How beautiful, beneath the bright blue sky,
 The billows heave! one glowing green expanse,
 Save where along the bending line of shore
 Such hue is known as when the peacock's neck
 Assumes its proudest tint of amethyst,
 Embathed in emerald glory. All the flocks
 Of ocean are abroad: like floating foam,
 The sea-gulls rise and fall upon the waves;
 With long-protuded neck the cormorants
 Wing their far flight aloft, and round and round
 The plovers wheel, and give their note of joy.

It was a day that sent into the heart
 A summer feeling: even the insect swarms
 From their dark nooks and coverts issued forth,
 To sport through one day of existence more;
 The solitary primrose on the bank
 Seemed now as though it had no cause to mourn
 Its bleak autumnal birth; the rocks and shores,
 The forest, and the everlasting hills,
 Smiled in that joyful sunshine—they partook
 The universal blessing.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.



CHARLES DICKENS.



RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

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SEPTEMBER—CURLEW.

White breakers foam upon the desolate sands,
The gray sea-grass bends in the freshening breeze,
And, heard with winds and waves, the curlew's cry
Blends in a wild sea music that can please.



A SONG FOR SEPTEMBER.

SEPTEMBER strews the woodland o'er
With many a brilliant color;
The world is brighter than before—
Why should our hearts be duller?
Sorrow and the scarlet leaf,
Sad thoughts and sunny weather!
Ah me! this glory and this grief
Agree not well together.

This is the parting season—this
The time when friends are flying;
And lovers now, with many a kiss,
Their long farewells are sighing.
Why is earth so gayly drest?
This pomp that autumn beareth,
A funeral seems, where every guest
A bridal garment weareth.

Each one of us, perchance, may here,
On some blue morn hereafter,
Return to view the gaudy year,
But not with boyish laughter.
We shall then be wrinkled men,
Our brows with silver laden,
And thou this glen mayst seek again,
But nevermore a maiden!

Nature perhaps foresees that spring
Will touch her teeming bosom,
And that a few brief months will bring
The bird, the bee, the blossom;

Ah! these forests do not know—
Or would less brightly wither—
The virgin that adorns them so
Will never more come hither!

THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS.

SERENITY OF AUTUMN.

BUT see the fading many-colored woods,
Shade deepening over shade, the country
round
Imbrown; a crowded umbrage, dusk and dun,
Of every hue, from wan declining green
To sooty dark. These now the lonesome Muse,
Low whispering, lead into their leaf-strown walks,
And give the season in its latest view.

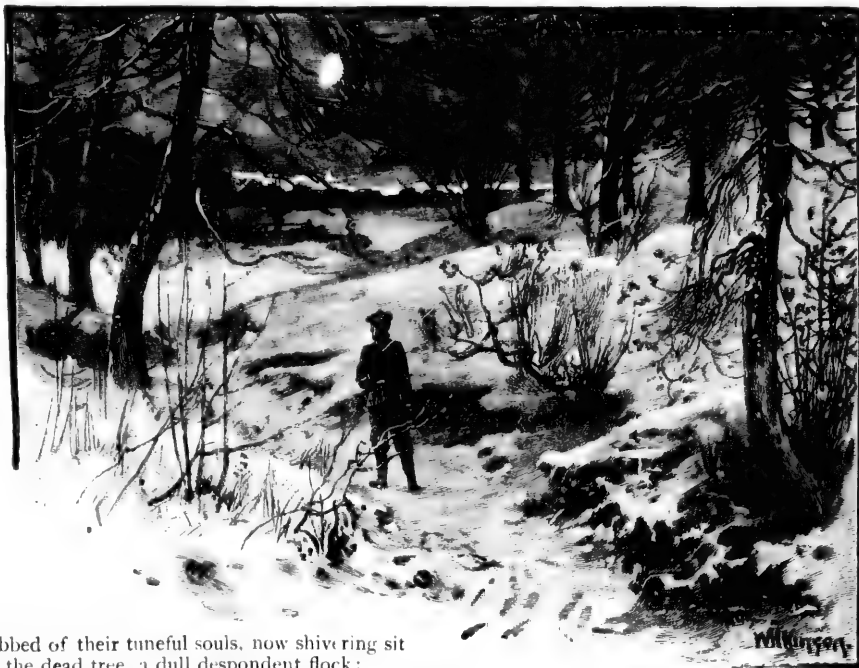
Meantime, light shadowing all, a sober calm
Fleeces unbounded ether: whose least wave
Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn
The gentle current: while illumined wide,
The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the sun,
And through their lucid veil his softened force
Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time,
For those whom virtue and whom nature charm,
To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,
And soar above this little scene of things;
To tread low thoughted vice beneath their feet;
To soothe the throbbing passions into peace;
And woo lone quiet in her silent walks.

Thus solitary, and in pensive guise,
Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead,
And through the saddened grove, where scarce is
heard

One dying strain, to cheer the woodman's toil.
 Haply some widowed songster pours his plaint,
 Far, in faint warblings, through the tawny copse;
 While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,
 And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late
 Swelled all the music of the swarming shades,

The rivers run chill;
 The red sun is sinking;
 And I am grown old,
 And life is fast shrinking;
 Here's enough for sad thinking!

THOMAS HOOD.



Robbed of their tuneful souls, now shivering sit
 On the dead tree, a dull despondent flock;
 With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,
 And nought save chattering discord in their note.

JAMES THOMSON.

AUTUMN.

THE autumn is old;
 The sere leaves are flying;
 He hath gathered up gold,
 And now he is dying;
 Old age, begin sighing!

The vintage is ripe;
 The harvest is heaping;
 But some that have sowed
 Have no riches for reaping;
 Poor wretch, fall a-weeping!

The year's in the wane;
 There is nothing adorning;
 The night has no eve,
 And the day has no morning;
 Cold winter gives warning.

AUTUMN FLOWERS.

THOSE few pale autumn flowers,
 How beautiful they are!
 Than all that went before,
 Than all the summer store,
 How lovelier far!

And why?—They are the last!
 The last! the last! the last!
 Oh! by that little word
 How many thoughts are stirred
 That whisper of the past!

Pale flowers! pale perishing flowers!
 Ye're types of precious things;
 Types of those bitter moments,
 That flit, like life's enjoyments,
 On rapid, rapid wings:

Last hours with parting dear ones
 (That time the fastest spends),

Last tears in silence shed,
Last words half uttered,
Last looks of dying friends.

Who but would fain compress
A life into a day—
The last day spent with one
Who ere the morrow's sun,
Must leave us, and for aye?

The rabbit is cavorting
Along the gloomy slope,
The shotgun of the sportsman
Eliminates his lope.

The butterfly's departed,
Likewise the belted bee,
The small boy in the orchard
Is up the apple tree.

OCTOBER—SWALLOW.

THE sky grows dim, the leaves like lost hope fall,
And Swallows, joyous comers long ago,
Rise up to take departure—summer friends,
Who leave us lone to meet the coming woe.



O precious, precious moments!
Pale flowers! ye're types of those;
The saddest, sweetest, dearest,
Because, like those, the nearest
To an eternal close.

Pale flowers! pale perishing flowers!
I woo your gentle breath—
I leave the summer rose
For younger, blither brows;
Tell me of change and death!

CAROLINE B. SOUTHEY.

OCTOBER.

THE pumpkin pie is yellow,
The buckwheat cake is brown,
The farmer's gray neck whiskers
Are full of thistle down.

The leaves are crisp and russet,
The sumac's blazing red,
The butternut descending
Is cracked upon your head.

The county fair is blooming,
The circus is no more,
And on the polished brass dogs
We make the hickory roar.

The trees wear lovely colors
In beautiful excess;
All nature seems to rustle
Just like a new silk dress.

The sausage soon will ripen,
The popcorn soon will pop,
And Christmas things enliven
The window of the shop.

Sing ho! for merry autumn,
Sing ho! for autumn gay,
Whose pretty potpie squirrels
Among the branches play.

For now no merry bluebird
Upon the rose tree toots.
And autumn, golden autumn,
Serenely up and scoots.

BEAUTIES OF AUTUMN.

THE month is now far spent; and the meridian sun,
Most sweetly smiling, with attempered beams,
Sheds gently down a mild and grateful warmth;
Beneath its yellow lustre, groves and woods,

With its bright colors intermixed with spots
Of darker green. Yes, it were sweetly sad
To wander in the open fields, and hear,
E'en at this hour, the noon-day hardly past,
The lulling insects of the summer's night;
To hear, where lately buzzing swarms were heard
A lonely bee, long roving here and there

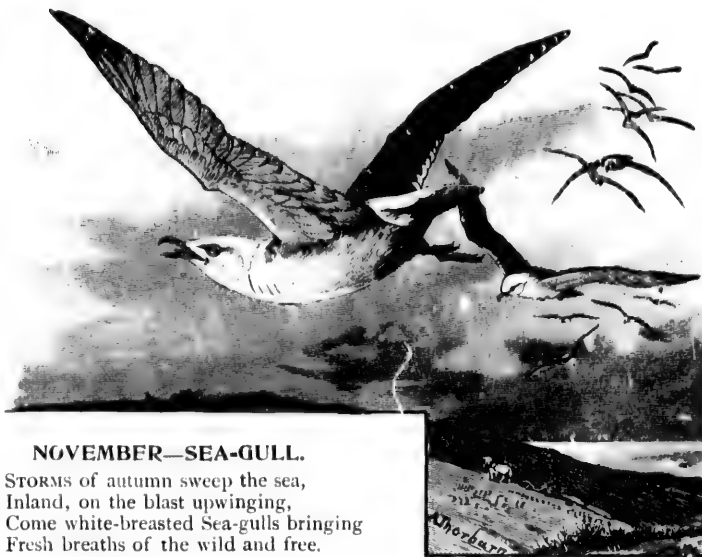


Chequered by one night's frost with various hues,
While yet no wind has swept a leaf away,
Shine doubly rich. It were a sad delight
Down the smooth stream to glide, and see it
tinged
Upon each brink with all the gorgeous hues,
The yellow, red, or purple of the trees
That singly, or in tufts, or forests thick,
Adorn the shores—to see, perhaps, the side
Of some high mount reflected far below,

To find a single flower, but all in vain;
Then rising quick, and with a louder hum.
In widening circles round and round his head,
Straight by the listener flying clear away,
As if to bid the fields a last adieu;
To hear, within the woodland's sunny side,
Late full of music, nothing save, perhaps,
The sound of nut-shells, by the squirrel dropped
From some tall beech, fast falling through the
leaves.

CARLOS WILCOX.

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NOVEMBER—SEA-GULL.

STORMS of autumn sweep the sea,
Inland, on the blast upwinging,
Come white-breasted Sea-gulls bringing
Fresh breaths of the wild and free.

A STILL DAY IN AUTUMN.

I LOVE to wander through the woodlands hoary,
In the soft gloom of an autumnal day,
When summer gathers up her robes of glory,
And, like a dream of beauty, glides away.

How, through each loved, familiar path she lingers,
Serenely smiling through the golden mist,
Tinting the wild grape with her dewy fingers,
Till the cool emerald turns to amethyst;

Kindling the faint stars of the hazel, shining
To light the gloom of autumn's mouldering
halls;

With hoary plumes the clematis entwining,
Where, o'er the rock, her withered garland
falls.

Warm lights are on the sleepy uplands waning
Beneath dark clouds along the horizon rolled,
Till the slant sunbeams, through their fringes rain-
ing,
Bathe all the hills in melancholy gold.

The moist winds breathe of crisped leaves and
flowers,

In the damp hollows of the woodland sown,
Mingling the freshness of autumnal showers
With spicy airs from cedarn alleys blown.

Beside the brook and on the umbered meadow,
Where yellow fern-tufts fleck the faded ground,
With folded lids beneath their palmy shadow,
The gentian nods, in dreary slumbers bound.

Upon those soft, fringed lids the bee sits brooding,
Like a fond lover loath to say farewell;
Or, with shut wings, through silken folds intruding,
Creeps near her heart his drowsy tale to tell.

The little birds upon the hill-side lonely
Flit noiselessly along from spray to spray,
Silent as a sweet, wandering thought, that only
Shows its bright wings and softly glides away.

The scentless flowers, in the warm sunlight dream-
ing,
Forget to breathe their fulness of delight;
And through the tranced woods soft airs are
streaming,
Still as the dew-fall of the summer night.

So, in my heart, a sweet, unwonted feeling
Stirs, like the wind in ocean's hollow shell,
Through all its secret chambers sadly stealing,
Yet finds no words its mystic charm to tell.

SARAH H. WHITMAN.

VERSES IN PRAISE OF ANGLING.

QUIVERING fears, heart-tearing cares.
Anxious sighs, untimely tears,
Fly, fly to courts,
Fly to fond worldlings' sports,
Where strained sardonic smiles are glosing still,
And grief is forced to laugh against her will,
Where mirth's but mummery,
And sorrows only real be.

Fly from our country pastimes, fly,
 Sad troops of human misery;
 Come, serene looks,
 Clear as the crystal brooks,

Abused mortals! did you know
 Where joy, heart's ease, and comforts grow,
 You'd scorn proud towers
 And seek them in these bowers,



Or the pure azure heaven that smiles to
 see
 The rich attendance on our poverty;
 Peace and a secure mind,
 Which all men seek, we only find.

Where winds, sometimes, our woods perhaps may
 shake,
 But blustering care could never tempest make,
 Nor murmurs e'er come nigh us,
 Saving of fountains that glide by us.

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Here's no fantastic mask nor dance,
But of our kids that frisk and prance;
Nor wars are seen,
Unless upon the green
Two harmless lambs are butting one the other,
Which done, both bleating run, each to his mother;
And wounds are never found,
Save what the ploughshare gives the ground.

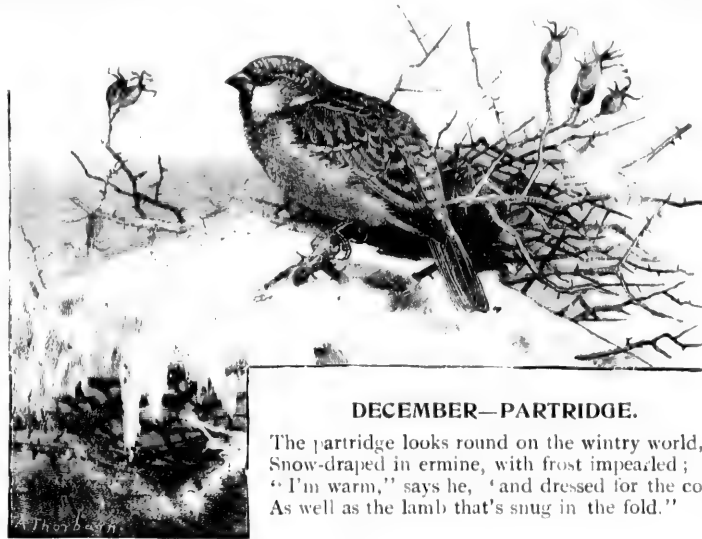
Here are no entrapping baits
To hasten to too hasty fates;
Unless it be
The fond credulity
Of silly fish, which, worldling like, still look
Upon the bait, but never on the hook;
Nor envy, 'less among
The birds, for price of their sweet song.

Go, let the diving negro seek
For gems, hid in some forlorn creek:

We all pearls scorn
Save what the dewy morn
Congeals upon each little spire of grass,
Which careless shepherds beat down as they
pass;
And gold ne'er here appears,
Save what the yellow Ceres bears.

Blest silent groves, oh, may you be,
For ever, mirth's best nursery!
May pure contents
For ever pitch their tents
Upon these downs, these meads, these rocks, these
mountains;
And peace still slumber by these purling foun-
tains,
Which we may every year
Meet, when we come a-fishing here.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.



DECEMBER—PARTRIDGE.

The partridge looks round on the wintry world,
Snow-draped in ermine, with frost impearled;
"I'm warm," says he, "and dressed for the cold
As well as the lamb that's snug in the fold."

AUTUMN—A DIRGE.

THE warm sun is falling; the bleak wind is
wailing;
The bare boughs are sighing; the pale
flowers are dying;
And the year
On the earth, her death-bed, in shroud of leaves dead,
Is lying.
Come, months, come away,
From November to May;
In your saddest array
Follow the bier
Of the dead, cold year.
And like dim shadows watch by her sepulchre.

The chill rain is falling; the nipt worm is crawling;
The rivers are swelling; the thunder is knelling
For the year;

The blithe swallows are flown, and the lizards
each gone

To his dwelling;
Come, months, come away;
Put on white, black and gray;
Let your light sisters play—
Ye, follow the bier
Of the dead, cold year,
And make her grave green with tear on tear.

PERCY B. SHELLEY.

THE FIRST SNOWFALL.

THE snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara
Came chanticleer's muffled crow,
The stiff rails were softened to swan's-down,
And still fluttered down the snow.

I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud-like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar of our deep-plunged woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall!"

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her,
And she, kissing back, could not know
That my kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.



I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Aelburn
Where a little headstone stood:
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-Father
Who cares for us here below

Again I looked at the snowfall,
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
When that mound was heaped so high.

OLD-TIME WINTER.

WHERE, oh, where, is winter,
The sort we used to know?
The icy blast,
The skies o'ercast,
And the drifting, sifting snow?
Where are the ponds for skating,
The snow-clad coasting hills;
The urchin's sled,
And the usual dread
Of colds and other ills?
Where are the jingling sleighbells,
The girl with the frosted nose,
The slippery walks
And the old-fashioned gawks,
With the shoes inside their hose?
Where are the snowball battles,
Of the erstwhile festive kid;



FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER.



JOHANN VON GOETHE.

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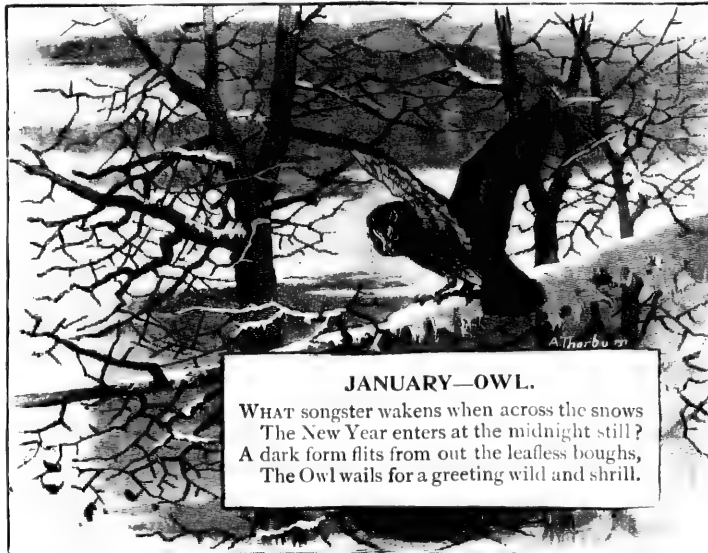
Heigh ho!
Most friend

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The snowy spheres,
That skipped one's ears,
The wind that chased one's lid?
Where is the old-style winter,
The winter of winds that blow?
Tell us we pray,
Where the icicles stay,
Of the winters we used to know?

DIRGE FOR THE YEAR.

ORPHAN hours, the year is dead,
Come and sigh, come and weep!
Merry hours, smile instead,
For the year is but asleep:
See, it smiles as it is sleeping,
Mocking your untimely weeping.



JANUARY—OWL.

WHAT songster wakens when across the snows
The New Year enters at the midnight still?
A dark form flits from out the leafless boughs,
The Owl wails for a greeting wild and shrill.

BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND.

BLOW, blow, thou winter wind—
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! unto the green holly;
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly;
Then, heigh ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly!

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky—
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot;
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.
Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! unto the green holly;
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly;
Then, heigh ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly!

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

As an earthquake rocks a corpse
In its coffin in the clay,
So white winter, that rough nurse,
Rocks the dead-cold year to-day
Solemn hours! wail aloud
For your mother in her shroud.

As the wild air stirs and sways
The tree-swung cradle of a child,
So the breath of these rude days
Rocks the year. Be calm and mild.
Trembling hours; she will arise
With new love within her eyes.

January gray is here,
Like a sexton by her grave;
February bears the bier;
March with grief doth howl and rave,
And April weeps—but, O ye hours!
Follow with May's fairest flowers.

PERCY B. SHELLEY.

THE LAST SNOW OF WINTER.

SOFT snow still rests within this wayside cleft,
 Veiling the primrose buds not yet unfurled;
 Last trace of dreary winter, idly left
 On beds of moss, and sere leaves crisply curled;
 Why does it linger while the violets blow,
 And sweet things grow?

A relic of long nights and weary days,
 When all fair things were hidden from my sight;

It was a time of rapture! Clear and loud
 The village clock tolled six—I wheeled about,
 Proud and exulting, like an untired horse
 That cares not for his home.—All shod with steel
 We hissed along the polished ice, in games
 Confederate, imitative of the chase
 And woodland pleasures—the resounding horn,
 The pack loud-chiming, and the hunted hare.

So through the darkness and the cold we flew,
 And not a voice was idle: with the din



FEBRUARY—SPARROW.

The robin steals your praise away,
 In vain you have the winter cold;
 For all have eyes for feathers gay,
 But no one marks your jerkin old.

A chill reminder of those mournful ways
 I traversed when the fields were cold and white;
 My life was dim, my hopes lay still and low
 Beneath the snow!

Now spring is coming, and my buried love
 Breaks fresh and strong and living through the
 sod;

The lark sings loudly in the blue above,
 The budding earth must magnify her God;
 Let the old sorrows and old errors go
 With the last snow!

SARAH DOUDNEY.

KATINĠ.

AND in the frosty season, when the sun
 Was set, and, visible for many a mile,
 The cottage-windows through the twilight
 blazed,

I heeded not the summons: happy time
 It was indeed for all of us; for me

Smitten, the precipices rang aloud;
 The leafless trees and every icy crag
 Tinkled like iron; while the distant hills
 Into the tumult sent an alien sound
 Of melancholy, not unnoticed, while the stars,
 Eastward, were sparkling clear, and in the west
 The orange sky of evening died away.

Not seldom from the uproar I retired
 Into a silent bay, or sportively
 Glanced sideways, leaving the tumultuous throng,
 To cut across the reflex of a star;
 Image, that, flying still before me, gleamed
 Upon the glassy plain: and oftentimes,
 When we had given our bodies to the wind,
 And all the shadowy banks on either side
 Came sweeping through the darkness, spinning
 still

The rapid line of motion, then at once
 Have I, reclining back upon my heels,
 Stopped short; yet still the solitary cliffs



WINTER PASTIME.

Wheeled by me—even as if the earth had rolled
With visible motion her diurnal round !
Behind me did they stretch in solemn train,
Feebler and feebler, and I stood and watched
Till all was tranquil as a summer sea.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

WITHERED FLOWERS.

A DIEU ! ye withered flowerets !
Your day of glory's past ;
But your parting smile was loveliest,
For we knew it was your last :
No more the sweet aroma
Of your golden cups shall rise,
To scent the morning's stilly breath,
Or gloaming's zephyr sighs.

Ye were the sweetest offerings
Which friendship could bestow—
A token of devoted love
In pleasure or in woe !
Ye graced the head of infancy,
By soft affection twined
Into a fairy coronal
Its sunny brows to bind.

Ye decked the coffins of the dead,
By yearning sorrows strew'd
Along each lifeless lineament,
In death's cold damps bestowed ;
Ye were the pleasure of our eyes
In dingle, wood and word,
In the parterre's sheltered premises,
And on the mountain cold.

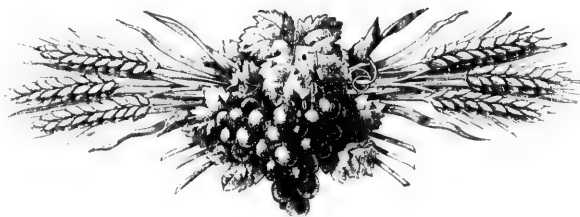
But ah ! a dreary blast hath blown
Athwart you in your bloom,
And, pale and sickly, now your leaves
The hues of death assume :
We mourn your vanished loveliness,
Ye sweet departed flowers !
For ah ! the fate which blighted you
An emblem is of ours.

There comes a blast to terminate
Our evanescent span :
For frail, as your existence, is
The mortal life of man !
And is the land we hasten to
A land of grief and gloom ?
No ! there the Lily of the Vale
And Rose of Sharon bloom !

And there a stream of ecstasy
Through groves of glory flows,
And on its banks the Tree of Life
In heavenly beauty grows ;
And flowers that never fade away,
Whose blossoms never close,
Bloom round the walks where angels stray.
And saints redeemed repose.

And though, like you, sweet flowers of earth
We wither and depart,
And leave behind, to mourn our loss,
Full many an aching heart ;
Yet, when the winter of the grave
Is past, we hope to rise,
Warned by the Sun of Righteousness,
To blossom in the skies.

JOHN BETHUNE



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DESCRIPTIONS AND TALES OF THE SEA:

EMBRACING

GRAPHIC PEN-PICTURES OF THE WORLD OF WATERS.



THE LIFE BRIGADE.

ARK! 'mid the strife of waters
A shrill despairing cry,
As of some drowning sailor
In his last agony!
Another! and now are mingled
Heart-rending shrieks for aid.
Lo! a sinking ship. What ho! arouse.
Arouse the Life Brigade!

They come with hurrying footsteps:
No need for a second call;
They are broad awake and ready,
And willing one and all.
Not a hand among them trembles,
Each tread is firm and free,
Not one man's spirit falters
In the face of the awful sea.

Yet well may the bravest sailor
Shrink back appalled to-night
From that army of massive breakers
With their foam-crests gleaming white,
Those beautiful, terrible breakers,
Waiting to snatch their prey,
And bury yon hapless vessel
'Neath a monument of spray!

But rugged, and strong, and cheery
Dauntless and undismayed,
Are the weather-beaten heroes
Of the gallant Life Brigade.
"To the rescue!" shouts their leader,
Nor pauses for reply—
A plunge!—and the great waves bear him
Away to do or die!

The whole night long, unwearied,
They battle with wind and sea,
All ignorant and heedless
Of what their end may be.
They search the tattered rigging,
They climb the quivering mast,
And life after life is rescued
Till the frail ship sinks at last.

The thunderous clouds have vanished,
And rose-fingered morn awakes,
While over the breast of ocean
The shimmering sunlight breaks;
And the Life Brigade have finished
The work God gave them to do.
Their names are called. "Any missing?"
Mournful the answer—"Two!"

Two of the best and bravest
Have been dragged by the cruel waves
Down to the depths unmeasured,
'Mid thousands of sailor graves!
Two lives are given for many!
And the tears of sorrow shed,
Should be tears of joy and glory
For the grandeur of the dead!

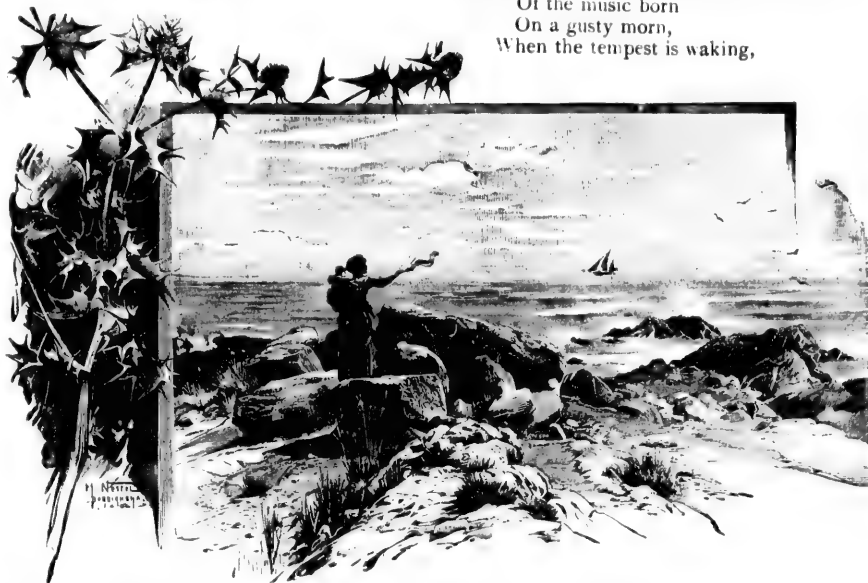
MINNIE MACKAY.

THE LANDSMAN'S SONG.

OH! who would be bound to the barren sea,
 If he could dwell on land—
 Where his step is ever both firm and free,
 Where flowers arise,
 Like sweet girls' eyes,
 And rivulets sing
 Like birds in spring?

And so—I will take my stand
 On land, on land!
 For ever and ever on solid land!

Some swear they could die on the salt, salt sea,
 (But have they been loved on land?)
 Some rave of the ocean in drunken glee—
 Of the music born
 On a gusty morn,
 When the tempest is waking,



For me—I will take my stand
 On land, on land!
 For ever and ever on solid land!

I've sailed on the riotous roaring sea,
 With an undaunted band;
 Yet my village home more pleaseth me,
 With its valley gay
 Where maidens stray,
 And its grassy mead
 Where the white flocks feed;

And billows are breaking,
 And lightning flashing,
 And the thick rain dashing,
 And the winds and the thunders
 Shout forth the sea wonders!
 —Such things may give joy
 To a dreaming boy:

But for *me*—I will take my stand
 On land, on land!
 For ever and ever on solid land.

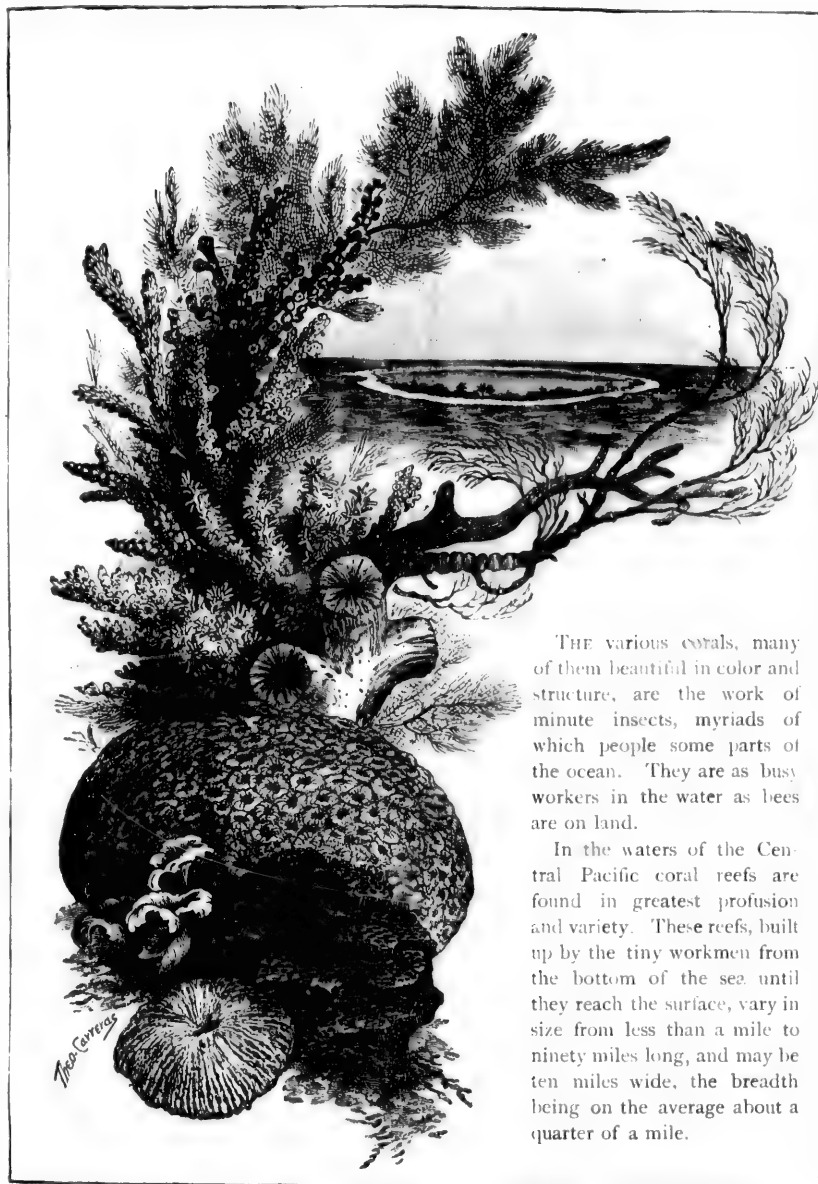
BARRY CORNWALL.

MY BRIGANTINE.

JUST in thy mould and beauteous in thy form,
 Gentle in roll and buoyant on the surge,
 Light as the sea-fowl rocking in the storm,
 In breeze and gale thy onward course we
 urge,
 My water-queen!
 Lady of mine,
 More light and swift than thou none thread the
 sea,
 With surer keel or steadier on its path.

We brave each waste of ocean-mystery
 And laugh to hear the howling tempest's wrath,
 For we are thine.
 "My brigantine!
 Trust to the mystic power that points thy way,
 Trust to the eye that pierces from afar;
 Trust the red meteors that around thee play.
 And, fearless, trust the Sea-Green Lady's Star,
 Thou bark divine!"

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.



THE various corals, many of them beautiful in color and structure, are the work of minute insects, myriads of which people some parts of the ocean. They are as busy workers in the water as bees are on land.

In the waters of the Central Pacific coral reefs are found in greatest profusion and variety. These reefs, built up by the tiny workmen from the bottom of the sea, until they reach the surface, vary in size from less than a mile to ninety miles long, and may be ten miles wide, the breadth being on the average about a quarter of a mile.

CORAL TREASURES OF THE SEA.

IS MY LOVER ON THE SEA?

IS my lover on the sea,
Sailing East, or sailing West?
Mighty ocean, gentle be,
Rock him into rest!

Let no angry wind arise,
Nor a wave with whitened crest;
All be gentle as his eyes
When he is caressed!



Bear him (as the breeze above
Bears the bird unto its nest),
Here—unto his home of love,
And there bid him rest!

BARRY CORNWALL.

WRECK OF THE HURON.

A FEW days ago there went out from our Brooklyn Navy Yard a man-of-war, the Huron. She steamed down to Hampton Roads, dropped anchor for further orders, and then went on southward—one hundred and thirty-six souls on board—and the life of the humblest boy in sailor's jacket as precious as the life of the commander.

There were storms in the air, the jib-stay had been carried away, but what cares such a monarch

of the deep for a hurricane! All's well at twelve o'clock at night! Strike eight bells! All's well at one o'clock in the morning! Strike two bells! How the water tosses from the iron prow of the Huron as she seems moving irresistibly on! In a fishing smack came in her way she would ride down and not know she touched it.

But, alas! through the darkness she is aiming for Nag's Head! What is the matter with the compasses? At one o'clock and forty minutes

there is a harsh grating on the bottom of the ship, and the eye goes across the ship, "What's the matter?" Then the sea lifts up the ship to let her fall on the breakers—shock! shock! shock! The dreadful command of the captain rings across the deck and is repeated among the hammocks, "All hands save the ship!" Then comes the sound of the axe in answer to the order to cut away the mast. Overboard go the guns. They are of no use in this battle with the wind and wave.

Heavier and heavier the vessel falls till the timbers begin to crack. The work of death goes on, every surge of the sea carrying more men from the fore-castle, and reaching up its briny fingers to those hanging in the rigging. Numb and frozen, they hold on and lash themselves fast, while some, daring each other to the undertaking, plunge into the beating surf and struggle for the land. Oh, cruel sea! Pity them, as bruised, and mangled, and with broken bones, they make desperate effort for dear life. For thirty

miles along the beach the dead of the Huron are strewn, and throughout the land there is weeping and lamentation and great woe.

A surviving officer of the vessel testifies that the conduct of the men was admirable. It is a magnificent thing to see a man dying at his post, doing his whole duty. It seems that every shipwreck must give to the world an illustration of the doctrine of vicarious sacrifice—men daring all things to save their fellows. Who can see such things without thinking of the greatest deed of these nineteen centuries, the pushing out of the Chieftain of the universe to take the human race off the wreck of the world? And this is a rescue that will fill heaven with hallelujahs and resounding praise, and the jubilant notes of the anthem will never cease.

T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

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THE LIGHTHOUSE.

THE rocky ledge runs far into the sea,
And on its outer point, some miles away,
The lighthouse lifts its massive masonry,
A pillar of fire by night, of cloud by day.

Even at this distance I can see the tides,
Upheaving, break unheard along its base,
A speechless wrath, that rises and subsides
In the white lip and tremor of the face

And as the evening darkens, lo! how bright,
Through the deep purple of the twilight air,
Beams forth the sudden radiance of its
light

With strange, unearthly splendor in
its glare!

And the great ships sail outward and
return,

Bending and bowing o'er the billowy
swells,

And ever joyful, as they see it burn,
They wave their silent welcomes and
farewells.

They come forth from the darkness, and
their sails

Gleam for a moment only in the blaze,
And eager faces, as the light unveils,
Gaze at the tower, and vanish while
they gaze.

The mariner remembers when a child,
On his first voyage, he saw it fade and
sink;

And when, returning from adventures
wild,

He saw it rise again o'er ocean's brink.

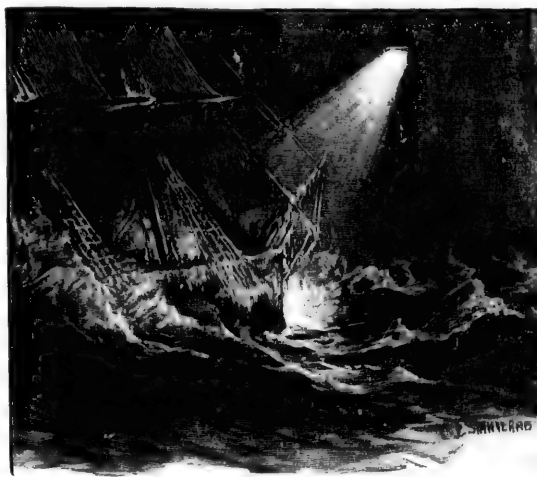
Steadfast, serene, immovable, the same
Year after year, through all the silent night
Burns on for evermore that quenchless flame,
Shines on that inextinguishable light!

It sees the ocean to its bosom clasp
The rocks and sea-sand with the kiss of peace;
It sees the wild winds lift it in their grasp,
And hold it up, and shake it like a fleece.

The startled waves leapt over it: the storm
Smites it with all the scourges of the rain,
And steadily against its solid form
Press the great boulders of the hurricane.

The sea-bird wheeling round it, with the din
Of wings and winds and solitary cries,
Blinded and maddened by the light within,
Dashes himself against the glare, and dies.

A new Prometheus, chained upon the rock,
Still grasping in his hand the fire of Jove,



It does not hear the cry, nor heed the shock
But hails the mariner with words of love.

"Sail on!" it says, "sail on, ye stately ships!
And with your floating bridge the ocean
span;

Be mine to guard this light from all eclipse,
Be yours to bring man nearer unto man!"

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE MINUTE GUN.

WHEN in the storm on Ap'lon's coast,
The night-watch guards his wary post,
From thoughts of danger free,
He marks some vessel's dusky form,
And hears, amid the howling storm,
The minute-gun at sea.

Swift on the shore a hardy few
The life-boat man with gallant crew
And dare the dangerous wave;
Through the wild surf they cleave their way,

Lost in the foam, nor know dismay,
For they go the crew to save.

But, O, what rapture fills each breast
Of the hopeless crew of the ship distressed!
Then, landed safe, what joy to tell
Of all the dangers that befell!
Then is heard no more,
By the watch on shore,
The minute-gun at sea.

R. S. SHARPE.



I LOVED THE OCEAN.

WHAT was it that I loved so well about my
childhood's home?

It was the wide and wave-lashed shore,
the black rocks crowned with foam!
It was the sea-gull's flapping wing, all trackless in
its flight,

Its screaming note that welcomed on the fierce
and stormy night!

The wild heath had its flowers and moss, the for-
est had its trees,

Which bending to the evening wind, made music
in the breeze.

But earth, ha! ha! I laugh e'en now, earth had
no charms for me;

No scene half bright enough to win my young
heart from the sea!

No! 't was the ocean, vast and deep, the fathom-
less, the free!

The mighty rushing waters, that were ever dear
to me!

My earliest steps would wander from the green and
fertile land,

Down where the clear blue ocean rolled to pace
the rugged strand;

Oh! how I loved the waters, and even longed
to be

A bird, a boat, or anything that dwelt upon the
sea!

ELIZA COOK.

THE WHITE SQUALL.



AND so the hours kept
tolling;
And through the ocean
rolling
Went the brave Iberia
bowling,
Before the break of
day—

When a squall upon a
sudden,
Came o'er the waters
scudding;
And the clouds began
to gather,
And the sea was lashed
to lather,
And the lowering thun-
der grumbled,
And the lightning
jumped and tumbled.
And the ship, and all
the ocean,
Woke up in wild com-
motion
Then the wind set up a
howling,

And the poodle dog a yowling,
And the cocks began a crowing,
And the old cow raised a lowing,
As she heard the tempest blowing;
And fowls and geese did cackle,
And the cordage and the tackle
Began to shriek and crackle;
And the spray dashed o'er the funnels,
And down the deck in runnels;
And the rushing water soaks all,
From the seamen in the fo'ksal
To the stokers, whose black faces
Peer out of their bed-places;
And the captain he was bawling,
And the sailors pulling, hauling,
And the quarter-deck tarpauling
Was shivered in the squalling;
And the passengers awaken,
Most pitifully shaken;
And the steward jumps up, and hastens
For the necessary basins.

And when, its force expended,
The harmless storm was ended,
And as the sunrise splendid
Came blushing o'er the sea—
I thought, as day was breaking,
My little girls were waking,
And smiling, and making
A prayer at home for me.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

THE BOATMEN'S SONG.

COME, sport with the sea-gull—come, ride
on the billows,
Come, dance with the mermaids upon the
wave's crest;
The sea is the mother that fondles and pillows
Our loved little craft on her passionate breast.

We dip the long oars in the swift-flowing tide,
We shoot the sharp prow through the white,
splashing foam,
Fast away—far away o'er the waters we glide,
And, jubilant, sing to the winds as we roam.

We have bronze on our cheeks and we carry the
traces
Of storm and of sun as we bend to the oar,



The tales of the deep you may read in our faces,
And hear in our ballads the hoarse tempest's
roar.

Eyes fired with love scan the wide waters o'er,
Breasts beat with the wavelets that strike our
light craft;
To the watchers who wait on the dim, distant
shore,
Our thoughts and heart messages fondly we
waft.

Now away, brave and gay, through the mist and
the spray,
With cradle-like motion
We toss on the ocean,
And murmuring waters around the boat play;
We are gallant and merry,
And our dull cares we bury
Down deep in the caves of the wide-spreading bay.

HENRY DAVENPORT.



TACKLING SHIP OFF SHORE.

HE weather-
leech of the
topsail shivers,
The bowlines
strain, and the
lee-shrouds
slacken,
The braces are taut,
the lithe boom
quivers,
And the waves
with the coming
squall-cloud blacken.

Open one point on the
weather-bow,
Is the light-house tall on
Fire Island Head?

There's a shade of doubt

on the captain's brow,
And the pilot watches the heaving lead.

I stand at the wheel, and with eager eye
To sea and to sky and to shore I gaze,
Till the muttered order of "Full and by!"
Is suddenly changed for "Full for stays!"

The ship bends lower before the breeze,
As her broadside fair to the blast she lays;
And she swifter springs to the rising seas,
As the pilot calls, "Stand by for stays!"

It is silence all, as each in his place,
With the gathered coil in his hardened hands,
By tack and bowline, by sheet and brace,
Waiting the watchword impatient stands.

And the light on Fire Island Head draws near,
As, trumpet-winged, the pilot's shout
From his post on the bowsprit's heel I hear,
With the welcome call of "Ready! About!"

No time to spare! It is touch and go;
And the captain cries, "Down, helm! hard
down!"

As my weight on the whirling spokes I throw,
While heaven grows black with the storm-cloud's
frown.

High o'er the knight-heads flies the spray,
As we meet the shock of the plunging sea;
And my shoulder stiff to the wheel I lay,
As I answer, "Ay, ay, sir! Ha-a-rd a-lee!"

With the swerving leap of a startled steed
The ship flies fast in the eye of the wind,

The dangerous shoals on the lee recede,
And the headland white we have left behind
The topsails flutter, the jibs collapse,
And belly and tug at the groaning cleats;
The spanker slats, and the mainsail flaps;
And thunders the order, "Tacks and sheet-"
'Mid the rattle of blocks and the tramp of t
crew,

Hisses the rain of the rushing squall:
The sails are aback from clew to clew,
And now is the moment for, "Mainsail, haul!"



And the heavy yards, like a baby's toy,
By fifty strong arms are swiftly swung:
She holds her way, and I look with joy
For the first white spray o'er the bulwarks flung.

"Let go, and haul!" 'Tis the last command,
And the head-sails fill to the blast once more:
Astern and to leeward lies the land,
With its breakers white on the shingly shore.

What matters the reef, or the rain, or the squall?
I steady the helm for the open sea;
The first mate clamors, "Belay, there, all!"
And the captain's breath once more comes free.

And so off shore let the good ship fly;
Little care I how the gusts may blow,
In my fo'castle bunk, in a jacket dry,
Eight bells have struck, and my watch is below

WALTER MITCHELL.

SOLITUDE OF THE SEA.

THERE is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar:
I love not man the less, but nature more,

From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

LORD BYRON.



ROCK AND SAND BORERS.

Among the wonders of the sea is a low order of animals admirably adapted for boring in the sand and also in harder substances. Insignificant in appearance, easily crushed by the foot of a careless passer-by, they are yet endowed with remarkable power, and are quite as marvelous in their way as "the Leviathan that sporteth himself in the sea." The whole tribe of mollusks has been the wonder of superficial observers and the study of scientists. Particularly are their shells adorned with some of the finest touches of nature.



THE OCEAN.

ALL hail to the ruins, the rocks, and the shores!
 Thou wide-rolling Ocean, all hail!
 Now brilliant with sunbeams and dimpled with oars,
 Now dark with the fresh-blowing gale,
 While soft o'er thy bosom the cloud-shadows sail,
 And the silver-winged sea-fowl on high,
 Like meteors bespangle the sky,
 Or drive in the gulf, or triumphantly ride,
 Like foam on the surges, the swans of the tide

From the tumult and smoke of the city set free,
 With eager and awful delight,
 From the crest of the mountain I gaze upon thee,
 I gaze—and am changed at the sight;
 For mine eye is illumined, my genius takes flight,
 My soul, like the sun, with a glance
 Embraces the boundless expanse,
 And moves on thy waters, wherever they roll,
 From the day-darting zone to the night-shadowed pole.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THE GRAY SWAN.

“**P**RAY, tell me, sailor,
 tell me true.
 Is my little lad, my Elihu,
 A-sailing with your ship?”
 The sailor's eyes were dim with dew—
 “Your little lad, your Elihu?”

He said with trembling lip—
 “What little lad? What ship?”

“What little lad! as if there could be
 Another such a one as he!
 What little lad, do you say?
 Why, Elihu, that to the sea
 The moment I put him off my knee!
 It was just the other day
 The Gray Swan sailed away.”

“The other day!” the sailor's eyes
 Stood open with a great surprise,—
 “The other day! the Swan!”
 His heart began in his throat to rise.
 “Ay, ay, sir; here in the cupboard lies
 The jacket he had on.”
 “And so your lad is gone!”

“Gone with the Swan.” “And did she stand
 With her anchor clutching hold of the sand,
 For a month, and never stir?”
 “Why to be sure! I've seen from the land,
 Like a lover kissing his lady's hand,
 The wild sea kissing her.
 A sight to remember, sir.”

“But, my good mother do you know
 All this was twenty years ago?”

I stood on the Gray Swan's deck,
 And to that lad I saw you throw,
 Taking it off, as it might be, so,
 The kerchief from your neck.”
 “Ay, and he'll bring it back!”

“And did the little lawless lad
 That has made you sick and made you sad,
 Sail with the Gray Swan's crew?”
 “Lawless! the man is going mad!
 The best boy ever mother had—
 Be sure he sailed with the crew!
 What would you have him do?”

“And he has never written a line,
 Nor sent you a word, nor made you sign
 To say he was alive?”
 “Hold! if 'twas wrong the wrong is mine
 Besides, he may be in the brine,
 And could he write from the grave?
 “Tut, man; what would you have?”

“Gone twenty years—a long, long cruise,
 'Twas wicked thus your love to abuse;
 But if the lad still live,
 And come back home, think you, you can for-
 give?”
 “Miserable man; you're as mad as the sea—
 you rave—
 What have I to forgive!”

The sailor twitched his shirt so blue,
 And from within his bosom drew
 The kerchief. She was wild.
 “My God! my Father! is it true!
 My little lad, my Elihu!
 My blessed boy, my child!
 My dead—my living child!”

ALICE CARY.

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SAILOR'S SONG.

BLOW high, blow low, let tempests tear
The mainmast by the board;
My heart with thoughts of thee, my dear,
And love, well-stored,
Shall brave all danger, scorn all fear,
The roaring winds the raging sea,

And this shall be my song:
Blow high, blow low, let tempests tear
The mainmast from the board.

And on that night when all the crew,
The memory of their former lives



In hopes on shore
To be once more,
Safe moored with thee!
Aloft, while mountains high we go,
The whistling winds that scud along,
And the surge roaring from below,
Shall my signal be,
To think on thee,

O'er flowing cups of flip renew,
And drink their sweethearts and their wives,
I'll heave a sigh, and think on thee;
And, as the ship rolls through the sea,
The burden of my song shall be—
Blow high, blow low, let tempests tear
The mainmast by the board.

CHARLES DIBDIN.

THE SEA IN CALM.

LOOK what immortal floods the sunset pours
Upon us.—Mark! how still (as though in
dreams
Bound) the once wild and terrible ocean seems;
How silent are the winds! No billow roars:
But all is tranquil as Elysian shores!
The silver margin which aye runneth round
The moon-enchanted sea hath here no sound;

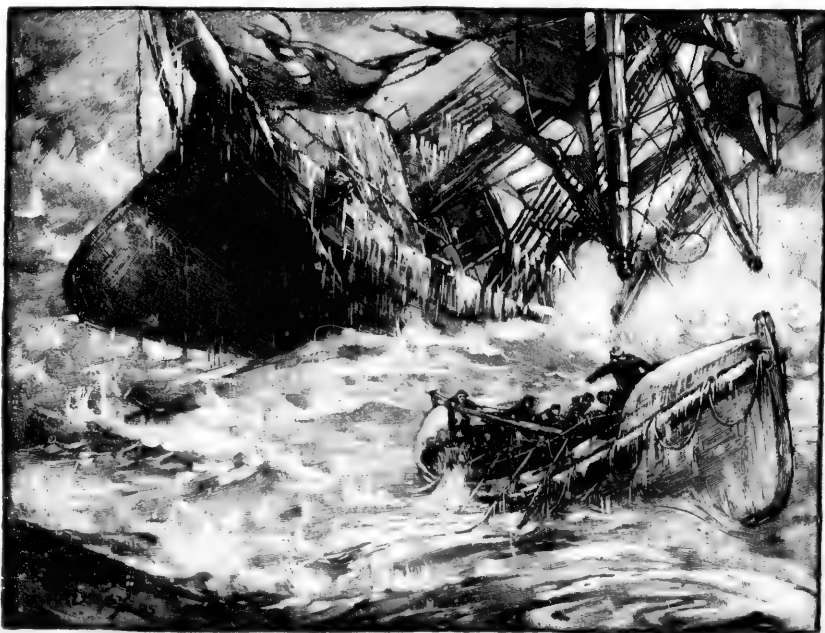
Even Echo speaks not on these radiant moors!
What! is the giant of the ocean dead,
Whose strength was all unmatched beneath the sun?
No; he reposes! Now his toils are done,
More quiet than the babbling brook is he.
So mightiest powers by deepest calms are fed,
And asleep, how oft, in things that gentlest be!

PARRY CORNWALL

THE LOST ATLANTIC.

'TIS night on the waters. The darkness hangs
over the sea like a pall:
The moon is dissolved in the gloaming—
the stars have gone out in the sky.
Hushed is the voice of the mermaid; secure in
her spar-lighted hall,

Rest, man! in thy confident power, enwapt
unbroken repose,
While ocean is bearing thee forth from thy land,
to a strange, distant shore.
Tranquilly slumber, sweet maid! nor thine eyes
of beauty unclose



ABANDONING THE SHIP.

She lists to the voice of the billows, and winds
that are fitful and high,
But the gallant ship speeds on her passage, and
soon in the harbor will glide.
Unscathed from the fury of ocean, and safe
from the rage of the blast;
On, on, with the prosperous breezes, she fearlessly
walks on the tide.
With the plash of her paddles time keeping with
waves that uprear—fall—are passed.
'Tis night on the waters. Now gentle, oh babe!
be thy slumbers and deep;
Thy visions contrast with the heavens that
darkly arch over thee, child;
Nor chill sweeping down from the Northland, nor
storm shall forbid thee to sleep,
Nor danger approach thee, though booms the
loud ocean in majesty wild.

On the sorrows and joys of a world that shall
grieve thee and glad thee no more.
'Tis night on the waters—a night of ill omen
disaster and doom—
For DEATH is the ghastly commander that now
on the vessel's deck stands!
From the mystic unknown he advances, appareled
in garbs of the tomb,
And over a thousand still sleepers he stretches
his skeleton hands!
Hark to the loud detonations of breakers and
billows! . . . A shock!
The strong and majestic vessel goes down—the
seas break o'er her now!
The proud but ill-fated Atlantic is dashed on the
perilous rock,
For Death—the commander—the pilot—his
station has ta'en at her prow.

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Up through the night on the waters, and filling
with horror the air,
The agonized wails of a thousand, that shrink
from the sepulchre, rise
Up from the waste of wide waters ascend both a
curse and a prayer;
To each, in his triumph unsated, grim Death,
the commander, replies:
"The crypts of the charnel are open. To me—
the invincible king—
Relentless—compassionless—deathless—to me
be an offering made!"
Up through the night on the waters the souls of
five hundred take wing—
Down, and the seaweed and coral, the clay of
five hundred is laid.

'Tis morn on the waters. From ocean is lifted
the shadowy pall;
The ripples disport in the daylight; the phan-
toms of midnight have flown.
The mermaid is plaintively chanting, adown in
her spar-lighted hall,
A requiem, mournfully tender, for those she
laments as her own.
Over the populous nations, that loved ones and
lost ones bewail,
A mantle of sorrow is resting, like night on a
desolate heath;
O the day was portentous and sad that so many
doomed hundreds set sail
On the strong yet ill-fated Atlantic, whose cap-
tain and pilot was *Death*.

JOHN TALMAN, JR

TWILIGHT.



THE twilight is sad and cloudy.
The wind blows wild and free,
And like the wings of seabirds—
Flash the white caps of the sea;
But in the fisherman's cottage
There shines a ruddier light,
And a little face at the window
Peers out into the night;
Close, close it is pressed to the window,
As if those childish eyes
Were looking into the darkness,
To see some form arise.
And a woman's waving shadow
Is passing to and fro,
Now rising to the ceiling,
Now bowing and bending low.
And why do the roaring ocean,
And the night-wind, wild and bleak,
As they beat at the heart of the mother,
Drive the color from her cheek?

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

MARY'S DREAM.

The author is known only for this one beautiful poem, yet this has given him enduring fame.

THE moon had climbed the highest hill
Which rises o'er the source of Dee,
And from the eastern summit shed
Her silver light on tower and tree;
When Mary laid her down to sleep,
Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea,
When, soft and slow, a voice was heard:
Saying, "Mary, weep no more for me!"
She from her pillow gently raised
Her head, to ask who there might be,
And saw young Sandy shivering stand,
With visage pale and hollow e'e.
"O, Mary dear, cold is my clay;
It lieth beneath a stormy sea.
Far, far from thee I sleep in death;
So, Mary, weep no more for me!"

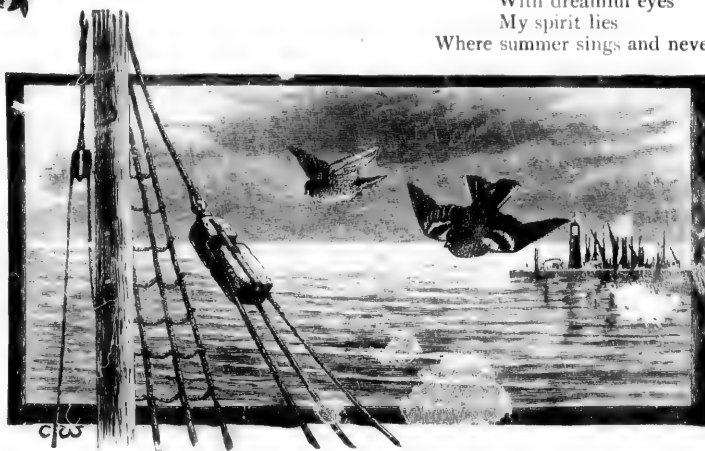
"Three stormy nights and stormy days
We tossed upon the raging main;
And long we strove our bark to save,
But all our striving was in vain.
Even then, when horror chilled my blood,
My heart was filled with love for thee:
The storm is past, and I at rest;
So, Mary, weep no more for me!"
"O maiden dear, thyself prepare;
We soon shall meet upon that shore,
Where love is free from doubt and care,
And thou and I shall part no more!"
Loud crowed the cock, the shadow fled,
No more of Sandy could she see:
But soft the passing spirit said,
"Sweet Mary, weep no more for me!"

JOHN LOWE.

DRIFTING.



My soul to-day
Is far away,
Sailing the Vesu-
vian Bay;
My winged
boat,
A bird afloat,
Swims round the
purple peaks remote:
Round purple peaks
It sails and seeks
Blue inlets and their crystal
creeks,



Where high rocks throw,
Through deeps below,
A duplicated golden glow.

Far, vague, and dim
The mountains swim;
While on Vesuvius' misty brim,
With outstretched hands,
The gray smoke stands,
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

I heed not, if
My rippling skiff
Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff;
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise.

Under the walls
Where swells and falls
The bay's deep breast at intervals,

At piece I lie,
Blown softly by
A cloud upon this liquid sky.
The day, so mild,
Is Heaven's own child,
With earth and ocean reconciled;
The airs I feel
Around me steal
Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.
Over the rail
My hand I trail
Within the shadow of the sail,
A joy intense;
The cooling sense
Glides down my drowsy indolence
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Where summer sings and never dies;

O'er veiled with vines,
She glows and shines
Among her future oil and wines.

Her children, hid
The cliffs amid,
Are gamboling with the gamboling kid,
Or down the walls,
With tipsy calls,
Laugh on the rocks like waterfalls.

The fisher's child,
With tresses wild,
Unto the smooth, bright sand beguiled,
With glowing lips
Sings as he skips,
Or gazes at the far-off ships.

Yon deep bark goes
Where traffic blows
From lands of sun to lands of snows;

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This happier one,
 Its course is run
 From lands of snow to lands of sun.
 O happy ship,
 To rise and dip,
 With the blue crystal at your lip!
 O happy crew,
 My heart with you
 Sails, and sails, and sings anew!
 No more, no more
 The worldly shore
 Upbraids me with its loud uproar!
 With dreamful eyes
 My spirit lies
 Under the walls of paradise!

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

THE LAUNCHING OF THE SHIP.

ALL is finished, and at length
 Has come the bridal day
 Of beauty and of strength.
 To-day the vessel shall be launched!
 With fleecy clouds the sky is blanched,
 And o'er the bay,
 Slowly, in all its splendors dight,
 The great sun rises to behold the sight.
 The ocean old,
 Centuries old,
 Strong as youth, and as uncontrolled,
 Paces restless to and fro,
 Up and down the sands of gold.
 His beating heart is not at rest;
 And far and wide,
 With ceaseless flow,
 His beard of snow
 Heaves with the heaving of his breast.
 He waits impatient for his bride.
 There she stands,
 With her foot upon the sands,
 Decked with flags and streamers gay,
 In honor of her marriage-day;
 Her snow-white signals fluttering, blending
 Round her like a veil descending,
 Ready to be
 The bride of the gray old sea.
 Then the Master,
 With a gesture of command,
 Waved his hand.
 And at the word,
 Loud and sudden there was heard,
 All around them and below,
 The sound of hammers, blow on blow,
 Knocking away the shores and spurs.
 And see! she stirs.
 She starts, she moves,—she seems to feel
 The thrill of life along her keel,
 And, spurning with her foot the ground,
 With one exulting, joyous bound,

She leaps into the ocean's arms.
 And lo! from the assembled crowd
 There rose a shout, prolonged and loud,
 That to the ocean seemed to say,
 "Take her, O bridegroom, old and gray;
 Take her to thy protecting arm
 With all her youth and all her charms."
 How beautiful she is! how fair
 She lies within those arms, that press
 Her form with many a soft caress
 Of tenderness and watchful care!
 Sail forth into the sea, O ship!
 Through wind and wave, right onward steer;
 The moistened eye, the trembling lip,
 Are not the signs of doubt or fear.

Sail forth into the sea of life,
 O gentle, loving, trusting wife!
 And safe from all adversity,
 Upon the bosom of that sea
 Thy comings and thy goings be!
 For gentleness, and love, and trust,
 Prevail o'er angry wave and gust;
 And in the wreck of noble lives
 Something immortal still survives!

Thou, too, sail on, O ship of State!
 Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
 Humanity, with all its fears,
 With all its hopes of future years,
 Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
 We know what master laid thy keel,
 What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
 Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
 What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
 In what a forge, and what a heat,
 Were shaped the anchors of thy hope.

Fear not each sudden sound and shock;
 'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
 'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
 And not a wreck made by the gale.
 In spite of black and tempest roar,
 In spite of false lights on the shore,
 Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea.
 Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,—
 Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
 Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
 Are all with thee—are all with thee.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

SUBLIMITY OF THE OCEAN

WHAT is there more sublime than the track-
 less, desert, all-surrounding, unfathoma-
 ble sea? What is there more peacefully
 sublime than the calm, gently heaving, silent sea?
 What is there more terribly sublime than the angry,
 dashing, foaming sea? Power—resistless, over-
 whelming power—is its attribute and its expression,
 whether in the careless, conscious grandeur of its
 deep rest, or the wild tumult of its excited wrath.

MARINER'S HYMN.

LAUNCH thy bark, marine !
 Christian, God speed thee !
 Let loose the rudder-bands—
 Good angels—lead thee !
 Set thy sails warily,

“What of the night, watchman?
 What of the night?”
 “Cloudy—all quiet—
 No land yet—all’s right.”
 Be wakeful, be vigilant—



THE RESCUE.

Tempests will come ;
 Steer thy course steadily ;
 Christian, steer home !
 Look to the weather-bow,
 Breakers are round thee ;
 Let fall the plummet now,
 Shallows may ground thee.
 Reef in the foresail there ;
 Hold the helm fast !
 So—let the vessel wear—
 There swept the blast.

Danger may be
 At an hour when all seemeth
 Securest to thee.
 How ! gains the leak so fast?
 Clean out the hold—
 Hoist up thy merchandise,
 Heave out the gold ;
 There—let the ingots go—
 Now the ship rights :
 Hurrah ! the harbor’s near—
 Lo ! the red lights !

Slacken not sail yet
At inlet or island ;
Straight for the beacon steer,
Straight for the high land.

Crowd all thy canvas on,
Cut through the foam—
Christian ! cast anchor now—
Heaven is thy home !

MRS. ROBERT SOUTHEY.

THE RETURN OF THE ADMIRAL.



OTH gallantly, and merrily,
We ride along the sea !
The morning is all sunshine,
The wind is blowing free :
The billows are all sparkling,
And bounding in the light,
Like creatures in whose sunny veins
The blood is running bright
All nature knows our triumph :
Strange birds about us sweep ;
Strange things come up to look at us,
The masters of the deep.
In our wake, like any servant,
Follows even the bold shark—
Oh, proud must be our Admiral
Of such a bonny barque !

Proud, proud, must be our Admiral
(Though he is pale to-day),
Of twice five hundred iron men,
Who all his nod obey ;
Who've fought for him, and conquered—
Who've won, with sweat and gore,
Nobility ! which he shall have
Whene'er he touch the shore.

Oh ! would I were our Admiral
To order, with a word—
To lose a dozen drops of blood,
And straight rise up a lord !
I'd shout e'en to you shark, there,
Who follows in our lee,
"Some day I'll make thee carry me,
Like lightning through the sea."

The Admiral grew paler,
And paler as we flew ;
Still talked he to his officers,
And smiled upon his crew :
And he looked up at the heavens,
And looked down on the sea,
And at last he spied the creature,
That kept following in our lee.
He shook—'twas but an instant—
For speedily the pride
Ran crimson to his heart,
Till all chances he defied :

It threw boldness on his forehead ;
Gave firmness to his breath ;
And he stood like some grim warrior
New risen up from death.

10

That night, a horrid whisper
Fell on us where we lay,
And we knew our old fine Admiral
Was changing into clay :
And we heard the wash of waters,
Though nothing could we see,
And a whistle and a plunge
Among the billows on our lee !
Till dawn we watched the body
In its dead and ghastly sleep,
And next evening at sunset,
It was slung into the deep !
And never, from that moment—
Save one shudder through the sea,
Saw we (or heard) the shark
That had followed in our lee !

BARRY CORNWALL.

LIFE'S TROUBLED SEA.

THIS life is like a troubled sea,
Where, helm a-weather or a-lee,
The ship will neither stay nor wear.
But drives, of every rock in fear
Still blows in vain the hurricane,
While love is at the helm,

THE SAILOR'S JOURNAL.

'T WAS post meridian, half-past four,
By signal I from Nancy parted;
At six she lingered on the shore,
With uplift hands and broken-hearted.

I little to their mirth inclined,
While tender thoughts rushed on my fancy,
And my warm sighs increased the wind,
Looked on the moon, and thought of Nancy!



At seven, while taughtening the forestay,
I saw her faint, or else 'twas fancy;
At eight we all got under weigh,
And bade a long adieu to Nancy!

Night came, and now eight bells had rung,
While careless sailors, ever cheery,
On the mid watch so jovial sung,
With tempers labor cannot weary.

And now arrived that jovial night
When every true-bred tar carouses:
When o'er the grog, all hands delight
To toast their sweethearts and their spouses.

Round went the can, the jest, the glee,
While tender wishes filled each fancy;
And when, in turn, it came to me,
I heaved a sigh, and toasted Nancy!

Next morn a storm came on at four,
At six the elements in motion
Plunged me and three poor sailors more
Headlong within the foaming ocean.
Poor wretches! they soon found their graves;
For me—it may be only fancy—
But love seemed to forbid the waves
To snatch me from the arms of Nancy!

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Scarce the foul hurricane was cleared,
Scarce winds and waves had ceased to rattle,
When a bold enemy appeared,
And, dauntless, we prepared for battle.
And now, while some loved friend or wite
Like lightning rushed on every fancy,
To Providence I trusted life,
Put up a prayer and thought of Nancy!

At last—'twas in the month of May—
The crew, it being lovely weather,
At three A. M. discovered day,
And England's chalky cliffs together.
At seven up Channel now we bore,
While hopes and fears rushed on my fancy;
At twelve I gaily jumped ashore,
And to my throbbing heart pressed Nancy!
CHARLES DIBDIN.



I NEVER knew how dear thou wert,
Till I was on the silent sea;
And then my lone and musing heart
Sent back its passionate thoughts to thee.
When the wind slept on ocean's breast,
And the moon smiled above the deep,
I longed thus o'er thy spirit's rest
A vigil like yon moon to keep.
When the gales rose, and, tempest-tossed,
Our struggling ship was sore beset,
Our topsails rent, our bearing lost,
And fear in every spirit met—

Oh! then, amid the midnight storm,
Peace on my soul thy memory shed:
The floating image of thy form
Made strong my heart amid its dread.
Yes! on the dark and troubled sea,
I strove my spirit's depths to know,
And found its deep, deep love for thee,
Fathomless as the gulfs below.
The waters bore me on my way—
Yet, oh! more swift than rushing streams,
To thee flew back, from day to day,
My clinging love—my burning dreams
CATHARINE WARFIELD

OCEAN.

OF all objects which I have ever seen, there is none which affects my imagination so much as the sea, or ocean. I cannot see the heavings of this prodigious bulk of waters, even in a calm, without a very pleasing astonishment;

but when it is worked up in a tempest, so that the horizon on every side is nothing but foaming billows and floating mountains, it is impossible to describe the agreeable horror that rises from such a prospect.
JOSEPH ADDISON.

THE SOUND OF THE SEA.

THOU art sounding on, thou mighty sea!
 For ever and the same;
 The ancient rocks yet ring to thee—
 Those thunders nought can tame.

Thy billowy anthem, ne'er to sleep
 'Until the close of time.

It fills the noontide's calm profound
 The sunset's heaven of gold:



Oh! many a glorious voice is gone
 From the rich bowers of earth.
 And hushed is many a lovely one
 Of mournfulness or mirth.

But thou art swelling on, thou deep!
 Through many an olden clime,

And the still midnight hears the sound
 Even as first it rolled.

Let there be silence, deep and strange,
 Where sceptred cities rose!

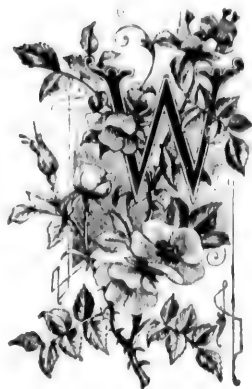
Thou speakest of One who doth not change—
 So may our hearts repose.

FELICIA D. HEMANS.

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THE MERMAID.

HO would be
A mermaid fair,
Singing alone,
Combing her hair
Under the sea,
In a golden curl
With a comb of pearl,
On a throne?

I would be a mermaid fair;
I would sing to myself the whole of the day;
With a comb of pearl I would comb my hair,
And still as I combed I would sing and say,
"Who is it loves me? who loves not me?"
I would comb my hair till my ringlets would fall,
Low adown, low adown,

From under my starry sea-bud crown
Low adown and around,
And I should look like a fountain of gold
Springing alone
With a shrill inner sound.
Over the throne
In the midst of the hall:
And all the mermen under the sea
Would feel their immortality
Die in their hearts for the love of me.

But at night I would wander away, away,
I would fling on each side my low-flowing
locks,
And lightly vault from the throne and play
With the mermen in and out of the rocks;
We would run to and fro, and hide and seek.
On the broad sea-wolds in the crimson shells,
Whose silvery spikes are nighest the sea.
But if any came near I would call, and shriek,

And adown the steep like a wave I would leap
From the diamond-ledges that jut from the
dells:
For I would not be kissed by all who would list,
Of the bold merry mermen under the sea;
They would sue me, and woo me, and flatter me,
In the purple twilights under the sea;
But the king of them all would carry me,
Woo me, and win me, and marry me,
In the branching jaspers under the sea;
Then all the dry pied things that be
In the hueless mosses under the sea
Would curl round my silver feet silently,
All looking up for the love of me.
And if I should carol aloud, from aloft
All things that are forked, and horned, and soft,
Would lean out from the hollow sphere of the
sea,

All looking down for the love of me.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

GONE LIKE A DREAM.

S UDDENLY, out in the black night before us,
and not two hundred yards away, we heard,
at a moment when the wind was silent, the
clear note of a human voice. Instantly the wind
swept howling down upon the Head, and the Cove
bellowed, and churned, and danced with a new
fury. But we had heard the sound, and we knew,
with agony, that this was the doomed ship now
close on ruin, and that what we had heard was the
voice of her master issuing his last command.

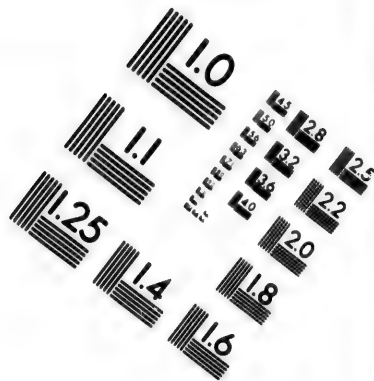
Crouching together on the edge, we waited,
straining every sense, for the inevitable end. It
was long, however, and to us it seemed like ages.
ere the vessel suddenly appeared for one brief in-
stant, relieved against a tower of glimmering foam.
I still see her reefed mainsail flapping loose, as the
boom fell heavily across the deck; I still see the

black outline of the hull, and still think I can dis-
tinguish the figure of a man stretched upon the
tiller.

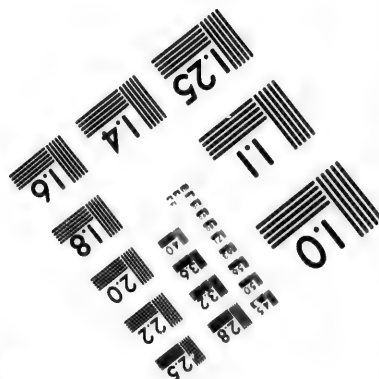
Yet the whole sight we had of her passed swifter
than lightning: the very wave that disclosed her
fell burying her forever; the mingled cry of many
voices at the point of death rose and was quenched
in the roaring of the ocean. And with that the
tragedy was at an end. The strong ship, with all
her gear, and the lamp perhaps still burning in her
cabin, the lives of so many men, precious surely to
others, dear, at least, as heaven to themselves, had
all, in that one moment, gone down into the surg-
ing waters. They were gone like a dream. And
the wind still ran and shouted, and the senseless
waters in the Cove still leaped and tumbled as
before.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

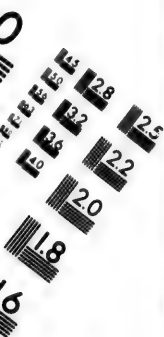




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**23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503**



THE SHIPWRECK.

'T WAS twilight, and the sunless day went down
Over the waste of waters, like a veil,
Which, if withdrawn, would but disclose
the frown

That still could keep afloat the struggling tars,
For yet they strove, although of no great use:
There was no light in heaven but a few stars,
The boats put off o'er-crowded with their crews:



Of one whose hate is masked but to assail.
Thus to their hopeless eyes the night was shown,
And grimly darkled over the faces pale,
And the dim desolate deep; twelve days had fear
Been their familiar, and now death was here.

At half past eight o'clock, booms, hencoops, spars,
And all things for a chance, had been cast loose,

She gave a heel, and then a lurch to port,
And, going down head foremost—sunk, in short,
Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell—
Then shrieked the timid, and stood still the
brave,
Then some leaped overboard with dreadful yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave;

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And the sea yawned round her like a hell,
And down she sucked with her the whirling wave,
Like one who grapples with his enemy.
And strives to strangle him before he die.

And first one universal shriek there rushed.
Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
Of echoing thunder; and then all was hushed,
Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash
Of billows; but at intervals there gushed
Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

There were two fathers in this ghastly crew,
And with them their two sons, of whom the one
Was more robust and hardy to the view,
But he died early; and when he was gone,
His nearest messmate told his sire, who threw
One glance at him, and said, "Heaven's will be
done;

I can do nothing," and he saw him thrown
Into the deep without a tear or groan.

The other father had a weaklier child,
Of a soft cheek, and aspect delicate;
But the boy bore up long, and with a mild
And patient spirit held aloof his fate;
Little he said, and now and then he smiled.
As if to win a part from off the weight
He saw increasing on his father's heart,
With the deep deadly thought, that they must part.

And o'er him bent his sire, and never raised
His eyes from off his face, but wiped the foam
From his pale lips, and ever on him gazed;
And when the wished-for shower at length was
come,

THE SECRET OF THE SEA.

A H! what pleasant visions haunt me
As I gaze upon the sea!
All the old romantic legends,
All my dreams come back to me.

Sails of silk and ropes of sendal,
Such as p'eam in ancient lore;
And the singing of the sailors,
And the answer from the shore!

Most of all, the Spanish ballad
Haunts me oft, and tarries long,
Of the noble Count Arnaldos
And the sailor's mystic song.

Like the long waves on a sea-beach,
Where the sand as silver shines,
With a soft, monotonous cadence,
Flow its unrhymed lyric lines;

Telling how the Count Arnaldos,
With his hawk upon his hand,
Saw a fair and stately galley,
Steering onward to the land;—

And the boy's eyes, which the dull film half
glazed,

Brightened, and for a moment seemed to roam,
He squeezed from out a rag some drops of rain
Into his dying child's mouth—but in vain

The boy expired—the father held the clay.

And looked upon it long; and when at last
Death left no doubt, and the dead burden lay
Stiff on his heart, and pulse and hope were past,
He watched it wistfully, until away

'Twas borne by the rude wave wherein 'twas
cast;

Then he himself sunk down, all dumb and shiver-
ing,

And gave no sign of life, save his limbs quivering.

As morning broke, the light wind died away;

When he who had the watch sung out and swore,
If 'twas not land that rose with the sun's ray,

He wished that land he never might see more:
And the rest rubbed their eyes, and saw a bay,
Or thought they saw, and shaped their course for
shore:

For shore it was, and gradually grew
Distinct, and high, and palpable to view.

And then of these some part burst into tears,

And other, looking with a stupid stare,
Could not yet separate their hopes from fears,
And seemed as if they had no further care,
While a few prayed—(the first time for some
years)—

And at the bottom of the boat three were
Asleep: they shook them by the hand and head,
And tried to waken them, but found them dead.

LORD BYRON.

How he heard the ancient helmsman
Chant a song so wild and clear,
That the sailing sea-bird slowly
Poised upon the mast to hear,

Till his soul was full of longing,
And he cried, with impulse strong—

"Helmsman! for the love of heaven,
Teach me, too, that wondrous song!"

"Wouldst thou,"—so the helmsman answered,

"Learn the secret of the sea?
Only those who brave its dangers
Comprehend its mystery!"

In each sail that skims the horizon,
In each landward-blowing breeze,
I behold that stately galley,
Hear those mournful melodies;

Till my soul is full of longing
For the secret of the sea,
And the heart of the great ocean
Sends a thrilling pulse through me.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

DRIFTING OUT TO SEA.

TWO little ones grown tired of play,
 Roamed by the sea one summer day,
 Watching the great waves come and go,
 Prattling—as children will, you know—
 Of dolls and marbles, kites and strings,
 Sometimes hinting at graver things.

At last they spied within their reach,
 An old boat cast upon the beach.
 Helter-skelter with merry din,

And now across the sunny sky
 A black cloud stretches far away,
 And shuts the golden gates of day.

A storm comes on with flash and roar,
 While all the sky is shrouded o'er;
 The great waves rolling from the West,
 Bring night and darkness on their breast,
 Still floats the boat through driving storm,
 Protected by God's powerful arm.



Over its sides they clamber in—
 Ben, with his tangled, nut-brown hair,
 Bess, with her sweet face flushed and fair.

Rolling in from the briny deep,
 Nearer, nearer, the great waves creep;
 Higher, higher, upon the sands,
 Reaching out with their giant hands;
 Grasping the boat in boisterous glee,
 Tossing it up and out to sea.

The sun went down 'mid clouds of gold;
 Night came, with footsteps damp and cold;
 Day dawned; the hours crept slowly by;

'The home-bound vessel, "Seabird," lies
 In ready trim, 'twixt sea and skies,
 Her captain paces res'less now,
 A troubled look upon his brow:
 While all his nerves with terror thrill—
 The shadow of some coming ill.

The mate comes up to where he stands,
 And grasps his arm with eager hands;
 "A boat has just swept past," says he,
 "Bearing two children out to sea—
 'Tis dangerous now to put about,
 Yet they cannot be saved without."

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"Naught but their safety will suffice—
They must be saved!" the captain cries.
"By every thought that's just and right,
By lips I hoped to kiss to-night,
I'll peril vessel, life and men,
And God will not forsake me then."

With anxious faces, one and all,
Each man responded to the call;
And when at last, through driving storm,
They lifted up each little form,
The captain started with a groan:
"My God!" he cried, "they are my own."

THE VOYAGE.

WE left behind the painted buoy
That tosses at the harbor-mouth;
And madly danced our hearts with joy,
As fast we fled to the South:
How fresh was every sight and sound
On open main or winding shore!
We knew the merry world was round,
And we might sail forevermore.

Warm broke the breeze against the brow,
Dry sang the tackle, sang the sail:
The Lady's-head upon the prow
Caught the shrill salt, and sheered the gale.
The broad seas swelled to meet the keel,
And swept behind: so quick the run,
We felt the good ship shake and reel,
We seemed to sail into the sun!

By peaks that flamed, or, all in shade,
Gloomed the low coast and quivering brine
With ashy rains, that spreading made
Fantastic plume or sable pine;
By sands and steaming flats, and floods
Of mighty mouth, we scudded fast,
And hills and scarlet-mingled woods
Glowed for a moment as we passed.

For one fair Vision ever fled
Down the waste waters day and night,
And still we followed where she led
In hope to gain upon her flight.
Her face was evermore unseen,
And fixed upon the far sea-line:
But each man murmured, "O my Queen,
I follow till I make thee mine."

And now we lost her, now she gleamed
Like fancy made of golden air,
Now nearer to the prow she seemed
Like virtue firm, like knowledge fair,
Now high on waves that idly burst
Like heavenly hope she crowned the sea,
And now, the bloodless point reversed,
She bore the blade of liberty.

And only one among us—him
We pleased not—he was seldom pleased:
He saw not far: his eyes were dim;
But ours he swore were all diseased.
"A ship of fools," he shrieked in spite,
"A ship of fools," he sneered and wept.
And overboard one stormy night
He cast his body, and on we swept.

And never sail of ours was furled
Nor anchor dropt at eve or morn;
We loved the glories of the world,
But laws of nature were our scorn:
For Flasts would rise and rave and cease,
But whence were those that drove the sail
Across the whirlwind's heart of peace,
And to and through the counter-gale?

Again to colder climes we came,
For still we followed where she led:
Now mate is blind and captain lame,
And half the crew are sick or dead.
But blind or lame or sick or sound
We follow that which flies before:
We know the merry world is round,
And we may sail for evermore.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

BY THE SEA.

O GOLDEN glory on sea and land,
O crimson twilight and azure sky,
While, far out, beyond the shining sand,
The sea-birds shoreward hurrying fly;
They dipped their wings in the northern sea,
Till, tired at last, they are wandering back,
To build their nests in the dear old cliff,
And fly once more o'er the homeward track.

I catch the gleam of their flashing wings,
I hear the greeting from hearts content;
Ah, that my song were as free from pain,
And my life as free from days ill-spent.

The sweetest songs are the songs of home,
When voices we love take up the strain;
If a chord be lost, the dearest song
Is never the same to us again.

Then veil your glory, O crimson sky,
A day is dead, and a great white stone
I roll on its grave, lest its restless ghost
Might vex my soul with its ceaseless moan.
I have buried deep the "might have been,"
The restless longing for what may be,
I have said a prayer and shed my tears,
And left the grave by the tossing sea.

THE SEA-FAIRIES.

SLOW sailed the weary mariners and saw,
Betwixt the green brink and the running
foam,
Sweet faces, rounded arms, and bosoms prest
To little harps of gold; and while they mused,
Whispering to each other half in fear,
Shrill music reached them on the middle sea.

Whither away, whither away, whither away? fly
no more.

Mariner, mariner, furl your sails,
For here are the blissful downs and dales,
And merrily, merrily carol the gales,
And the spangle dances in bight and bay
And the rainbow forms and flies on the land
Over the islands free;
And the rainbow lives in the curve of the sand;
Hither, come hither and see;
And the rainbow hangs on the poising wave.
And sweet is the color of cove and cave,



Whither away from the high green field, and the
happy blossoming shore?
Day and night to the billow the fountain calls;
Down shower the gamboling waterfalls
From wandering over the lea:
Out of the live-green heart of the dells
They freshen the silvery-crimson shells,
And thick with white bells the clover-hill swells
High over the full-toned sea:
O hither, come hither and furl your sails,
Come hither to me and to me:
Hither, come hither and frolic and play;
Here it is only the mew that wails;
We will sing to you all the day:

And sweet shall your welcome be:
O hither, come hither, and be our lords
For merry brides are we:
We will kiss sweet kisses, and speak sweet words:
O listen, listen, your eyes shall glisten
With pleasure and love and jubilee:
O listen, listen, your eyes shall glisten
When the sharp clear twang of the golden chords
Runs up the ridged sea.
Who can light on as happy a shore
All the world o'er, all the world o'er?
Whither away? listen and stay: mariner, mariner,
fly no more.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

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AN OLD-FASHIONED SEA-FIGHT.

WOULD you hear of an old-fashioned sea-fight?

Would you learn who won by the light of the moon and stars?

List to the story as my grandmother's father, the sailor, told it to me.

Our foe was no skulk in his ship, I tell you (said he); His was the surly English pluck, and there is no tougher or truer, an! never was, and never will be;

Along the lowered eve he came, horribly raking us.

We closed with him, the yards entangled, the cannon touched;

My captain lashed fast with his own hands.

We had received some eighteen-pound shots under the water;

On our lower-gun deck two large pieces had burst at the first fire, killing all around, and blowing up overhead.

Fighting at sundown, fighting at dark;

Ten o'clock at night, the full moon well up, our leaks on the gain, and five feet of water reported;

The master-at-arms loosing the prisoners confined in the after-hold, to give them a chance for themselves.

The transit to and from the magazine is now stopt by the sentinels.

They see so many strange faces, they do not know whom to trust.

Our frigate takes fire;

The other asks if we demand quarter, If our colors are struck, and the fighting is done.

Now I laugh content, for I hear the voice of my little captain:

"We have not struck," he composedly cries, "we have just begun our part of the fighting."

Only three guns are in use;

One is directed by the captain himself against the enemy's main-mast;

Two, well served with grape and canister, silence his musketry and clear his decks

The tops alone second the fire of this little battery, especially the main-top;

They hold out bravely during the whole of the action.

Not a moment's cease;

The leaks gain fast on the pumps, the fire eats toward the powder-magazine.

One of the pumps has been shot away, it is generally thought we are sinking.

Serene stands the little captain;

He is not hurried, his voice is neither high nor low; His eyes give more light to us than our battle-lanterns.

Toward twelve at night, there in the beams of the moon, they surrender to us

Stretched and still lies the midnight;

Two great hills motionless on the breast of the darkness;

Our vessel riddled and slowly sinking—preparations to pass to the one we have conquered;

The captain on the quarter-deck coldly giving his orders through a countenance white as a sheet;

Near by, the corpse of the child that served in the cabin;

The dead face of an old salt with long white hair and carefully curled whiskers;

The flames, spite of all that can be done, flickering aloft and below;

The husky voices of the two or three officers yet fit for duty;

Formless stacks of bodies, and bodies by themselves, dabs of flesh upon the masts and spars,

Cut of cordage, dangle of rigging, slight shock of the soothe of waves,

Black and impassive guns, litter of powder-parcels, strong scent,

Delicate sniffs of sea-breeze, smells of sedgy grass, and charge to survivors,

The hiss of the surgeon's knife, the gnawing teeth of his saw.

Wheeze, chuck, swash of falling blood, short wild scream, and long, dull, tapering groan;

These so—these irretrievable.

WALT WHITMAN.

THE SAILOR-BOY.

HE rose at dawn and fired with hope,
Shot o'er the seething harbor-bar,
And reached the ship and caught the rope,
And whistled to the morning star.

And while he whistled long and loud

He heard a fierce mermaid cry,

"O boy, though thou art young and proud,
I see the place where thou wilt lie."

"The sands and yeasty surges mix

In caves about the dreary bay,

And on thy ribs the limpet sticks,

And in thy heart the scrawl shall play."

"Fool," he answered, "death is sure

To those that stay and those that roam,

But I will nevermore endure

To sit with empty hands at home.

"My mother clings about my neck,

My sisters crying, 'Stay, for shame;'

My father raves of death and wreck,

They are all to blame, they are all to blame.

"God help me! save I take my part

Of danger on the roaring sea,

A devil rises in my heart,

Far worse than any death to me."

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE GALLANT SAIL-BOAT.

FROM "TWIN SOULS: A PSYCHIC ROMANCE."

HIGH noon had dried the morning dew,
 Old Æolus his warm winds blew,
 The wavelets washed the gleaming strand
 And flung their foam upon the sand,
 The bathers shouted in their glee,
 As, splashing in the genial sea,
 They dipped beneath the waves and then,
 With each new breaker, plunged again.
 The young, the old looked on and laughed,
 With freshened cheeks the breeze they quaffed,
 Bright children frolicked on the beach,
 And accents of their prattling speech
 Joined with the surf-song, loud and clear,
 In music dulcet to the ear.

The fashion of the town was there
 To breathe the cool and bracing air:
 The men of mind, the men of wealth,
 The men who, in pursuit of health,
 Take pills and potions for their ills—
 Dull headaches, sideaches, sweats and chills—
 And, skipping off from work and care,
 Take once a year a breath of air.

And women, pale and melancholy,
 Burned out by fashion's winter folly,
 Like eastern queens were decked and dressed,
 Just to lie by and take a rest.
 These drooping willows, day by day,
 In stupid languor seemed to say,
 "Life somewhere on this dismal sphere
 May be worth living, but not here."

Not such the sprightly, merry party,
 Young maidens bright and fellows hearty,
 Who stood with Conrad on the shore,
 Where break the waters evermore.
 Among the group that clustered there,
 Could there be found a mated pair,
 Who, come what might of wind and weather,
 Would sail life's rumpled sea together?

The boat, impatient of delay,
 With spreading, white wings flew away,
 Pushed its bold venture more and more,
 Left far behind the fading shore,
 And glided on, swan-like and free,
 A thing of life, sylph of the sea.
 The speed grew swift, each eager sail
 Swelled as it caught the gentle gale.

And so, with canvas all unfurled,
 Around the prow the waters curled,
 And wreaths of spray, formed one by one,
 Made rainbows in the shining sun.

The lively breeze then stiffer grew,
 The sail-boat leaped and darted through
 Each billow as it struck her breast,
 Or, mounting upward, skimmed the crest,
 Plunged down into the hollow graves,
 Made by the fast advancing waves,
 Then rose again with graceful bound,
 Wet with the white-caps splashing round,
 And in her frolicsome advance,
 Moved like a maiden in the dance.
 Careening low upon her side,
 No bird that cuts the air could glide
 More deftly than she gaily flew,
 Light-hearted, o'er the waters blue.

And just as gay were those on board,
 Their youthful spirits in accord.
 As well-tuned strings wake with a thrill,
 Touched by the harpist's facile skill,
 So these young hearts were in attune,
 And carolled like the birds of June.
 The pleasure-seekers, side by side,
 Rode with the wind, rode with the tide,
 While sparkling jest and blithesome song,
 And bursts of laughter loud and long,
 Spontaneous mirth and shouts of glee,
 Went floating o'er the ruffled sea.

HENRY DAVENPORT.

BEAUTY OF SEA-WAVES.

A LADY, on seeing the sea at Brighton for the first time, exclaimed, "What a beautiful field!" She had never seen such a beautiful green, moving, sparkling, grassy prairie. Mr. Leigh Hunt lavished a page of admiration upon a line of Ariosto's describing the waves as

"Neptune's white herds lowing o'er the deep."

Anacreon exclaims, in language appropriate to calm seas and smooth sand-beaches, "How the waves of the sea kiss the shore!" Saint-Lambert has four lines descriptive of the waves of a stormy sea dashing upon the beach, which have been much admired by writers upon imitative harmony. "Neptune has raised up his turbulent plains, the sea falls and leaps upon the trembling shores. She remounts, groans, and with redoubled blow makes the abyss and the shaken mountains resound.

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ALBUM OF LOVE:

CONTAINING

GLOWING TRIBUTES TO THE MASTER PASSION.

THE CROWNING GRACE.



MANY live and die knowing nothing of love except through their intellect. Their ideas on the subject are fanciful, because it has never been revealed by consciousness. Yet it were to question the benignity of God to believe that an element of our being so operative and subtle, and one that abounds chiefly in the good and the gifted, is of light import or not susceptible of being explained by reason, justified by conscience, and hallowed by religion, and thus made to bear a harvest not only of delight, but of virtue.

Love, Petrarch maintains, is the crowning grace of humanity, the holiest right of the soul, the golden link which binds us to duty and truth, the redeeming principle that chiefly reconciles the heart to life, and is prophetic of eternal good. It is a blessing of a glorious experience, according to the soul in which it is engendered.

The blessedness of true love springs from the soul itself, and is felt to be its legitimate and holiest fruit. Thus, and thus alone, is human nature richly developed, and the best interests of life wisely embraced. Shadows give way to substance, vague wishes to permanent aims, indifferent moods to endearing associations, and vain desire to a "hope full of immortality." Man is for the first time revealed to himself, and absolutely known to another; for entire sympathy, not friendly observation, is the key to our individual natures; and

when this has fairly opened the sacred portal, we are alone no more for ever!

HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

A CUBAN LOVE SONG.

THE dewdrops glitter on the tree,
Gold flashes the wild, tropic sea
And now I'm dreaming, love, of thee,
Of Charmiane.

The wood-dove coos within his nest
With gentle love his home is blest,
And he knows that I love thee best,
My Charmiane!

Now night is come and fireflies' light
Shed o'er the flowers their golden light
And love-birds call with all their might
To Charmiane!

The silver morn hangs in the sky,
Around the tower the black bats fly,
Whilst I am calling soft to my
Sweet Charmiane.

DAISY DEANE.

I WON'T BE YOUR DEARIE ANY MORE.

YOU are fickle, oh, so fickle, dare I tell,
All my striving shall undo the magic spell,
Sweet the dreams I dreamt the while
Will no more my heart beguile,
For I won't be your dearie any more.

All confiding on your single heart I dreamt,
Little thinking that your vows were never meant;
You will wonder when you find,
That the girl you left behind,
Isn't going to be your dearie any more.

In some other luscious beauty's liquid eyes
You will steep your fickle heart with tender sighs,
But when at length you'll run
From the fickle web you've spun,
You will find I'm not your dearie any more.

Some other bonnet now you'll dote upon,
And your evenings at the club will madly run,
The estrangement will not hurt,
For with others I can flirt,

As I won't be your dearie any more.

ROSE REILLY.

MY IDEAL.

HER height? Perhaps you'd deem her tall—
To be exact, just five feet seven,
Her arching feet are not too small;
Her glancing eyes are bits of heaven.

Her nose is just the proper size,
Without a trace of upward turning.
Her shell like ears are wee and wise
The tongue of scandal ever spurning.



Slim are her hands, though not too wee—
I could not fancy useless fingers;
Her hands are all that hands should be,
And own a touch whose memory lingers.

Though little of her neck is seen,
That little is both smooth and sightly;
And fair as marble is its sheen
Above her bodice gleaming whitely.

In mirth and woe her voice is low,
Her calm demeanor never fluttered;
Her every accent seems to go
Straight to one's heart as soon as uttered.
She ne'er coquets as others do;
Her tender heart would never let her
Where does she dwell? I would I knew,
As yet, alas! I've never met her.

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

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THE FIRST KISS.

HOW delicious is the winning
Of a kiss at love's beginning,
When two mutual hearts are sighing
For the knot there's no untying.

Yet remember, midst your wooing,
Love has bliss, but love has ruing;
Other smiles may make you fickle,
Tears for other charms may trickle.

Love he comes, and love he tarries,
Just as fate or fancy carries,—
Longest stays when sorest chidden,
Laughs and flies when pressed and bidden.

Bind the sea to slumber stilly,
Bind its odor to the lily,
Bind the aspen ne'er to quiver,—
Then bind love to last forever!

Love's a fire that needs renewal
Of fresh beauty for its fuel;
Love's wing moults when caged and captured,—
Only free he soars enraptured.

Can you keep the bee from ranging,
Or the ring-dove's neck from changing?
No! nor fettered love from dying
In the knot there's no untying.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

QUAKERDOM.

THE FORMAL CALL.

THROUGH her forced, abnormal quiet
Flashed the soul of frolic riot,
And a most malicious laughter lighted up
her downcast eyes:

All in vain I tried each topic,
Ranged from polar climes to tropic, —
Every commonplace I started met with yes-or-no
replies.

For her mother—stiff and stately,
As if starched and ironed lately
Sat erect, with rigid elbows bedded thus in curving
palms:

There she sat on guard before us,
And in words precise, decorous,
And most calm, reviewed the weather, and recited
several psalms.

How without abruptly ending
This my visit, and offending
Wealthy neighbors, was the problem which em-
ployed my mental care:

When the butler, bowing lowly,
Uttered clearly, stiffly, slowly,
"Madam, please, the gardener wants you,"—
Heaven, I thought, has heard my prayer.

"Pardon me!" she grandly uttered;
Bowing low, I gladly muttered,
"Surely, madam!" and, relieved, I turned to scan
the daughter's face:

Ha! what pent-up mirth outflashes
From beneath those pencilled lashes!
How the drill of Quaker custom yields to nature's
brilliant grace.

Brightly springs the prisoned fountain
From the side of Delphi's mountain
When the stone that weighed upon its buoyant life
is thrust aside:
So the long enforced stagnation
Of the maiden's conversation
Now imparted five-fold brilliancy to its ever-vary-
ing tide.

Widely ranging, quickly changing,
Witty, winning, from beginning
Unto end I listened, merely flinging in a casual
word:

Eloquent and yet how simple!
Hand and eye, and eddying dimple,
Tongue and lip together made a music seen as well
as heard.

When the noonday woods are ringing,
All the birds of summer singing,
Suddenly there falls a silence, and we know a ser-
pent nigh:

So upon the door a rattle
Stopped our animated tattle,
And the stately mother found us prim enough to
suit her eye.

CHARLES G. HALPINE.

MARION MOORE.

GONE, art thou, Marion, Marion Moore,
Gone, like the bird in the autumn that
singeth;
Gone, like the flower by the way-side that springeth;
Gone, like the leaf of the ivy that clingeth
Round the lone rock on a storm-beaten shore!

Dear wert thou, Marion, Marion Moore,
Dear as the tide in my broken heart throbbing;
Dear as the soul o'er thy memory sobbing;
Sorrow my life of its roses is robbing
Wasting is all the glad beauty of yore.

I will remember thee, Marion Moore!
I shall remember, alas! to regret thee!
I will regret when all others forget thee;
Deep in my breast will the hour that I met thee
Linger and burn till life's fever is o'er.

Gone, art thou, Marion, Marion Moore!
Gone, like the breeze o'er the billow that bloweth;
Gone, like the rill to the ocean that floweth;
Gone, as the day from the grey mountain goeth,
Darkness behind thee, but glory before.

Peace to thee, Marion, Marion Moore!
Peace which the queens of the earth cannot borrow;
Peace from a kingdom that crowned thee with
sorrow;

O! to be happy with thee on the morrow
Who would not fly from this desolate shore?

JAMES G. CLARK.

SPEAK IT ONCE MORE.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE.

SAY over again, and yet once over again,
That thou dost love me. Though the word
repeated
Should seem "a cuckoo-song," as thou dost treat it.
Remember, never to the hill or plain,
Valley and wood, without her cuckoo strain.
Comes the fresh spring in all her green completed.
Beloved, I, amid the darkness greeted
By a doubtful spirit voice, in that doubt's pain

Cry: "Speak once more—thou lovest!" Who
tear
Too many stars, though each in heaven shall roll
Too many flowers, though each shall crown
year?
Say thou dost love me, love me, love me—toll
The silver iterance!—only minding, dear,
To love me also in silence, with thy soul

ELIZABETH B. BROWNING.

HER BRIGHT EYES TOLD ME YES.



WELL Molly was a maiden coy, divinely fair to see,
With all a maiden's willfulness she tantalized poor me.
She laughed at all my pleadings, oh, it seemed they were in vain,
My ardent vows she ridiculed, and treated with disdain
But when I gazed into her face, no more I felt distress,
For though her lips they told me no, her bright eyes told me yes

Although her lips they told me no, her bright eyes told me yes,
Beneath her sweeping lashes I could see love's tenderness.

Some day I knew she would be mine—the truth she would confess—

For though her lips they told me no, her bright eyes told me yes.

At times I tried to steal a kiss, my arm crept round
her waist,
I tilted up her dimpled chin and stooped, her lips
to taste,
And then in simulated wrath, and with a haughty
"sir,"
She'd tear herself from my embrace, but swift I'd
follow her,
And undismayed I'd try again—her thoughts I
well could guess—
For though her lips they told me no, her bright
eyes told me, yes.

And now for years she's been my wife, we both
are getting old,
Our heads are white, our backs are bent, but love
has not grown cold.
Content we journey hand in hand along life's
winding way;
Joy keeps our hearts forever young, as on our wed-
ding day.
My youthful dream came true, I knew I'd have
this happiness—
For though her lips they told me no, her bright
eyes told me, yes. TOM L. SAPPINGTON.

THE CHESS-BOARD.

M little love, do you remember,
Ere we were grown so sadly wise,
Those evenings in the bleak December,
Curtained warm from the snowy weather,
When you and I played chess together,
Checkmated by each other's eyes?

Ah! still I see your soft white hand
Hovering warm o'er Queen and Knight;
Brave Pawns in valiant battle stand;
The double Castles guard the wings;
The Bishop, bent on distant things,
Moves, sidling, through the fight.

Our fingers touch; our glances meet,
And falter; falls your golden hair
Against my cheek; your bosom sweet
Is heaving. Down the field your Queen

Rides slow, her soldiery all between,
And checks me unaware.

Ah me! the little battle's done;
Disperst is all its chivalry.
Full many a move since then have we
Mid life's perplexing checkers made,
And many a game with fortune played;
What is it we have won?
This, this at least—if this alone:

That never, never, nevermore,
As in those old still nights of vore,
(Ere we were grown so sadly wise),
Can you and I shut out the skies,
Shut out the world and wintry weather,
And eyes exchanging warmth with eyes,
Play chess, as then we played together.

ROBERT BULWER LYTTON.



WHISPERS OF LOVE.

WOO THE FAIR ONE.

DOS.' thou idly ask to hear
 At what gentle seasons
 Nymphs relent, when lovers near
 Press the tenderest reasons?
 Ah, they give their faith too oft
 To the careless wooer;
 Maidens' hearts are always soft:
 Would that men's were truer.

When, through boughs that knit the bower
 Moonlight gleams are stealing;
 Woo her, till the gentle hour
 Wake a gentler feeling.

Woo her, when autumnal dyes
 Tinge the woody mountain;
 When the drooping foliage lies
 In the weedy fountain;



MATCHMAKING IN THE OLDEN TIME.

Woo the fair one, when around
 Early birds are singing;
 When, o'er all the fragrant ground,
 Early herbs are springing:
 When the brookside, bank, and grove,
 All with blossoms laden,
 Shine with beauty, breathe of love—
 Woo the timid maiden.

Woo her when, with rosy blush,
 Summer eve is sinking;
 When, on rills that softly gush,
 Stars are softly winking;

Let the scene, that tells how fast
 Youth is passing over,
 Warn her, ere her bloom is past,
 To secure her lover.

Woo her, when the north winds call
 At the lattice nightly;
 When, within the cheerful hall,
 Blaze the fagots brightly;
 While the wintry tempest round
 Sweeps the landscape hoary,
 Sweeter in her ear shall sound
 Love's delightful story.

W. C. BRYANT.



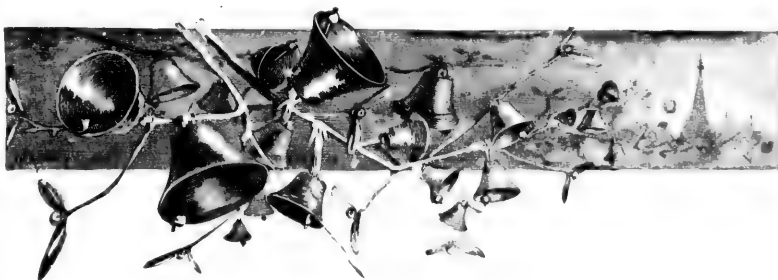
TWILIGHT shade is calmly falling
 Round about the dew-robed flowers;
 Philomel's lone song is calling
 Lovers to their fairy bowers;
 Echo, on the zephyrs gliding,
 Bears a voice that seems to say—
 "Ears and hearts, come, list my tidings:
 This has been a wedding day."

Hark! The merry chimes are pealing—
 Soft and glad the music swells;
 Gaily on the night wind stealing,
 Sweetly sound the wedding bells.

Ev'ry simple breast rejoices,
 Laughter rides upon the gale;
 Happy hearts and happy voices
 Dwell within the lowly vale;
 O, how sweet, on zephyrs gliding,
 Sound the bells that seem to say—
 "Ears and hearts, come, list my tidings:
 This has been a wedding day."

Hark! The merry chimes are pealing—
 Soft and glad the music swells;
 Gaily on the night wind stealing,
 Sweetly sound the wedding bells.

ELIZA COOK.



MIZPAH!

It is said on good authority that a common custom among the ancient Hebrews when they separated was to speak the word "Mizpah," meaning thereby, "Jehovah watch between me and thee while we are absent one from another."

I KISSED your lips, and held your hands,
And said farewell, and went away,
Well knowing that another day
Would speed you forth to other lands.
And down the summer-scented street
I heard your echoing voice repeat
The Hebrew motto, quaint and sweet:
"Mizpah!"

A thousand miles between us lay
When autumn passed in lingering flight,
And drenched with fragrant dew at night
The woodland fires he lit by day;
But, all the golden distance through,
From you to me and me to you
Went out the tender prayer and true:
Mizpah!

The winter night falls cold and bleak;
I sit, in saddened mood, alone,
And listen to the wind's low moan,
And hide a fear I dare not speak,
For you are far, so far away,
And younger lips have turned to clay;
Dear love! I tremble while I pray,
Mizpah!

But spring shall blossom up the plain,
And Easter lilies scent the air,
And song birds riot everywhere,
And heart and hope grow glad again.
Yet still my nightly prayer shall be,
Though swallows build or swallows flee,
Until my love comes back to me,
Mizpah!

And when, with flowers of June, you come,
And face to face again we stand,
And heart to heart and hand to hand,
O love! within the one dear home:
We shall not need to say again,
In winter's snow or summer's rain,
Till death shall come to part us twain:
Mizpah!

TRUE LOVE.

HE offers me no palace,
No name of high degree;
Bright fortune's golden chalice
He does not bring to me;
But he has won my hand,
And he has gained my heart;
For more than palace grand,
Or all gold can impart
Is his true love for me!
Is his true love for me!

By many a tender token,
By many a winning word,
I know with love unbroken
His heart for me is stirred;
For this I give my hand
And yield my trusting heart,
For more than title grand,
Or aught wealth can impart,
Is a true heart to me!
Is a true heart to me!

Bright are the halls of pleasure,
And grand is fashion's train,
But far more do I treasure
A home without a stain!
Rank may not always charm,
Nor fortune always bless;
But love the heart will warm,
And bring true happiness!
Then a bright home for me!
Truth, love, and home for me!

BONNIE WEE THING.

BONNIE wee thing! cannie wee thing!
Lovely wee thing! wert thou mine,
I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine.
Wishfully I look, and languish,
In that bonnie face o' thine;
And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,
Lest my wee thing be na mine.

Wit and grace and love and beauty,
In ae constellation shine;
To adore thee is my duty,
Goddess o' this soul o' mine!
Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,
I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine.

ROBERT BURNS.

HER CHRISTMAS LETTER.

WHEN I write to you
My pen I'd dip with honey dew,
When I write to you.

What can a woman say!
Not hers to sing love's roundelay,
What can a woman say!

"Faithful, strong and true!"
Must run my letter through,
When I write to you.

When you are far away
My heart can make no holiday;
Come Christmas when it may.
AUGUSTA PRESCOTT.



OH DOUBT ME NOT!

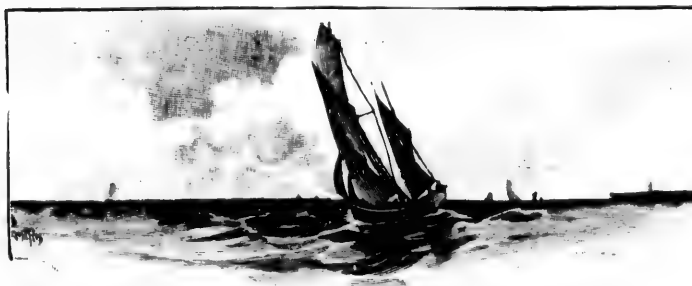
O H doubt me not!—the season
 Is o'er, when folly made me rove,
 And now the vestal reason,
 Shall watch the fire awaked by love.
 Although this heart was early blown,
 And fairest hands disturbed the tree,
 They only shook some blossoms down,
 Its fruit has all been kept for thee.
 Then doubt me not—the season
 Is o'er, when folly made me rove;
 And now the vestal reason,
 Shall watch the fire awaked by love.

THOMAS MOORE.

REMEMBERED.

N AY, tempt me not to love again,
 There was a time when love was sweet;
 Dear Nea! had I known thee then,
 Our souls had not been slow to meet!
 But, oh! this weary heart hath run
 So many a time the rounds of pain,
 Not e'en for thee, thou lovely one!
 Would I endure such pangs again.
 In pleasure's dream or sorrow's hour,
 In crowded hall or lonely bower,
 The business of my soul shall be,
 Forever to remember thee!

THOMAS MOORE.



TO MY DREAM-LOVE.

WHERE art thou, oh! my beautiful? Afar
I seek thee sadly, till the day is done,
And o'er the splendor of the setting sun,
Cold, calm, and silvery floats the even-
ing star:

Where art thou? Ah! where art thou, hid in light
That haunts me, yet still wraps thee from my
sight?

Not wholly, ah! not wholly—still love's eyes
Trace thy dim beauty through the mystic veil,
Like the young moon that glimmers faint and pale,
At noon-tide through the sun-web of the skies:
But ah! I ope mine arms, and thou art gone,
And only memory knows where thou hast shone.

Night—night the tender, the compassionate,
Bindeth thee, gem-like, 'mid her raven hair:
I dream, I see, I feel that thou art there—
And stand all weeping at sleep's golden gate,
Till the leaves open, and the glory streams
Down through my tranced soul in radiant dreams.

Too short, too short, soon comes the chilly morn,
To shake from love's boughs all their sleep-born
bloom,

And wake my heart back to its bitter doom,
Sending me through the land downcast, forlorn,
Whilst thou, my beautiful, art far away,
Bearing the brightness from my joyless day.

I stand and gaze across earth's fairest sea,
And still the flashing of the restless main
Sounds like the clashing of a prisoner's chain,
That binds me, oh! my beautiful, from thee.
Oh! sea-bird, flashing past on snow-white wing,
Bear my soul to her in thy wandering!

My heart is weary, gazing o'er the sea—
O'er the long dreary lines that close the sky:
Through solemn sunsets ever mournfully,
Gazing in vain, my beautiful, for thee;
Hearing the sullen waves for evermore
Dashing around me on the lonely shore.

But tides creep lazily about the sands,
Washing frail land-marks, Lethe-like, away;
And though their records perish day by day,
Still stand I ever with close-claped hands,
Gazing far westward o'er the heaving sea,
Gazing in vain, my beautiful, for thee.

WALTER A. CASSELS.

KISS ME, AND BE STILL.

SWEETHEART, if there should come a time
When in my careworn face
The beauty of a vanished prime,
You strive in vain to trace;
When faded tresses gray and thin,
Defy the binder's skill;
Sweetheart, betray no sign,
By word no look repine.
Think of the grace that once was mine;
Kiss me and be still.

Sweetheart, if there should come a year
When from my withered lips
The loving word that now rings clear,
In tuneless weakness slips;
If I should sing with quivering voice

Some old song worse than ill,
Sweetheart, with kind deceit,
No mocking words repeat.
Think of the voice that once was sweet;
Kiss me, and be still.

Sweetheart, if there should come a day—
I know not when nor how—
When your love beams with lessening ray,
That burns so brightly now;
When you can meet my faithful eyes,
And feel no answering thrill;
Sweetheart, let me know—
I could not bear the woe—
Think of the dear, dead long ago;
Kiss me, and be still.

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

G O N I
He
Rolls the
The willow
Give out a
The sun

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THE ARCTIC LOVER.

GONE is the long, long winter night;
 Look, my beloved one!
 How glorious, through his depths of light,
 Rolls the majestic sun!
 The willows waked from winter's death,
 Give out a fragrance like thy breath—
 The summer is begun!

Ay, 'tis the long bright summer day:
 Hark, to that mighty crash!
 The loosened ice-ridge breaks away—
 The smitten waters flash,
 Seaward the glittering mountain rides,
 While down its green translucent sides,
 The foamy torrents dash.

See, love, my boat is moored for thee,
 By ocean's weedy floor—
 The petrel does not skim the sea
 More swiftly than my oar.
 We'll go, where, on the rocky isles,
 Her eggs the screaming sea-fowl piles
 Beside the pebbly shore.

Or, bide thou where the poppy flows,
 With wind-flowers trail and fair,
 While I, upon his isle of snows,
 Seek and defy the bear.
 Fierce though he be, and huge of frame,
 This arm his savage strength shall tame,
 And drag him from his lair.

When crimson sky and famy cloud
 Bespeak the summer o'er,
 And the dead valleys wear a shroud
 Of snows that melt no more,
 I'll build of ice thy winter home,
 With glistening walls and glassy dome,
 And spread with skins the floor.

The white fox by thy couch shall play;
 And, from the frozen skies,
 The meteors of a mimic day
 Shall flash upon thine eyes.
 And I—for such thy vow—meanwhile
 Shall hear thy voice and see thy smile,
 Till that long midnight flies.

W. C. BRYANT.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

THE passion remakes the world for the youth. It makes all things alive and significant. Nature grows conscious. Every bird on the boughs of the tree sings now to his heart and soul. Almost the notes are articulate. The clouds have faces, as he looks on them. The trees of the forest, the waving grass and the peeping flowers have grown intelligent; and almost he fears to trust them with the secret which they seem to invite. Yet nature soothes and sympathizes. In the green solitude he finds a dearer home than with men.

"Fountain heads and pathless groves,
 Places which pale passion loves,
 Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
 Are safely housed, save bats and owls,
 A midnight bell, a passing groan,
 These are the sounds we feed upon."

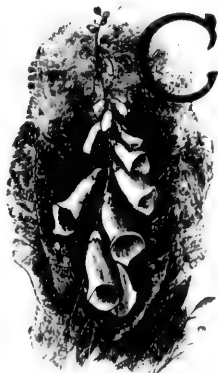
Behold there in the wood the fine madman! He is a palace of sweet sounds and sights; he dilates; he is twice a man; he walks with arms akimbo; he soliloquizes; he accosts the grass and the trees; he feels the blood of the violet, the clover and the lily in his veins; and he talks with the brook that wets his foot.

The causes that have sharpened his perceptions of natural beauty have made him love music and verse. It is a fact often observed that men have written good verses under the inspiration of passion, who cannot write well under any other circumstances.

The like force has the passion over all his nature. It expands the sentiment; it makes the clown gentle, and gives the coward heart. Into the most pitiful and abject it will infuse a heart and courage to defy the world, so only it have the countenance of the beloved object. In giving him to another, it still more gives him to himself. He is a new man, with new perceptions, new and keener purposes, and a religious solemnity of character and aims. He does not longer appertain to his family and society. He is somewhat. He is a person. He is a soul.

R. W. EMERSON.

THE WELCOME.



COME in the evening, or come in the morning;
Come when you're looked for, or come without warning;
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore you!
Light is my heart since the day we were plighted;
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted;
The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
And the linnets are singing, "True lovers don't sever!"

I'll pull you sweet flowers, to wear if you choose them!
Or, after you've kissed them, they'll lie on my bosom;
I'll fetch from the mountain its breeze to inspire you;
I'll fetch from my fancy a tale that won't tire you.
Oh! your step's like the rain to the summer-vexed farmer,
Or sabre and shield to a knight without armor;
I'll sing you sweet songs till the stars rise above me,
Then wandering, I'll wish you in silence to love me.

We'll look through the trees at the cliff and the
cyrle;
We'll tread round the path on the track of the fairy;
We'll look on the stars and we'll list to the river,
Till you ask of your darling what gift you can give
her.
Oh! she'll whisper you—"Love, as unchangeably
beaming,
And trust, when in secret, most tunelessly streaming;
Till the starlight of heaven above us shall quiver,
As our souls flow in one down eternity's river."

So come in the evening, or come in the morning;
Come when you're looked for, or come without
warning;
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore
you!
Light is my heart since the day we were plighted;
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted;
The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
And the linnets are singing, "True lovers don't
sever!"

THOMAS DAVIS.

CAN YOU FORGET ME?

CAN you forget me?—I who have so cher-
ished
The veriest trifle that was memory's link?
The roses that you gave me, although perished,
Were precious in my sight; they made me
think
You took them in their scentless beauty stooping
From the warm shelter of the garden wall;
Autumn, while into languid winter drooping,
Gave its last blossoms, opening but to fall.
Can you forget them?

Can you forget me? My whole soul was blended;
At least it sought to blend itself with thine;
My life's whole purpose, winning thee, seemed
ended;
Thou wert my heart's sweet home—my spirit's
shrine.

Can you forget me?—when the firelight burning,
Flung sudden gleams around the quiet room?
How would thy words, to long past moments turn-
ing,
Trust me with thoughts soft as the shadowy
gloom!

Can you forget them?

Can you forget me? This is vainly tasking
The faithless heart where I, alas! am not.
Too well I know the idleness of asking—
The misery—of why am I forgot?
The happy hours that I have passed while kneeling,
Half slave, half child, to gaze upon thy face,
But what to thee this passionate appealing—
Let my heart break—it is a common case.

You have forgotten me.
LETITIA E. LONDON.

THE STARS ARE WITH THE VOYAGER.

THE stars are with the voyager
Wherever he may sail;
The moon is constant to her time;
The sun will never fail;
But follow, follow round the world,
The green earth and the sea;
So love is with the lover's heart,
Wherever he may be.

Wherever he may be, the stars
Must daily lose their light;
The moon will veil her in the shade;
The sun will set at night.
The sun may set, but constant love
Will shine when he's away;
So that dull night is never night,
And day is brighter day.

THOMAS HOOD.

ETHEL'S SONG OF LOVE.

FROM "TWIN SOULS: A PSYCHIC ROMANCE."

I LOVE, and my heart that was dying,
 Scarce gasping a tremulous breath,
 To song turns its sorrowful sighing,
 And ceases its moanings for death;
 O worlds! hear my jubilant singing—
 Notes keyed to the coo of the dove—
 Notes keyed to the clarion, ringing—
 O worlds, 'tis the music of love!
 O love, I hear melodies stealing
 From woodlands and meadows and dells,

Now, hues of the May-trees are whiter,
 And deeper the blush of the dawn,
 The far constellations are brighter,
 The wail of the night winds is gone.
 Hush, hush! Through the shadows that hover
 Around me this star-lighted night,
 I catch the footfall of my lover—
 Two beings in one now unite;
 He comes with the glow of the morning,
 He comes with the breath of the spring;



As if the glad angels were pealing
 Soft chimes from invisible bells;
 A mystical harp thou art thrumming,
 Whose strings are the sun's mellow beams—
 I list to the sweet, tender humming,
 And hear it again in my dreams.
 O love, my hot brow thou art wreathing
 With blossoms pearl dews have caressed;
 With affluent joy thou art breathing
 New life through my perishing breast;

Too cheap were such tawdry adorning
 As graces the head of a king.
 O lover, to me thou art bringing
 The gems of earth's opulent zones,
 And down at my feet thou art flinging
 Far more than the splendor of thrones!
 Poor, poor was my spirit and dying,
 Till thou to my bosom didst fly,
 Now, angels as well might be sighing,
 And pant in their heaven to die.

HENRY DAVENPORT.

FOR LOVE'S SWEET SAKE.

A WAKE!—the starry midnight hour
 Hangs charmed, and pauseth in its flight;
 In its own sweetness sleeps the flower,
 And the doves lie hushed in deep delight.
 Awake! awake!
 Look forth, my love, for love's sweet sake!
 Awake!—soft dews will soon arise
 From daisied mead and thorny brake:
 Then, sweet, uncloud those eastern eyes,
 And like the tender morning break!
 Awake! awake!
 Dawn forth, my love, for love's sweet sake!

Awake!—within the musk-rose bower
 I watch, pale flower of love, for thee.
 Ah, come! and show the starry hour
 What wealth of love thou hid'st from me!
 Awake! awake!
 Show all thy love, for love's sweet sake!
 Awake!—ne'er heed though listening night
 Steal music from thy silver voice;
 Uncloud thy beauty, rare and bright,
 And bid the world and me rejoice!
 Awake! awake!—
 She comes at last, for love's sweet sake.

BARRY CORNWALL.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

FROM "THE DAY DREAM."

YEAR after year unto her feet,
 She lying on her couch alone,
 Across the purple coverlet,
 The maiden's jet-black hair has grown ;
 On either side her tracéd form
 Forth streaming from a braid of pearl ;
 The slumb'rous light is rich and warm,
 And moves not on the rounded curl.



The silk star-broidered coverlid
 Unto her limbs itself doth mould,
 Languidly ever ; and amid
 Her full black ringlets, downward rolled,
 Glows forth each softly shadowed arm,
 With bracelets of the diamond bright.
 Her constant beauty doth inform
 Stillness with love, and day with light.

She sleeps ; her breathings are not heard
 In palace chambers far apart.
 The fragrant tresses are not stirred
 That lie upon her charmed heart.
 She sleeps ; on either hand upswells
 The gold-fringed pillow lightly prest ;
 She sleeps, nor dreams, but ever dwells
 A perfect form in perfect rest.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE REVIVAL OF THE "SLEEPING BEAUTY."

FROM "THE DAY DREAM."

A TOUCH, a kiss ! the charm was snapt.
 There rose a noise of striking clocks ;
 And feet that ran, and doors that clapt,
 And barking dogs, and crowing cocks ;
 A fuller light illumined all ;

A breeze through all the garden swept ;
 A sudden hubbub shook the hall ;
 And sixty feet the fountain leapt.

The hedge broke in, the banner blew,
 The butler drank, the steward scrawled,
 The fire shot up, the martin flew,
 The parrot screamed, the peacock squalled ;
 The maid and page renewed their strife ;
 The palace banged, and buzzed and clacked ;
 And all the long-pent stream of life
 Dashed downward in a cataract.

And last of all the king awoke,
 And in his chair himself upreared,
 And yawned, and rubbed his face, and
 Spoke :

"By holy rood, a royal beard !
 How say you ? we have slept, my lords,
 My beard has grown into my lap,"
 The barons swore, with many words,
 'T was but an after-dinner's nap.

"Pardy !" returned the king, "but still
 My joints are something stiff or so.
 My lord, and shall we pass the bill
 I mentioned half an hour ago ?"
 The chancellor, sedate and vain,
 In courteous words returned reply ;
 But dallied with his golden chain,
 And, smiling, put the question by.

ALFRED TENNYSON

THE "SLEEPING BEAUTY" DEPARTS WITH HER LOVER.

FROM "THE DAY DREAM."

AND on her lover's arm she leant,
 And round her waist she felt it fold ;
 And far across the hills they went
 In that new world which is the old.
 Across the hills, and far away
 Beyond their utmost purple rim,
 And deep into the dying day,
 The happy princess followed him.

"I'd sleep another hundred years,
 O love, for such another kiss !"
 "O wake forever, love," she hears,
 "O love, 't was such as this and this."

And o'er them many a sliding star,
 And many a merry wind was borne,
 And, streamed through many a golden bar,
 The twilight melted into morn

"O eyes long laid in happy sleep !"
 "O happy sleep, that lightly fled !"
 "O happy kiss, that woke thy sleep !"
 "O love, thy kiss would wake the dead !"
 And o'er them many a flowing range
 Of vapor buoyed the crescent bark ;
 And, rapt through many a rosy change,
 The twilight died into the dark.

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 "O, seek
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"A hundred summers! can it be?
And whither goest thou, tell me where!"
"O, seek my father's court with me,
For there are greater wonders there."
And o'er the hills, and far away
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
Beyond the night, across the day,
Through all the world she followed him.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE BELLE OF THE BALL.

YEARS, years ago, ere yet my dreams
Had been of being wise or witty,
Ere I had done with writing themes,
Or yawned o'er this infernal Chitty—
Years, years ago, while all my joys
Were in my fowling-piece and filly;
In short, while I was yet a boy,
I fell in love with Laura Lilly.
I saw her at the county ball;
There, when the sounds of flute and fiddle
Gave signal sweet in that old hall
Of hands across and down the middle,
Hers was the subtlest spell by far
Of all that sets young hearts romancing:
She was our queen, our rose, our star;
And then she danced—O heaven! her dancing.

Dark was her hair; her hand was white;
Her voice was exquisitely tender;
Her eyes well full of liquid light;
I never saw a waist so slender;
Her every look, her every smile,
Shot right and left a score of arrows:
I thought 't was Venus from her isle,
And wondered where she'd left her sparrows.

Through sunny May, through sultry June,
I loved her with a love eternal;
I spoke her praises to the moon,
I wrote them to the Sunday journal.
My mother laughed; I soon found out
That ancient ladies have no feeling:
My father frowned; but how should gout
See any happiness in kneeling?

She was the daughter of a dean—
Rich, fat and rather apoplectic;
She had one brother just thirteen,
Whose color was extremely hectic;
Her grandmother for many a year,
Had fed the parish with her bounty;
Her second cousin was a peer,
And lord-lieutenant of the county.

But titles and the three-per-cents,
And mortgages, and great relations,
And India bonds, and tithes and rents,
O, what are they to love's sensations;
Black eyes, fair forehead, clustering locks—

Such wealth, such honors Cupid chooses;
He cares as little for the stocks
As Baron Rothschild for the muses.

She sketched; the vale, the wood, the beach,
Grew lovelier from her pencil's shading;
She botanized; I envied each
Young blossom in her bonnet fading;
She warbled Handel; it was grand—
She made the Catilina jealous;
She touched the organ; I could stand
For hours and hours to blow the bellows

And she was flattered, worshipped, bored;
Her steps were watched, her dress was noted;
Her poodle-dog was quite adored;
Her sayings were extremely quoted.
She laughed—and every heart was glad,
As if the taxes were abolished;
She frowned—and every look was sad,
As if the opera were demolished.

She smiled on many just for fun—
I knew that there was nothing in it;
I was the first, the only one,
Her heart had thought of for a minute.
I knew it, for she told me so,
In phrase which was divinely moulded;
She wrote a charming hand—and O,
How sweetly all her notes were folded!

Our love was most like other loves,—
A little glow, a little shiver,
A rosebud and a pair of gloves,
And "Fly Not Yet," upon the river;
Some jealousy of some one's hair,
Some hopes of dying broken-hearted;
A miniature, a lock of hair,
The usual vows—and then we parted.

We parted: months and years rolled by;
We met again four summers after,
Our parting was all sob and sigh.
Our meeting was all mirth and laughter!
For in my heart's most secret cell
There had been many other lodgers;
And she was not the ball-room's belle,
But only Mrs.—Something—Rogers!

WINTHROP M. PRÆD.

MY TRUE-LOVE HATH MY HEART.

MY true-love hath my heart, and I have his,
By just exchange one to the other given;
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,
There never was a better bargain driven;
My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

His heart in me keeps him and me in one;
My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides:
He loves my heart, for once it was his own;
I cherish his because in me it bides:
My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

A REVERIE.

IT was only a winsome way she had,
As there in the twilight gray
She smiled on me till my heart was, lad,
In the glad, old-fashioned way;
And fainter far than echoes are
Was the touch of a tremulous tone
That round me fell with the magic spell
Of a hand that clasped my own.

The rough old river, close to our feet,
Ran on with curve and fret
As our love once ran on its way to meet
And be lost in a vain regret;
My darkened room shook out its gloom
Into folds of a fair delight,
Till overhead was canopied
By only the stars of night.

She flung me a shred of broken song,
Raveled from the unrest
That flutters where faith has suffered wrong
From doubts in the human breast;
And here and there and everywhere
The world bent down to wait,
With me, the sign of a form divine
And the click of a cottage gate.

Ah! Fate, you cannot hide her face
And fairy form from me!
For the soul is careless of time and space
And master of things to be;
And while you would have my spirit sad
As I sit in the twilight gray,
She smiles on me till my heart is glad
In the glad, old-fashioned way.

THE BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY.

TO marry or not to marry? that's the question.
Whether 'tis nobler in the back to suffer
The jeers and banter of outrageous females,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by proposing, end them. To court; to marry,
To be a bach no more: and, by a marriage end
The heart-ache, and the thousand and one ills
Bachelors are heir to; 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To court, to marry;
To marry! perchance to rue—ay, there's the rub;
For in that state what afterthoughts may come,
When we have shuffled off this bachelor coil,
Must bring repentance.

There's the respect
That makes men live so long a single life,
For who would bear the scorn of pretty girls,
The hints of widows, the insolence of married men,
The inconveniences of undarned socks,
And thread-bare coats, and shirts with buttons off,
The pangs of love-fits, and the misery
Of sleeping with cold feet, the dumps, the blues,
The horrors and the owl-like loneliness;

When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare "will you have me?" Who would bear
To fret and groan under a single life,
But that the dread of something after marriage—
That undiscovered net-work from whose meshes
No venturer escapes, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear the ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?

CONSTANCY.

BENEATH the shadows of the trees,
In groves where floats the perfumed breeze,
'Mid roses and 'mid violets,
I wait, O, love, for thee.

'Neath skies of deep and sunny blue
By water that reflects its hue,
By bayou deep and shallow bay,
I wait, O, love, for thee.

With youth and ever-living love,
Which comes to us from Heaven above,
With hope and trust and charity,
I wait, O, love, for thee.

'Till age shall turn my dark hair gray,
'Till life's illusions fade away,
'Till earth shall sever life's frail cord,
I'll wait, O, love, for thee.

ADELE AUZE.

GO, HAPPY ROSE.

GO, happy rose! and interweave
With ether flowers, bind my love!
Tell her, too, she must not be
Longer flowing, longer free,
That so oft hath fettered me.

Say, if she's fretful, I have bands
Of pearl and gold to bind her hands;
Tell her, if she struggle still,
I have myrtle rods at will,
For to tame, though not to kill.

Take then my blessing thus, and go,
And tell her this,—but do not so!
Lest a handsome anger fly,
Like a lightning from her eye,
And burn thee up, as well as I.

ROBERT HERRICK.

LIGHT.

THE night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies,
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies,
When love is done.

FRANCIS W. BOURDILLON.



CONSTANCY.

LOVE AND MAY.

HER words fell soft upon my ear,
 Like dropping dews from leafy spray:
 She knew no shame, and felt no fear;
 She told me how her childhood grew—
 Her joys how keen, her cares how few:
 She smiled, and said her name was May.



I marked her for a little space;
 And soon she seemed to heed me not,
 But gathered flowers before my face.
 Oh, sweet to me her untaught ways!
 The love I bore her all my days
 Was born of that wild woodland spot.
 I never called her bride nor wife,
 I watched her bloom a little more,
 And then she faded out of life:
 She quaffed the wave I might not drink,
 And I stood thirsting on the brink!
 Oh! hurrying tide!—Oh, dreary shore!

Wild as an untamed bird of spring,
 She sported 'mid the forest ways,
 Whose blossoms pale did round her clin;
 Blithe was she as the banks of June,
 Where humming-bees kept sweetest time—
 The soul of love was in her lays.

Still, shouting 'neath the greenwood tree,
 Glad children call upon her name:
 But life and time are changed to me:
 The grass is growing where she trod,
 Above her head a bladeless sod—
 The very earth is not the same.

ELEONORA L. HERVEY.

ESTRANGED.

AH well! we are wiser at last,
 The charming delusion is over;
 Your dream of devotion is past,
 And I—am no longer a lover.
 But, darling (allow me the phrase
 For simple civility's sake),
 Don't think in this calmest of lays,
 I've any reproaches to make.

Ah no! not a querulous word
 Shall fall from my passionless pen;
 The sharp little scoldings you've heard
 I never shall utter again.
 But if in this final adieu,
 Too chilly for even a kiss,
 I venture a comment or two,
 You surely won't take it amiss.

I'm thinking, my dear, of the day—
 (Well, habit is certainly queer,
 And still, in a lover-like way,
 I call you my "darling" and "dear";
 I'm thinking, I say, of the time
 I vowed you were charmingly clever,
 And raved of your beauty in rhyme,
 And promised to love you forever!

Forever! a beautiful phrase,
 Suggestive of heavenly pleasure,
 That millions and millions of days
 Were wholly unequal to measure!
 And yet, as we sully have seen,
 The case is remarkably clear,
 'Tis a word that may happen to mean
 Rather less than a calendar year!

Yet I never have broken my vow,
 Although I admit that I swore
 To love you forever, and now
 Confess that I love you no more;
 For, since you're no longer the same,
 (Heaven pardon and pity us both!)
 To be loving you now, I proclaim,
 Were really breaking my oath!

JOHN G. SAXE.

LOVE ME

poem, the
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 The dew
 I could cr

LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG.

A poem, the author of which is unknown, was originally more than 300 years ago. The title has become a saying, and the sentiment appears to have been suggested by another saying, that "hot love is always short."

LOVE me little, love me long!
Is the burden of my song:
Love that is too hot and strong
Burneth soon to waste.

Still I would not have thee cold,—
Not too backward, nor too bold;
Love that lasteth till 't is old
Fadeth not in haste.

Love me little, love me long!
Is the burden of my song.
If thou lovest me too much,
'Twill not prove as true a touch;
Love me little more than such,—
For I fear the end.

I'm with little well content,
And a little from thee sent
Is enough, with true intent
To be steadfast, friend.

Say thou lovest me, while thou live,
I to thee my love will give,
Never dreaming to deceive
While that life endures;
Nay, and after death, in sooth,
I to thee will keep my truth,
As now when in my May of youth:
This my love assures.

Constant love is moderate ever,
And it will through life persevere;
Give me that with true endeavor,—
I will it restore.
A suit of durance let it be,
For all weathers,—that for me,—
For the land or for the sea;
Lasting evermore.

Winter's cold or summer's heat,
Autumn's tempests on it beat;
It can never know defeat,
Never can rebel:
Such the love that I would gain,
Such the love, I tell thee plain,
Thou must give, or woo in vain:
So to thee—farewell!

THE MILKMAID'S SONG.

PULL, pull! and the pail is full,
And milking is done and over.
Who would I sit here under the tree?
What a fair, fair thing's a green field to see!
Brim, brim, to the rim, ah me!
I have set my pail on the daisies!
It seems so light—can the sun be set?
The dews must be heavy, my cheeks are wet,
I could cry to have hurt the daisies!

Harry is near, Harry is near,
My heart's as sick as if he were here,
My lips are burning, my cheeks are wet,
He hasn't uttered a word as yet,
But the air's astir with his praises,
My Harry!
The air's astir with your praises.

He has scaled the rock by the pixy's stone,
He's among the kingcups—he picks me one,
I love the grass that I tread upon
When I go to my Harry!
He has jumped the brook, he has climbed the knowe,
There's never a faster foot I know,
But still he seems to tarry.

O Harry! O Harry! my love, my pride,
My heart is leaping, my arms are wide!
Roll up, roll up, you dull hillside,
Roll up, and bring my Harry!
They may talk of glory over the sea,
But Harry's alive, and Harry's for me,
My love, my lad, my Harry!

Come spring, come winter, come sun, come snow,
What cares Dolly, whether or no,
While I can milk and marry?
Right or wrong, and wrong or right,
Quarrel who quarrel, and fight who fight,
But I'll bring my pail home every night
To love, and home, and Harry!

We'll drink our can, we'll eat our cake,
There's beer in the barrel, there's bread in the bake,
The world may sleep, the world may wake,
But I shall milk and marry,
And marry,
I shall milk and marry.

SYDNEY DOBELL.

THE PLAYTHING.

KITTY'S charming voice and face,
Siren-like, first caught my fancy;
Wit and humor next take place,
And now I dote on sprightly Nancy.

Kitty tunes her pipe in vain,
With airs most languishing and dying;
Calls me false, ungrateful swain,
And tries in vain to shoot me flying.

Nancy with resistless art,
Always humorous, gay, and witty,
Has talked herself into my heart,
And quite excluded tuneless Kitty.

Ah, Kitty! Love, a wanton boy,
Now pleased with song, and now with prattle,
Still longing for the newest toy,
Has changed his whistle for a rattle.

WHEN SHOULD LOVERS BREATHE THEIR VOWS?

WHEN should lovers breathe their vows?
When should ladies hear them?
When the dew is on the boughs,
When none else are near them
When the moon shines cold and pale,



When the birds are sleeping,
When no voice is on the gale,
When the rose is weeping;
When the stars are bright on high,
Like hopes in young love's dreaming,
And glancing round the light clouds fly,
Like soft fears to shade their beaming.

The fairest smiles are those that live
On the brow by starlight wreathing;
And the lips their richest incense give
When the sigh is at midnight breathing.
O, softest is the cheek's love-ray
When seen by moonlight hours,

Other roses seek the day,
But blushes are night flowers.
O, when the moon and stars are bright,
When the dew drops glisten,
Then their vows should lovers plight,
Then should ladies listen!

LETITIA E. LONDON.

MOLL McCARTY.

She's not so very gay,
But I can't stay away
From her party—from
her party.
Down the street, beside
the glare
Of a lamplight's rosy
flare
Lives McCarty—Moll
McCarty.
CHORUS:—And her eyes
shine bright
Like the stars on frosty
night,
And just as hearty—
just as hearty,
With a crystalline de-
light
That sinks my soul in
plight,
Oh, McCarty—Moll
McCarty.

Her lips are cherry red,
Like rosebuds in their bed;
Or at a party—at a party.
When the sad tears fill her eye,
Then in sympathy I cry
With McCarty—Moll McCarty.

You're not so very gay,
But you stole my heart away
At your party—at your party;
And though o'er this world I'd roam
My heart would turn to you as home,
Sweet McCarty—Moll McCarty.

Your home be-side the flare
Of lamplight's rosy glare
Holds a party—holds a party:

The sweet babe upon my knee,
Who resembles you and me.
My McCarty—Moll McCarty.

CHARLES M. WALLINGTON.

A HEINE LOVE SONG.

THE image of the moon at night
All trembling in the ocean lies,
But she, with calm and steadfast light,
Moves proudly through the radiant skies.
How like the tranquil moon thou art—
Thou fairest flower of womankind!
And, look, within my fluttering heart
Thy image trembling is enshrined!

EUGENE FIELD.



MY LOVE IS OVER THE SEA.

A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE.

THIS is the place. Stand still, my steed,
Let me review the scene,
And summon from the shadowy past
The forms that once have been.

The past and present here unite
Beneath time's flowing tide,
Like footprints hidden by a brook,
But seen on either side.

Here runs the highway to the town;
There the green lane descends,
Through which I walked to church with thee,
O gentlest of my friends!

The shadow of the linden-trees
Lay moving on the grass;
Between them and the moving boughs,
A shadow, thou didst pass.

Thy dress was like the lilies,
And thy heart as pure as they:
One of God's holy messengers
Did walk with me that day.

I saw the branches of the trees
Bend down thy touch to meet,
The clover-blossoms in the grass
Rise up to kiss thy feet.

"Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born!"
Solemnly sang the village choir
On that sweet Sabbath morn.

Through the closed blinds the golden sun
Poured in a dusty beam,
Like the celestial ladder seen
By Jacob in his dream.

And ever and anon, the wind,
Sweet-scented with the hay,
Turned o'er the hymn-book's fluttering leaves
That on the window lay.

Long was the good man's sermon,
Yet it seemed not so to me;
For he spoke of Ruth the beautiful,
And still I thought of thee.

Long was the prayer he uttered,
Yet it seemed not so to me;
For in my heart I prayed with him,
And still I thought of thee.

But now, alas! the place seems changed;
Thou art no longer here:
Part of the sunshine of the scene
With thee did disappear.

Though thoughts, deep-rooted in my heart,
Like pine-trees dark and high,
Subdue the light of noon, and breathe
A low and ceaseless sigh;

This memory brightens o'er the past,
As when the sun, concealed
Behind some cloud that near us hangs,
Shines on a distant field

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

UP! QUIT THY BOWER.

UP! quit thy bower! late wears the hour,
Long have the rooks cawed round the tower!
O'er flower and tree loud hums the bee,
And the wild kid sports merrily.
The sun is bright, the sky is clear;
Wake, lady, wake! and hasten here.

Up, maiden fair! and bind thy hair,
And rouse thee in the breezy air!
The lulling stream that soothed thy dream

Is dancing in the sunny beam.
Waste not these hours, so fresh, so gay:
Leave thy soft couch, and haste away!

Up! Time will tell the morning bell
Its service-sound has chimed well;
The aged crone keeps house alone,
The reapers to the fields are gone.
Lose not these hours, so cool, so gay:
Lo! whilst thou sleepest they haste away!

JOANNA BAILLIE.

FOLLOWING SUIT.

ONE springtime day a gentle maid
Adown the garden pathway strayed
That wound the shady orchard through;
And thinking of her eyes of blue,
And tender glances, sweet and true,
I followed suit—pray, wouldn't you?

A saucy breeze that chanced to stray
Along that fragrant garden way
Swapt back her wavy golden hair,

Surprised to see a maid so fair,
And sighed for love such charms to view,
I followed suit—pray, wouldn't you?

A ray from out the sunlit sky
Espied the maid as she passed by,
And rained his kisses, soft and warm,
On neck and hair and snowy arm,
And cheek of apple-blossom hue.
I followed suit—pray, wouldn't you?

I SAW TWO CLOUDS AT MORNING.

I SAW two clouds at morning,
Tinged by the rising sun,
And in the dawn they floated on,
And mingled into one;
I thought that morning cloud was
blessed,
It moved so sweetly to the west.

I saw two summer currents
Flow smoothly to their meeting,
And join their course, with silent
force,
In peace each other greeting;
Calm was their course through banks of
green,
While dimpling eddies played between.

Such be your gentle motion,
Till life's last pulse shall beat;
Like summer's beam and summer's
stream,
Float on, in joy, to meet
A calmer sea, where storms shall cease,
A purer sky, where all is peace.

JOHN G. C. BRAINARD.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES O!

GREEN grow the rashes O,
Green grow the rashes O;
The sweetest hours that e'er I
spend
Are spent among the lasses O.

There's naught but care on ev'ry han',
In every hour that passes O;
What signifies the life o' man,
An' 't were na for the lasses O?

The warly race may riches chase,
An' riches still may fly them O;
An' though at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them O.

Gie me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie O,
An warly cares an' warly men
May all gae tapsalteerie O.

For you sae douce, ye sneer at this,
Ye 're naught but senseless asses O!
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw
He dearly lo'ed the lasses O.

Auld nature swears the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes O;
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses O.

ROBERT BURNS.

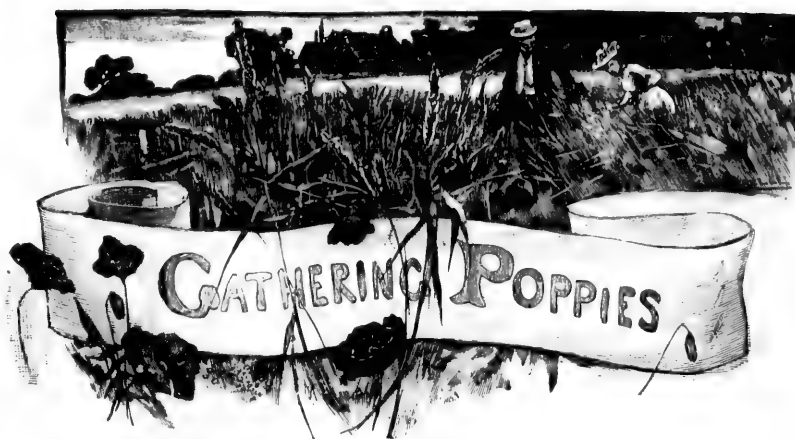
A MADRIGAL.

THE dreary days of winter come,
The fields are bare, the woods are dumb,
And chilled with drenching rain;
But, dearest, in your face I see
The merry, merry months again.



For April left within your eyes
The peerless azure of his skies;
And snowy blooms of May
Are on your brow; and June impressed
The kisses of his rosiest day

On either cheek. As for your hair,
September stored his treasure there
Of glittering gold, that I
Might gaze thereon and valiantly
The winter frosts and chills defy.



THROUGH the golden corn we went,
In the rosy evening light;
We, the poppies mid the gold,
Gathered with a child's delight.

Time was naught to us, for we
Scarcely felt the moments glide;
She, in robes of purest white,
Seemed an angel by my side.

O, that glorious sunset hour,
With its radiance round us thrown,
Seemed an emblem sweet and fair,
Of the joy I deemed my own.

On we wandered for a while,
Then the cornfield path we traced;
Evening shadows from the sky
All its glowing tints had chased.

All the ruddy petals gone,
From the gathered poppies now;
All the light of hope and joy
Faded out from cheek and brow.

For a question and reply,
Those sad evening breezes bore—
And I knew that side by side
We should wander nevermore.

S. J. REILLY.

LOVE'S FLOWER.

IF I were blind and thou shouldst enter
E'er so softly in the room,
I should know it,
I should feel it,
Something subtle would reveal it,
And a glory round the centre
That would lighten up the gloom.
And my heart would surely guide me,
With love's second-sight provide me,
One amid the crowd to find,
If I were blind!

If I were deaf, and thou hadst spoken
Ere thy presence I had known,
I should know it,
I should feel it,
Something subtle would reveal it,

And the seal at once be broken
By love's liquid undertone.
And the world's discordant noises—
Whisper, wheresoe'er thou art,
'Twill reach thy heart.

If I were dead and thou should venture
Near the coffin where I lay,
I should know it,
I should feel it,
Something subtle would reveal it,
And no look of mildest censure
Rest upon that face of clay.
Shouldst thou kiss me, conscious flashes
Of love's fire through death's cold ashes
Would give back the cheek its red,
If I were dead!

JAMIE'S ON THE SEA.

ERE the twilight bat was fitting,
In the sunset at her knitting,
Sang a lonely maiden, sitting
Underneath her threshold tree.

And as daylight died before us,
And the vesper star shone o'er us,
Fitful rose her tender chorus,
"Jamie's on the stormy sea."

SONG.

O H! never, no, never,
 Thou'lt meet me again!
 Thy spirit for ever
 Has burst from its chain;
 The links thou hast broken
 Are all that remain,
 For never, oh! never,
 Thou'lt meet me again.
 Like the sound of the viol,
 That dies on the blast;
 Like the shade on the dial,
 Thy spirit has passed.
 The breezes blow round me,
 But give back no strain;
 The shade on the dial
 Returns not again.
 Where roses enshrined thee,
 In light trellised shade,
 Still hoping to find thee,
 How oft have I strayed!
 Thy desolate dwelling
 I traverse in vain;—
 The stillness has whispered
 Thou'lt ne'er come again.

CAROLINE OLIPHANT.

WHEN YOUR BEAUTY APPEARS.

“WHEN your beauty appears,
 In its graces and airs,
 All bright as an angel new dropt from
 the skies,
 At distance I gaze, and am awed by my fears,
 So strangely you dazzle my eyes!
 But when without art
 Your kind thoughts you impart,
 When your love runs in blushes through every vein,
 When it darts from your eyes, when it pants
 at your heart,
 Then I know that you're woman again.”
 “There's a passion and pride
 In our sex,” she replied;
 “And thus (might I gratify both) I would do—
 Still an angel appear to each lover beside,
 But still be a woman for you.”

THOMAS PARNELL.

SWEET, BE NOT PROUD.

SWEET, be not proud of those two eyes,
 Which starlike sparkle in their skies;
 Nor be you proud that you can see
 All hearts your captives, yours yet free.
 Be you not proud of that rich hair,
 Which wantons with the lovesick air;
 When as that ruby which you wear,
 Sunk from the tip of your soft ear,
 Will last to be a precious stone
 When all your world of beauty's gone.

ROBERT HERRICK.

AN OLD LOVE-LETTER.

THROUGH her tears she gazed upon it,
 Record of that brief bright dream!
 And she clasped it closer—closer—
 For a message it would seem,



Coming from the lips now silent,
 Coming from a hand now cold;
 And she felt the same emotion
 It had thrilled her with of old.

MRS. J. C. NEAL.

DON'T MARRY A MAN "TO SAVE HIM."

A CRY comes over from Oregon
 For a car-load of maidens, fully grown,
 All of them women of blood and tone—
 Come marry our men "to save them."

There are thousands here in these haunts of sin,
Spending their money in gaming and gin,
Corrupt without and corrupt within—
Come marry these men "to save them."

They have each been somebody's pride and joy,
Somebody's petted and pampered boy,
Spoiled for lack of a maiden coy—
Come marry these men "to save them."

You must be healthy, pure, and strong,
Alike to breast and bear the wrong,
Willing to carry a burden long—
Come marry these men "to save them."

You must be leader, but always seem
To be gentle and helpless as love's young dream,
And leaned upon when you seem to lean—
Come marry these men "to save them."

You must be cleanly, and kind, and sweet,
Making a path for their godless feet
Up to the grace of the mercy-seat—
Come marry these men "to save them."

Oh, woman, you are sold at a fearful price,
If you wed your virtue to whisky and dice,
And trust your soul to a den of vice—
Don't marry a man "to save him."

A life that is pure needs a pure one in turn,
A being to honor, and not to spurn,
An equal love, that shall constant burn—
Don't marry a man "to save him."

A woman's life is a precious thing,
Her love a rose unwithering;
Would you bury it deep in early spring,
By marrying a man "to save him?"

You can pray for his soul from morn till eve,
You can wish the angels to bring reprieve
To his sin-bound heart, but you'll always grieve
If you marry a man "to save him."

God gives to woman a right to press
Her claim to a man's best manliness.
A woman gives all; shall a man give less?
Don't marry a man "to save him."

THE EMERALD RING.

A SUPERSTITION.

IT is a gem which hath the power to show
If plighted lovers keep their faith or no;
If faithful, it is like the leaves of spring;
If faithless, like those leaves when withering.
Take back again your emerald gem,
There is no color in the stone;
It might have graced a diadem,
But now its hue and light are gone!
Take back your gift, and give me mine—
The kiss that sealed our last love-vow;

Ah, other lips have been on thine—
My kiss is lost and sullied now!
The gem is pale, the kiss forgot,
And, more than either, you are changed;
But *my* true love has altered not,
My heart is broken—not estranged!

LETITIA E. LONDON.

THE LOVE OF A MOTHER.

WHO that has languished, even in advanced
life, in sickness and despondency; who
that has pined on a weary bed in the
neglect and loneliness of a foreign
land; but has thought on the mother "who
looked on his childhood," that smoothed his pillow
and administered to his helplessness? O, then
there is an enduring tenderness in the love of a
mother to a son that transcends all other affections
of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfish-
ness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by
worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude.

She will sacrifice every comfort to his conveni-
ence; she will surrender every pleasure to his en-
joyment; she will glory in his laurel and exult in
his prosperity—and, if misfortune overtake him,
he will be the dearer to her from his misfortunes;
and if disgrace settle upon his name, she will still
love and cherish him in spite of his disgrace; and
if all the world beside cast him off, she will be all
the world to him.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

"O NANCY, WILT THOU GO WITH ME."

O NANCY, wilt thou go with me,
Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town?
Can silent glens have charms for thee,
The lonely cot and russet gown?
No longer drest in silken sheen,
No longer decked with jewels rare,
Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nancy! when thou'rt far away,
Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?
Say, canst thou face the parching ray,
Nor shrink before the wintry wind?
O, can that soft and gentle mien
Extremes of hardship learn to bear,
Nor sad regret each courtly scene
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nancy! canst thou love so true,
Through perils keen with me to go,
Or when thy swain mishap shall rue,
To share with him the pangs of woe?
Say, should disease or pain befall,
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
Nor wistful those gay scenes recall
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,
 Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
 Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
 And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
 And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay,
 Strew flowers and drop the tender tear,
 Nor then regret those scenes so gay
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

THOMAS PERCY.

LOVE DISSEMBLED.

THINK not I love him, though I ask for him;

'T is but a peevish boy:—yet he talks well;—

But what care I for words?—yet words do well.

When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.

But, sure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him:

He'll make a proper man: The best thing in him

Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue

Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.

He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall;

His leg is but so so; and yet 't is well:

There was a pretty redness in his lip,

A little ripier and more lusty red

Than that mixed in his cheek; 't was just the difference

Betwixt the constant red, and mingled damask.

There be some women, Silvius, had they marked him

In parcels, as I did, would have gone near

To fall in love with him: but, for my part,

I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet

I have more cause to hate him than to love him:

For what had he to do to chide at me?

He said mine eyes were black, and my hair black;

And, now I am remembered, scorned at me:

I marvel, why I answered not again:

But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

BEFORE I trust my fate to thee,
 Or place my hand in thine,
 Before I let thy future give

Color and form to mine,

Before I peril all for thee,

Question thy soul to night for me.

I break all slighter bonds, nor feel

A shadow of regret:

Is there one link within the past

That holds thy spirit yet?

Or is thy faith as clear and free
 As that which I can pledge to thee?

Does there within thy dimmest dreams

A possible future shine,

Wherein thy life could hence orth breathe

Untou'ed, unshared by mine?

If so, at any pain or cost,

O, tell me before all is lost!



Look deeper still: if thou canst feel,

Within thy inmost soul,

That thou hast kept a portion back,

While I have staked the whole,

Let no false pity spare the blow,

But in true mercy tell me so.

Is there within thy heart a need

That mine cannot fulfill?

One chord that any other hand

Could better wake or still?

Speak now, lest at some future day

My whole life wither and decay.

Lives there within thy nature hid

The demon-spirit, change,

Shedding a passing glory still

On all things new and strange?

It may not be thy fault alone—

But shield my heart against thine own.

Couldst thou withdraw thy hand one day

And answer to my claim,

That fate, and that to-day's mistake—
 Not thou—had been to blame!
 Some soothe their conscience thus; but thou
 Wilt surely warn and save me now.
 Nay, answer *not*—I dare not hear,
 The words would come too late;
 Yet I would spare thee all remorse,
 So comfort thee, my fate:
 Whatever on my heart may fall,
 Remember, I *would* risk it all!

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

THE KNIGHT'S TOAST.

THE feast is o'er! Now brimming wine
 In lordly cup is seen to shine
 Before each eager guest;
 And silence fills the crowded hall,
 As deep as when the herald's call
 Thrills in the loyal breast.

Then up arose the noble host,
 And, smiling, cried; "A toast! a toast!
 To all our ladies fair!
 Here, before all, I pledge the name
 Of Stannton's proud and beauteous dame—
 The Lady Gundamere!"

Then to his feet each gallant sprang,
 And joyous was the shout that rung,
 As Stanley gave the word;
 And every cup was raised on high,
 Nor ceased the loud and glad some cry,
 Till Stanley's voice was heard.

"Enough, enough," he smiling said,
 And lowly bent his haughty head;
 "That all may have their due,
 Now each, in turn, must play his part,
 And pledge the lady of his heart,
 Like gallant knight and true!"

Then, one by one, each guest sprang up,
 And drained in turn the brimming cup,
 And named the loved one's name;
 And each, as hand on high he raised,
 His lady's grace or beauty praised,
 Her constancy and fame.

'Tis now St. Leon's turn to rise;
 On him are fixed those countless eyes;
 A gallant knight is he;
 Envied by some, admired by all,
 Far famed in lady's bower, and hall—
 The flower of chivalry.

St. Leon raised his kindling eye,
 And lifts the sparkling cup on high;
 "I drink to *one*," he said,
 "Whose image never may depart,
 Deep graven on this grateful heart,
 Till memory be dead.

"To one whose love for me shall last
 When lighter passions long have passed—
 So holy 'tis and true;
 To one whose love hath longer dwelt,
 More deeply fixed, more keenly felt,
 Than any pledged by you."

Each guest upstarted at the word,
 And laid a hand upon his sword,
 With fury-flashing eye;
 And Stanley said: "We crave the name,
 Proud knight, of this most peerless dame,
 Whose love you count so high!"

St. Leon paused, as if he would
 Not breathe her name in careless mood,
 Thus lightly, to another;
 Then bent his noble head, as though
 To give that word the reverence due,
 And gently said, "My mother!"

LOVE IS A SICKNESS.

LOVE is a sickness full of woes,
 All remedies refusing;
 A plant that most with cutting grows,
 Most barren with best using.
 Why so?
 More we enjoy it, more it dies;
 If not enjoyed, it sighing cries
 Heigh-ho!

Love is a torment of the mind,
 A tempest everlasting;
 And Jove hath made it of a kind,
 Not well, nor full, nor fasting.
 Why so?

More we enjoy it, more it dies;
 If not enjoyed, it sighing cries
 Heigh-ho! SAMUEL DANIEL.

GRAY AND SILVER.

IHAD a love; dark-haired was she,
 Her eyes were gray.
 For sake of her across the sea
 I sailed away.

Death, sickness, tempest and defeat
 All passed me by;
 With years came fortune, fair and fleet,
 And rich was I.

Again for me the sun looked down
 Familiar skies;
 I found my love, her locks had grown
 Gray as her eyes.

"Alas!" she sighed, "forget me, now
 No longer fair."
 "I loved thy heart," I whispered low,
 "And not thy hair."

C. E. D. PHELPS.



LOVE'S ENTREATY.

LET NOT WOMAN E'ER COMPLAIN.

LET not woman e'er complain
Of inconstancy in love;
Let not woman e'er complain
Fickle man is apt to rove;
Look abroad through nature's range.



Nature's mighty law is change;
Ladies, would it not be strange
Man should then a monster prove?

Mark the winds, and mark the skies;
Ocean's ebb and ocean's flow;
Sun and moon but set to rise,
Round and round the seasons go
Why then ask of silly man,
To oppose great nature's plan?
We'll be constant while we can—
You can be no more, you know.

ROBERT BURNS.

MY OWN.

I CANNOT call thee beautiful,
I cannot call thee fair,
Give praise unbounded to thine eyes.
The color of thy hair,
Pronounce thy form a Hebe's,
Thy voice of matchless tone,
But know thou art a woman,
And lovable, my own.

I cannot call thee other
Than what thou art, for though
I felt disposed to flatter thee,
Thou wouldst not have it so:
Thy charms are no divinity's—
Humanity alone
Hath multiplied the gifts that
make
Thee lovable, my own.

But if thou be not beautiful,
And if thou be not fair,
The loving heart thy bosom
shields,
And all the goodness there,
First won my admiration,
And truly have I grown
To know that more than beauty
makes
Thee lovable, my own.

Let others measure happiness
By charms that please the eye;
I sought for gifts more lasting
Than beauty, therefore I,
In seeking found thee, and thou art
(No queen on beauty's throne)
A woman only, to be loved
As I love thee, my own.

DORA K. FREANEY

KISSING HER HAIR.

KISSING her hair, I sat
against her feet;
Wove and unwove it—
wound, and found it
sweet;

Made fast therewith her hands, drew down her
eyes,
Deep as deep flowers, and dreamy like dim skies;
With her own tresses bound, and found her fair—
Kissing her hair

Sleep were no sweeter than her face to me—
Sleep of cold sea-bloom under the cold sea:
What pain could get between my face and hers?
What new sweet thing would love not relish worse?
Unless, perhaps, white death had kissed me there—
Kissing her hair.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.



WHEN THOU ART NEAR ME.

WHEN thou art near me,
Sorrow seems to fly,
And when I think, as well I may,
That on this earth there is no one
More blest than I.

But when thou leavest me,
Doubts and fears arise,
And darkness reigns,
Where all before was light.

The sunshine of my soul
Is in those eyes,

And when they leave me,
All the world is night.

When thou art near me,
Beauty lights my sky,
The earth is glad, and tells me
That neither king nor peasant
Is so blest as I.

And when thou art near me,
Sorrow seems to fly,
And then I feel, as well I may,
That on the earth there dwells not one
So blest as I. LADY JANE SCOTT.

REUBEN AND ROSE:

A TALE OF ROMANCE.



THE darkness that hung upon Willumberg's walls
Had long been remembered with awe and dismay;
For years not a sunbeam had played in its halls,
And it seemed as shut out from the regions of day.

Though the valleys were brightened by many a beam,
Yet none could the woods of that castle illumine;
And the lightning, which flashed on the neighboring stream,
Flew back, as if fearing to enter the gloom!

"Oh! when shall this horrible darkness disperse!"
Said Willumberg's lord to the Seer of the Cave;—
"It can never dispel," said the wizard of verse,
"Till the bright star of chivalry sinks in the wave!"

And who was the bright star of chivalry then?
Who *could* be but Reuben, the flower of the age?
For Reuben was first in the combat of men,
Though youth had scarce written his name on her page.

For Willumberg's daughter his young heart had beat—
For Rose, who was bright as the spirit of dawn,
When with wand dropping diamonds, and silvery feet,
It walks o'er the flowers of the mountain and lawn.

Must Rose, then, from Reuben so fatally sever?
Sad, sad were the words of the Seer of the Cave,
That darkness should cover that castle forever,
Or Reuben be sunk in the merciless wave!

To the wizard she flew, saying, "Tell me, oh, tell!
Shall my Reuben no more be restored to my eyes?"
"Yes, yes—when a spirit shall toll the great bell
Of the mouldering abbey, your Reuben shall rise!"

Twice, thrice he repeated, "Your Reuben shall rise!"
And Rose felt a moment's release from her pain;
And wiped, while she listened, the tears from her eyes,
And hoped she might yet see her hero again.

That hero could smile at the terrors of death,
When he felt that he died for the sire of his Rose,
To the Oder he flew, and there, plunging beneath,
In the depth of the billows soon found his repose.

How strangely the order of destiny falls!—
Not long in the waters the warrior lay,
When a sunbeam was seen to glance over the walls,
And the castle of Willumberg basked in the ray.

All, all but the soul of the maid was in light,
There sorrow and terror lay gloomy and blank,
Two days did she wander, and all the long night,
In quest of her love, on the wide river's bank.

Oft, oft did she pause for the toll of the bell,
And heard but the breathings of night in the air;
Long, long did she gaze on the watery swell,
And saw but the foam of the white billow there.

And often as midnight its veil would undraw,
As she looked at the light of the moon in the stream,
She thought 'twas his helmet of silver she saw,
As the curl of the surge glittered high in the beam.

And now the third night was begemming the sky;
Poor Rose, on the cold dewy margin reclined,
There wept till the tear almost froze in her eye,
When—hark!—'twas the bell that came deep in the wind!

She startled, and saw, through the glimmering shade,
A form o'er the waters in majesty glide;
She knew 'twas her love, though his cheek was decayed,
And his helmet of silver was washed by the tide.

Was this what the Seer of the Cave had foretold?—
 Dim, dim, through the phantom the moon shot
 a gleam,
 'Twas Reuben, but, ah! he was deathly and cold,
 And fled away like the spell of a dream!

Twice, thrice did he rise, and as often she thought
 From the bank to embrace him, but vain her
 endeavor,

Then, plunging beneath, at a billow she caught,
 And sunk to repose on its bosom forever!

THOMAS MOORE.

LOVE'S FORGOTTEN PROMISE.

"I WILL come back," Love cried; "I will
 come back."

And there where he had passed lay one
 bright track,
 Dreamlike and golden as the moonlit sea,
 Between the pine woods' shadow, tall and black,
 "I will come back!" Love cried. Ah, me!
 Love will come back.

He will come back. Yet, Love, I wait, I wait,
 Though it is evening now, and cold and late,
 And I am weary watching here so long,

A pale, sad watcher at a silent gate—
 For love, who is so fair and swift and strong,
 I wait, I wait

He will come back—come back, though he delays;
 He will come back—for in old years and days
 He was my playmate. He will not forget.
 Though he may linger long amid new ways,
 He will bring back, with barren sweet regret,
 Old years and days.

Hush! on the lonely hills Love comes again;
 But his young feet are marked with many a stain,
 The golden haze has passed from his fair brow,
 And round him clings the blood-red robe of pain;
 And it is night. O Love—Love—enter now!
 Remain! remain!

HER SHADOW.

BENDING between me and the taper,
 While o'er the harp her white hands
 strayed,
 The shadows of her waving tresses
 Above my hand were gently swayed.

With every graceful movement waving,
 I marked their undulating swell;
 I watched them while they met and parted,
 Curled close or widened, rose or fell.

I laughed in triumph and in pleasure—
 So strange the sport, so undesigned!
 Her mother turned and asked me, gravely,
 "What thought was passing through my mind?"

'Tis love that blinds the eyes of mothers;
 'Tis love that makes the young maids fair!
 She touched my hand; my rings she counted;
 Yet never felt the shadows there.

Keep, gamesome love, beloved infant,
 Keep ever thus all mothers blind;
 And make thy dedicated virgins
 In substance as in shadow, kind!

AUDREY DE VERE.

FOUND AT LAST.

IN each man's soul there lives a dream
 Lit by a woman's eyes,
 Whose glance is like the tender gleam
 That thrills the evening skies.
 It is a dream that never faints,
 Though weal or woe betrays;
 But haunts the heart and softly paints
 A picture on its walls.

In each man's heart there floats a voice
 That speaks to him alone,
 The voice of her, his spirit's choice,
 He longs to call his own
 The days may hasten like the wind,
 Or lag with sullen feet;
 Some day his wandering heart shall find
 The face he longs to meet.

SAMUEL M. PECK.

WAITING NEAR.

ALTHOUGH I enter not,
 Yet round about the spot
 Ofttimes I hover;
 And near the sacred gate
 With longing eyes I wait,
 Expectant of her.

My lady comes at last,
 Timid, and stepping fast,
 And hastening hither,
 With modest eyes downcast;
 She comes—she's here—she's past—
 May heaven go with her.

Kneel, undisturbed, fair saint:
 Pour out your praise or plaint
 Meekly and duly;
 I will not enter there,
 To sully your pure prayer
 With thoughts unruly.

But suffer me to pace
 Round the forbidden place,
 Linger a minute
 Like outcast spirits who wait,
 And see through heaven's gate
 Angels within it.

W. M. THACKERAY.



IT is the miller's daughter,
And she is grown so dear, so dear,
That I would be the jewel
That trembles in her ear;
For, hid in ringlets day and night,
I'd touch her neck so warm and white.

And I would be the girdle
About her dainty, dainty waist,
And her heart would beat against me
In sorrow and in rest;
And I should know if it beat right,
I'd clasp it round so close and tight.

And I would be the necklace,
And all day long to fall and rise
Upon her balmy bosom,
With her laughter and her sighs;
And I would lie so light, so light
I scarce should be unclasped at night.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

MY CHOICE.

SHALL I tell you whom I love?
Hearken then awhile to me;
And if such a woman move
As I now shall versify,
Be assured 'tis she or none,
That I love, and love alone.

Nature did her so much right
As she scorns the help of art.
In as many virtues dight
As e'er yet embraced a heart.
So much good so truly tried,
Some for less were deified

With she hath without desire
To make known how much she hath;
And her anger flames no higher

Than may fitly sweeten wrath.
Full of pity as may be,
Though perhaps not so to me.
Reason masters every sense,
And her virtues grace her birth;
Lovely as all excellence
Modest in her most of mirth.
Likelihood enough to prove
Only worth could kindle love.

Such she is; and if you know
Such a one as I have sung;
Be she brown, or fair, or so
That she be but somewhat young;
Be assured 'tis she, or none,
That I love, and love alone.

WILLIAM BROWNE.

THE AGE OF WISDOM.

HO! pretty page, with the dimpled chin,
That never has known the barber's shear,
All your wish is woman to win;
This is the way that boys begin—
Wait till you come to forty year.

Curly gold locks cover foolish brains;
Billing and cooing is all your cheer—
Sighing, and singing of midnight strains,
Under Bonnybell's window-panes—
Wait till you come to forty year.

Forty times over let Michaelmas pass;
Grizzling hair the brain doth cleave;
Then you know a boy is an ass,
Then you know the worth of a lass—
Once you have come to forty year.

Pledge me round; I bid ye declare,
All good fellows whose beards are gray—
Did not the fairest of the fair
Common grow and wearisome ere
Ever a month was past away?

The reddest lips that ever have kissed,
The brightest eyes that ever have shone,
May pray and whisper and we not list,
Or look away and never be missed—
Ere yet ever a month is gone.

Gillian's dead! God rest her bier—
How I loved her twenty years sine—
Marian's married; but I sit here,
Alone and merry at forty year,
Dipping my nose in the Gascon wine.
W. M. THACKERAY.

AH! WHAT IS LOVE?

AH! what is love? It is a pretty thing,
As sweet unto a shepherd as a king,
And sweeter too;
For kings have cares that wait upon a crown,
And cares can make the sweetest face to frown;
Ah then, ah then,

If country loves such sweet desires gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

His flocks are folded; he comes home at night
As merry as a king in his delight,
And merrier, too;

For kings bethink them what the state require,
Where shepherds, careless, carol by the fire;

Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

He kisseth first, then sits as blithe to eat
His cream and curd as doth the king his meat,
And blither, too;

For kings have often fears when they sup,
Where shepherds dread no poison in their cup;
Ah then, ah then,

If country loves such sweet desires gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

Upon his couch of straw he sleeps as sound
As doth the king upon his beds of down,
More sounder, too;

For cares cause kings full oft their sleep to spill,
Where weary shepherds lie and snort their fill;
Ah then, ah then,

If country loves such sweet desires gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?



Thus with his wife he spends the year as blithe
As doth the king at every tide or syth,
And blither, too;

For kings have wars and broils to take in hand,
When shepherds laugh, and love upon the land;
Ah then, ah then,

If country loves such sweet desires gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?
ROBERT GREENE.

TELL ME, MY HEART, IF THIS BE LOVE.

WHEN Delia on the plain appears,
Awed by a thousand tender fears,
I would approach, but dare not move,—
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

Whene'er she speaks, my ravished ear
No other voice than hers can hear;
No other wit but hers approve,—
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

If she some other swain commend,
Though I was once his fondest friend,
His instant enemy I prove;—
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

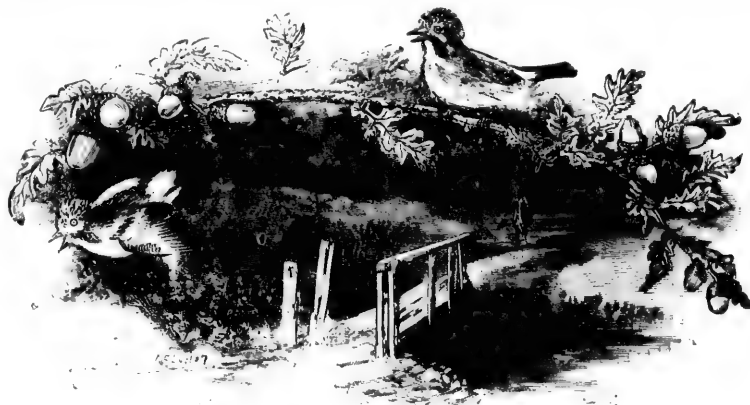
When she is absent, I no more
 Delight in all that pleased before,
 The clearest spring, the shadiest grove;—
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love,

When fond of power, of beauty vain,
 Her nets she spread for every swain,
 I strove to hate, but vainly strove;—
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love

GEORGE LORD LATTETON.

BROKEN HEARTS.

SHALL I confess it?—I believe in broken hearts, and the possibility of dying of disappointed love. I do not, however, consider it a malady often fatal to my own sex; but I firmly believe that it withers down many a lovely woman into an early grave



How many bright eyes grow dim—how many soft cheeks grow pale—how many lovely forms fade away into the tomb, and none can tell the cause that blighted their loveliness! As the dove will clasp its wings to its side, and cover and conceal the arrow that is preying on its vitals, so it is the nature of woman to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affection. The love of a delicate female is always shy and silent. Even when fortunate, she scarcely breathes it to herself; but when otherwise, she buries it in the recesses of her bosom, and there lets it cower and brood among the ruins of her peace.

With her the desire of the heart has failed. The great charm of existence is at an end. She neglects all the cheerful exercises which gladden the spirits, quicken the pulses, and send the tide of life in healthful currents through the veins. Her rest is broken—the sweet refreshment of sleep is poisoned by melancholy dreams—"dry sorrow drinks her blood," until her enfeebled frame sinks under the slighted external injury.

Look for her, after a little while, and you will find a friendship weeping over her untimely grave, and wondering that one who but lately glowed with all the radiance of health and beauty, should so speedily be brought down to "darkness and the worm." You will be told of some wintry chill, some casual indisposition that laid her low—but no one knows of the mental malady that previously sapped her strength, and made her so easy a prey to the spoiler

She is like some tender tree, the pride and beauty of the grove; graceful in its form, bright in its foliage, but with the worm preying at its heart. We find it suddenly withering when it should be most fresh and luxuriant. We see it drooping its branches to the earth and shedding leaf by leaf; until, wasted and perished away, it falls even in

the stillness of the forest; and as we muse over the beautiful ruin, we strive in vain to recollect the blast or thunderbolt that could have smitten it with decay.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

WHY.

THERE'S a little rustic seat
 Just beneath the hill-top's brow,
 Bowered with meadow-grasses sweet
 And with many a fragrant bough;
 And on sunny summer days,
 There a lassie oft I see,
 With a far-off dreamy gaze
 As of deep expectancy.

Shall I tell you why she lingers?
 This is why! this is why!
 Though she knows it not, she's waiting
 For young love to wander by!

Ere the summer's colors pass
 Into autumn's deeper hues,
 Ere the trees and flowers and grass
 Young-year strength and freshness lose,

On that little rustic seat
Lass and lad I'm sure to see,
In companionship so sweet
They've no eyes or thought for me!
Shall I tell you why 'tis so?
This is why! this is why!
Love the master, love the tyrant,
He at length has wandered by!

HE THAT LOVES A ROSY CHEEK.

HE that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from starlight eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts, and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never dying fires:—
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks or lips or eyes.

THOMAS CAREW.

THE SHEPHERD'S RESOLUTION.

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flowery meads in May,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die?
Those that bear a noble mind
Where they want of riches find,
Think what with them they would do
That without them dare to woo;
And unless that mind I see,
What care I how great she be?

Great, or good, or kind, or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair:
If she love me, this believe—
I will die ere she shall grieve,
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go;
For if she be not for me,
What care I for whom she be?

GEORGE WITHER.

MY SWEETHEARTS.

MY first was young and very fair,
With bright blue eyes and yellow hair;
A surplice white in church he wore;
I loved him for a month or more.

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My second, he was gaunt and thin,
All round the hemispheres he'd been;
He'd shot at lions, killed a bear;
I loved him for about a year.

My third had flowing coal-black locks,
(I wore then green and yellow frocks).
He played and sang my heart away;
I loved him one year and a day.

My fourth was handsome, but so poor!
That only made me love him more;
I wept and sighed, but had to part,
It almost, almost broke my heart.



My fifth was—well, I cannot say
What he was like; but one fine day
I swore to love him all my life;
And now he calls me "little wife."

My sixth? My sixth is very small,
He hardly seems a man at all;
But, O, I could not bear to part,
With either fifth or sixth sweetheart.

LOVE NOT ME FOR COMELY GRACE.

LOVE not me for comely grace,
For my pleasing eye or face,
Nor for any outward part,
No, nor for my constant heart;
For those may fail or turn to ill,
So thou and I shall sever;
Keep therefore a true woman's eye,
And love me still, but know not why.
So hast thou the same reason still
To dote upon me ever.

TO HELEN IN A HUFF.

NAY, lady, one frown is enough
In a life as soon over as this—
And though minutes seem long in a huff,
They're minutes 'tis pity to miss!
The smiles you imprison so lightly
Are reckoned, like days in eclipse;
And though you may smile again brightly,
You've lost so much light from your lips!
Pray, lady, smile!

The cup that is longest untasted
May be with our bliss running o'er,

And, love when we will, we have wasted
 An age in not loving before !
 Perchance Cupid's forging a fetter
 To tie us together some day,

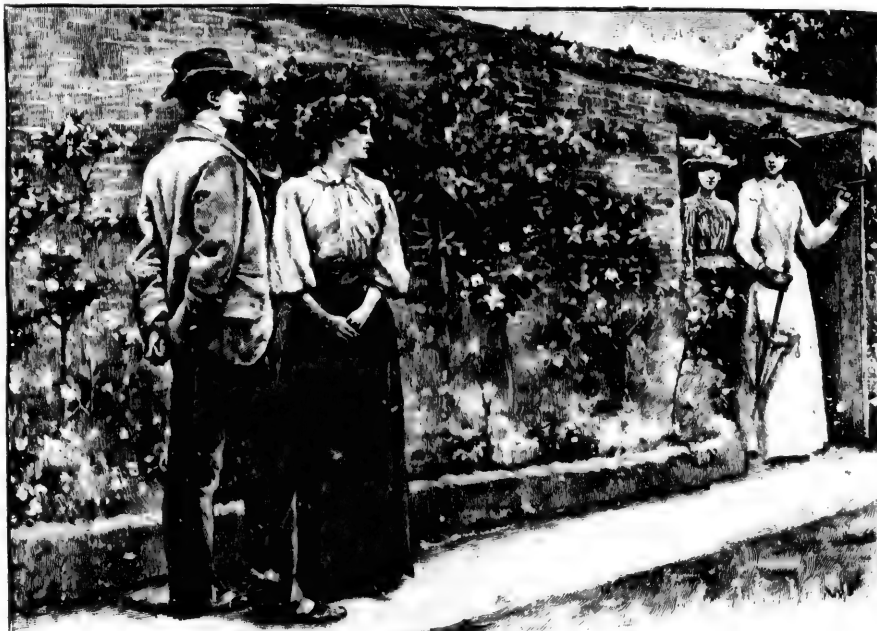
And, just for the chance, we had better
 Be laying up love, I should say !
 Nay, lady, smile !

N. P. WILLIS.

JEALOUSY.

I HAVE thy love—I know no fear
 Of that divine possession ;
 Yet draw more close, and thou shalt hear
 A jealous heart's confession.

I am so much a miser grown,
 That I could wish to hide thee,
 Where never breath but mine alone
 Could drink delight beside thee.



I nurse no pang, lest fairer youth
 Of loftier hopes should win thee ;
 There blows no wind to chill the truth,
 Whose amaranth blooms within thee.

Unworthier thee if I could grow
 (The love that lured thee perished),
 Thy woman heart could ne'er forego
 The earliest dream it cherished.

I do not think that doubt and love
 Are one—whate'er they tell us ;
 Yet—nay—lift *not* thy looks above,
 A star can make me jealous.

If thou art mine, all mine at last,
 I covet so the treasure,
 No glance that thou canst elsewhere cast,
 But robs me of a pleasure.

Then say not, with that soothing air,
 I have no rival nigh thee ;
 The sunbeam lingering in thy hair—
 The breeze that trembles by thee—

The very herb beneath thy feet—
 The rose whose odors woo thee—
 In all things, rivals he must meet,
 Who would be all things to thee !

If sunlight from the dial be
 But for one moment banished
 Turn to the silenced plate and see
 The hours themselves are vanished.

In aught that from me lures thine eyes,
 My jealousy has trial ;
 The lightest cloud across the skies
 Has darkness for the dial.

E. BULWER LYTTON.

FOR LOVE'S SAKE.

If thou must love me, let it be for naught
 Except for love's sake only. Do not say,
 "I love her for her smile, her look, her way
 Of speaking gently—for a trick of thought
 That falls in well with mine, and certes brought
 A sense of pleasant ease on such a day."
 For these things in themselves, beloved, may
 Be changed, or change for thee—and love so
 wrought,
 May be unwrought so. Neither love me for
 Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks dry—
 A creature might forget to weep, who bore
 Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby.
 But love me for love's sake, that evermore
 Thou mayst love on, through love's eternity.
 ELIZABETH B. BROWNING.

JENNY'S KISS.

JENNY kissed me when we met,
 Jumping from the chair she sat in;
 Time, you thief! who love to get
 Sweets into your list, put *that* in:
 Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
 Say that health and wealth have missed me,
 Say I'm growing old, but add,
 Jenny kissed me.

LEIGH HUNT.

SATISFACTORY CHAPERONAGE.

I ROWED with Doris in my boat
 Far from the city's noise;
 And found a pleasant spot to float
 Where leaves and lilies poise
 Upon the little waves that creep
 To rock the drowsy birds to sleep.

We talked, but we were not alone
 Which seemed to disconcert us;
 Aunt Josie was our chaperon,
 But little did she hurt us.
 For when I looked, I found her deep
 In calm, unchaperoning sleep.

The chance was far too good to miss,
 And, Doris being willing,
 I backward leaned and took a kiss
 That set my pulses thrilling;
 When lo! I saw Aunt Josie peep;
 The wretch had only feigned her sleep!

But Doris sat with downcast eyes
 Nor dreamed we were discovered,
 While just a hint of mild surprise
 O'er Aunt Jo's face hovered;
 And then she winked to show she'd keep
 My secret, and again feigned sleep!

ELLIS P. BUTLER.

GILBERT AND AMETHYSTA.

"O SUN! awakener of care,
 Withhold thy dawning light;
 O moon! the lover's planet fair,
 Prolong the hours of night!"
 Thus prays the passion-stricken boy,
 Extravagant and fond:
 The maid as loving, but more coy,
 Would willing respond—
 "How fast the moments fade away!
 Oh, how unwelcome is the day!"
 But lest her speech might seem too bold,
 She leaves the loving thought untold.

At length, upon a flowery bank,
 O'ercanopied by leafy arches,
 Formed by the intertwining boughs
 Of fragrant chestnut-trees and larches,
 They sit; the nightingale the while
 Singing, as if from every feather
 In all its frame it poured the notes;
 And thus the pair discourse together:

"Old stories tell that men are fickle,
 False and fickle every one,
 And that love by guile untainted
 Never dwelt beneath the sun.
 Great in sorrow, strong in danger,
 Must his pure affection prove,
 Who would hope to win for ever
 Maiden's passion, woman's love."

"O Amethysta, best beloved!
 Since first thine eyes upon me shone,
 My soul has had no other joy
 Than love of thee, and thee alone;
 No other passion shall it own;
 And be the doubt for ever far!
 Thee at my side, whate'er betide,
 In vain the envious world shall war;
 I'll love thee still.
 Through good, through ill,
 My light, my life, my guiding star!"

"And couldst thou, Gilbert, for my sake
 Endure the freezing looks of scorn?
 If slander's tongue should do me wrong,
 And pride should call me lowly-born,
 Wouldst thou, as now, repeat thy vow,
 Nor prove for vanity forsworn?"

"Ah, never! Envy may defame,
 And men may censure if they will;
 Thy virtue shall disprove their blame,
 And Gilbert will adore thee still.
 No rancorous tongue shall work thee ill;
 And pride itself, O maiden mine,
 Shall bow to worth so high as thine;
 And envy with a sigh confess
 Thy least of charms—thy loveliness."

"And couldst thou (oh, forgive the fear—
Fond as a woman's fear should be!)—
Couldst thou endure, not scorn alone,
But scorn and poverty for me?
Couldst thou, for Amethysta's sake,
Renounce the honors, thine by birth—
The wealth, the titles, and the power,
And all that men most prize on earth;
And dwell in our secluded cot,
By all thy former friends forgot,
And never chide me, or repine
That I consented to be thine?"

"No, Amethysta! poor the heart
That veers as fortune's currents blow;
And mine shall be a nobler part—
My true affection shall not know
Change or decrease, or ever cease
To prize thee best of all below.
Love, like the beacon on the sea
That warns the tempest-beaten bark,
Still shines, if true, like mine for thee,
The brightest when the sky is dark!"

Thus as they speak his fingers play
Amid her soft luxuriant tresses,
Their cheeks with mutual blushes burn,
Their tender eyes exchange caresses.
So gentle is the night of May,
So much the lovers have to say,
They never heed the flight of time;
And it is far towards the hour
When sounds the matin chime,
Ere from their sheltering forest bower,
And bank with early flowers bestrewn,
They rise and think they rise too soon,
And see the modest eastern sky
Blushing because the morn draws nigh,
And hear the woods and welkin ringing
With the sweet song the lark is singing.

"Oh, light the touch of time has been,
And flowers his hand has carried,
Or thus all night in forests green
Our feet would not have tarried.
We have outwatched the moon, my love,
And all the stars but one:
There is no need that we should part
For rising of the sun.
The air so full of odors sweet,
The breeze-encircled hill,
The music of the early birds,
And thy sweet looks and sweeter words,
I vite to linger still."
The maid looked up into his face
With eyes he thought that dimmed the
day,
And the reply upon her lips
Melted in happy smiles away.

CHARLES MACKAY.

LOVE THOU THE BEST.

I DO not say that thou shouldst never change;
Only let not thy wondering fancy range
To waste itself in follies unexpressed;
Love me, or else at least, love thou the best.

Thy love for me how often hast declared:
Thine inmost soul before my vision bare—
I know thy fervent fondness, yet the praise
Of lesser loves doth light thy lonely days

Oh, listen, love, and to my words pray heed;
If ever thou shouldst feel thy spirit's need
More fully satisfied, or understood,
More quenched in evil, spurred to all things good.

By newer love, think not of plighted truth.
Think never of those hot, wild vows of youth;
Fling off old bonds, each tie and promise
break

Not for thy senses', but thy spirit's sake.

Though I should weep, yet through my tears I'd see
Such faithfulness more fine than constancy;
Through breaking heart and lonely life unblessed
I'd still rejoice that thou shouldst love the best.

LOVE AND JEALOUSY.

A SWEET little voice comes ringing
From a cottage over the way;
'Tis a fair little maiden singing
The whole of the livelong day.
And this is her song, I hear her
A-lilting it o'er and o'er—
"When jealousy creeps in the window,
Then love flies out at the door."

"With little of wealth to squander
True love will be satisfied;
And never an envious murmur,
When luxury is denied.
But list to these words of warning,
And your heart will never be sore;
When jealousy creeps in the window,
Then love flies out at the door."

CHORUS—"Oh love flies out at the door,
Oh love flies out at the door;
When jealousy creeps in the window,
Then love flies out at the door."

MARY INGRAM MATTIS.

TO THE END.

A S the wings of an angel might guard, as the
hands of a mother might cherish,
So have I loved you, mine own, though
hope and though faith should perish;
And my will is set to hold you yet, close hid in
my deep heart's centre,
In a secret shrine that none may divine, where no
one but I may enter.

When the stars shine dimly and wan, when the
leaves on the pane are fretting,
When the mist has blotted the world in a dull and
a dread forgetting,
Over the hill where the wind blows chill, over the
wintry hollows,

LEGEND OF A COQUET.

'TIS said that when Dan Cupid aims his
arrow,
Its golden point ne'er fails to find the
mark;



A wild voice calls, on my sleet it falls, and my
spirit awakes and follows.
Call, and I come through the night, though the
mist and the darkness may hide you,
Weary and desolate heart, my place is surely be-
side you,
From the depth of your black despair, come back,
my arm shall be strong to move you,
To bear you up to the golden gates of heaven, be-
cause I love you.

But once, at least, his victim's charms unnerved
him
Or else he aimed at Bessie in the dark.

For in her trembling cheek the frail shaft quiv-
ered,
Till pitying, grieved at his unwitting sin,
Kissing, he healed the wound, withdrew the ar-
row,
Leaving a dimple where the barb had been.

And in the dimple where its point had rested
The wondrous arrow left its fabled power;
But Cupid, fearing lest again he harm her,
Has never dared assail her from that hour.

UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

FROM Christmas dance and pleasant plans
You stole away—perchance to rest.
You were a daughter of the manse
And I—a hapless, homeless guest.
Along those storied walls you sped,
Forgive me that I watched you go!
How could I help it, when you shed
More radiance than the taper's glow?

From light-spun jest and careless mirth
You fled. Oh, love, why did you flee?
Could you have dreamt how void of worth,
Your absence made that cheer to me?
The rooms were full of Christmas time,
And the ladies' laughter, sweetly low,
Rang faint as distant silvered chime
Of bells, across the crystal snow.

A sensuous, sobbing waltz—indeed
Within the mazes of that dance
Man might have well forsworn his creed;
Disarmed by beauty's magic lance,
Yet o'er the fairest there *you* shone,
Ah, did I not, sweet, tell you so,
While we two briefly were alone—
Enraptured 'neath the mistletoe?

Within the circling glow you stood,
Nay, was I then so much to blame?
Your eyes downcast, in pensive mood,
Seemed but to spur the leading flame.
I loved you so! You were so fair!
But far above me, dear, I know;
Yet I forgot—yet, then and there,
I kissed you 'neath the mistletoe.

One thrilling second 'neath my kiss,
Your sweet lips pulsed—could you forget?
That moment's clinging, tempting bliss,
Seems worth a whole life of regret.
Your warm face quivered on my breast,
So long before I let you go;
For I, in Paradise, was blessed
Full well beneath that mistletoe.

In dreams I oft repeat that night,
While pausing 'neath some verdant bough;
The distant strains, that leaping light,
My maddened pulse, long sobered now!
And oft I've wondered, love, since then,
As Yule-log seasons come and go,
If you recall that dear one, when
I kissed you 'neath the mistletoe.

Ah, me! The strongest are but weak,
When pushing 'gainst fate's iron chain;

Crushed passions, which we dare not speak,
Are those that wear upon the brain.
But whether better to forget
That Christmas page of long ago,
I would not, if I could, regret
One moment 'neath its mistletoe.

So often, when I pass you by,
A serf where you are throned a queen,
I wonder if you never sigh,
Or weep, perchance, when all unseen!
And if we two should stand again,
Alone, as in that grand Yule glow,
Would you be tender, love, as when
I kissed you 'neath the mistletoe?

MARTHA E. HALAHAN.

THE CHANGE.

THY features do not wear the light
They wore in happier days;
Though still there may be much to love,
There's little left to praise.

The rose has faded from thy cheek—
There's scarce a blush left now;
And there's a dark and weary sign
Upon thine altered brow

Thy raven hair is dashed with gray,
Thine eyes are dim with tears;
And care, before thy youth is past,
Has done the work of years.

Beautiful wreck! for still thy face,
Though changed, is very fair:
Like beauty's moonlight, left to show
Her morning sun was there.

LETITIA E. LANDON.

THE HUNTER'S SERENADE.

THY bower is finished, fairest!
Fit bower for hunter's bride—
Where old woods overshadow
The green savanna's side.
I've wandered long, and wandered far,
And never have I met,
In all this lovely western land,
A spot so lovely yet.
But I shall think it fairer,
When thou art come to bless,
With thy sweet smile and silver voice,
Its silent loveliness.

For thee the wild grape glistens,
On sunny knoll and tree,
The slim papaya ripens
Its yellow fruit for thee.
For thee the duck, on glassy stream,
The prairie-fowl shall die,
My rifle for thy feast shall bring
The wild swan from the sky.

The forest's leaping panther,
Fierce, beautiful, and fleet,
Shall yield his spotted hide to be
A carpet for thy feet.

I know, for thou hast told me,
Thy maiden love of flowers;
Ah, those that deck thy gardens
Are pale compared with ours.
When our wide woods and mighty lawns
Bloom to the April skies,
The earth has no more gorgeous sight
To show to human eyes.
In meadows red with blossoms,
All summer long, the bee
Murmurs, and loads his yellow th
For thee, my love, and me.

Or wouldst thou gaze at tokens
Of ages long ago—
Our old oaks stream with mosses,
And sprout with mistletoe;
And mighty vines, like serpents, climb
The giant sycamore;
And trunks, o'erthrown for centuries,
Cumber the forest floor;
And in the great savanna,
The solitary mound,
Built by the elder world, o'erlooks
The loneliness around.

Come, thou has not forgotten
Thy pledge and promise quite,
With many blushes murmured,
Beneath the evening light.
Come, the young violets crowd my door,
Thy earliest look to win,
And at my silent window-sill
The jessamine peeps in.
All day the red-bird warbles,
Upon the mulberry near,
And the night-sparrow trills her song,
All night, with none to hear.

W. C. BRYANT.

THE LOVELINESS OF LOVE.

IT is not beauty I demand,
A crystal brow, the moon's despair,
Nor the snow's daughter, a white hand,
Nor mermaid's yellow pride of hair.

Tell me not of your starry eyes,
Your lips that seem on roses fed,
Your breasts, where Cupid tumbling lies
Nor sleeps for kissing of his bed—

A bloomy pair of vermeil cheeks
Like Hebe's in her ruddiest hours,
A breath that softer music speaks
Than summer winds a-wooing flowers;—

These are but gauds; nay, what are lips?
Coral beneath the ocean-stream,
Whose brink when your adventurer slips
Full oft he perisheth on them.

And what are cheeks, but ensigns oft
That wave hot youth to fields of blood?
Did Helen's breast though ne'er so soft,
Do Greece or him any good?

Eyes can with baleful ardor burn;
Poison can breathe, that erst perfumed;
There's many a white hand holds an urn
With lover's hearts to dust consumed.

For crystal brows there's naught within;
They are but empty cells for pride;
He who the Siren's hair would win
Is mostly strangled in the tide.

Give me, instead of beauty's bust,
A tender heart, a loyal mind,
Which with temptation I would trust,
Yet never linked with error find—

One in whose gentle bosom I
Could pour my secret heart of woes,
Like the care-burdened honey-fly
That hides his murmurs in the rose—

My earthly comforter! whose love
So indefeasible might be
That, when my spirit wonned above,
Hers could not stay, for sympathy.

MY DEAR AND ONLY LOVE.

MY dear and only love, I pray,
This noble world of thee
Be governed by no other sway
But purest monarchy.
For if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhor,
And hold a synod in thy heart,
I'll never love thee more.

Like Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone,
My thoughts shall evermore disdain
A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That puts it not unto the touch,
To win or lose it all.

JAMES GRAHAM.

WOONG.

A LITTLE bird once met another bird,
And whistled to her, "Will you be my
mate?"
With fluttering wings she twittered, "How
absurd!
Oh, what a silly pate!"

And off into a distant tree she flew,
To find concealment in the shady cover;
And passed the hours in slyly peeping through
At her rejected lover.

The jilted bird, with drooping heart and wing,
Poured forth his grief all day in plaintive songs;
Telling in sadness to the ear of spring
The story of his wrongs.

But little thought he, while each nook and dell
With the wild music of his plaint was thrilling,

That scornful breast with sighs began to swell—
Half-pitying and half-willing.

Next month I walked the same sequestered way
When close together on a twig I spied them
And in a nest half-hid with leaves there lay
Four little birds beside them.

Coy maid, this moral in your ear I drop:
When lover's hopes within their hearts you
prison,
Fly out of sight and hearing; do not stop
To look behind and listen.

JOHN B. L. SOUL

LOVE IS ENOUGH.

LOVE is enough. Let us not seek for gold,
Wealth breeds false aims, and pride and
selfishness;

In those serene, Arcadian days of old,
Men gave no thought to princely homes and
dress.

The gods who dwelt in fair Olympia's height,
Lived only for dear love and love's delight;
Love is enough.

Love is enough. Why should we care for fame?
Ambition is a most unpleasant guest:

It lures us with the glory of a name
Far from the happy haunts of peace and rest.
Let us stay here in this secluded place,
Made beautiful by love's endearing grace;
Love is enough.

Love is enough. Why should we strive for power
It brings men only envy and distrust;
The poor world's homage pleases but an hour,
And earthly honors vanish in the dust.
The grandest lives are oftentimes desolate;
Let me be loved, and let who will be great;
Love is enough.

Love is enough. Why should we ask for more?
What greater gift have gods vouchsafed to men?
What better boon of all their precious store
Than our fond hearts that love and love again?
Old love may die; new love is just as sweet;
And life is fair, and all the world complete;
Love is enough.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

TO AN ABSENT WIFE.

'TIS morn; the sea breeze seems to bring
Joy, health, and freshness on its wing;
Bright flowers, to me all strange and new,
Are glittering in the early dew;
And perfumes rise from many a grove
As incense to the clouds that move
Like spirits o'er yon welkin clear;
But I am sad—thou art not here.

'Tis noon; a calm unbroken sleep
Is on the blue waves of the deep;
A soft haze, like a fairy dream,
Is floating over hill and stream;
And many a broad magnolia flower
Within its shadowy woodland bower
Is gleaming like a lovely star;
But I am sad—thou art afar.

'Tis eve; on earth the sunset skies
Are painting their own Eden dyes;
The stars come down, and trembling glow
Like blossoms in the waves below;

And, like some unseen sprite, the breeze
Seems lingering 'mid the orange-trees,
Breathing in music round the spot;
But I am sad—I see thee not.

'Tis midnight; with a soothing spell
The far tones of the ocean swell,
Soft as a mother's cadence mild,
Low bending o'er her sleeping child;
And on each wandering breeze are heard
The rich notes of the mocking-bird
In many a wild and wondrous lay;
But I am sad—thou art away.

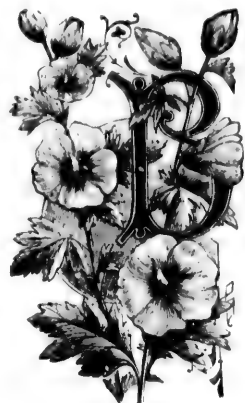
I sink in dreams, low, sweet, and clear;
Thy own dear voice is in my ear;
Around my cheek thy tresses twine,
Thy own loved hand is clasped in mine,
Thy own soft lip to mine is pressed,
Thy head is pillowed on my breast.
Oh! I have all my heart holds dear;
And I am happy—thou art here.

GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

NARRATIVES IN VERSE:

INCLUDING

TALES OF ADVENTURE AND ROMANCE.



MASSACRE AT FORT DEARBORN, CHICAGO, 1812.

ORN of the prairie and the wave—the blue sea and the green,
A city of the Occident, CHICAGO, lay between;
Dim trails upon the meadow, faint wakes upon the main,
On either sea a schooner and a canvas-covered wain.
I saw a dot upon the map, and a house-fly's flimsy wing—
They said 'twas Dearborn's picket flag when Wilderness was
king;
I heard the reed-bird's morning song—the Indian's awkward flail—
The rice tattoo in his rude canoe like a dash of April hail—
The beaded grasses' rustling bend—the swash of the lazy tide
Where ships shake out the salted sails and navies grandly ride!

I heard the block-house gates unbar, the column's solemn tread,
I saw the tree of a single leaf its splendid foliage shed
To wave awhile that August morn above the column's head;
I heard the moan of muffled drum, the woman's wail of fife,
The Dead March played for Dearborn's men just marching out of life,
The swooping of the savage cloud that burst upon the rank
And struck it with its thunderbolt in forehead and in flank.
The spatter of the musket-shot, the rifles' whistling rain—
The sand-hills drift round hope forlorn that never marched again!

BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR.

AN INCIDENT OF THE FIRE AT HAMBURGH.

<p>THE tower of old Saint Nicholas soared upward to the skies, Like some huge piece of nature's make, The growth of centuries; You could not deem its crowding spires a work of human art, They seemed to struggle lightward so from a sturdy living heart.</p> <p>Not nature's self more freely speaks in crystal or in oak Than, through the pious builder's hand, in that gray pile she spoke; And as from acorn springs the oak, so, freely and alone Sprang from his heart this hymn to God, sung in obedient stone.</p> <p>It seemed a wondrous freak of chance, so perfect, yet so rough, A whim of nature crystallized slowly in granite tough;</p>	<p>The thick spires yearned toward the sky in quaint harmonious lines. And in broad sunlight basked and slept, like a grove of blasted pines.</p> <p>Never did rock or stream or tree lay claim with better right To all the adorning sympathies of shadow and of light; And in that forest petrified, as forester there dwells Stout Herman, the old sacristan, sole lord of all its bells.</p> <p>Surge leaping after surge, the fire roared onward, red as blood. Till half of Hamburg lay engulfed beneath the eddying flood; For miles away, the fiery spray poured down its deadly rain, And back and forth the billows drew, and paused, and broke again.</p>
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From square to square, with tiger leaps, still on
and on it came ;
The air to leeward trembled with the pantings of
the flame,
And church and palace, which even now stood
wholmed but to the knee,
Lift their black roofs like breakers lone amid the
rushing sea
Up in his tower old Herman sat and watched with
quiet look ;
His soul had trusted God too long to be at last
forsook :
He could not fear, for surely God a pathway
would unfold
Through this red sea, for faithful hearts, as once
he did of old.
But scarcely can he cross himself, or on his good
saint call,
Before the sacrilegious flood o'erleaped the church-
yard wall.

And, ere a *pater* half was said, 'mid smoke and
crackling glare,
His island tower scarce juts its head above the
wide despair.

Upon the peril's desperate peak his heart stood
up sublime ;
His first thought was for God above, his next was
for his chime ;
"Sing now, and make your voices heard in hymn
of praise," cried he,
"As did the Israelites of old, safe-walking through
the sea !"
"Through this red sea our God hath made our
pathway safe to shore ;
Our promised land stands full in sight ; shout now
as ne'er before."
And, as the tower came crashing down, the bells,
in clear accord,
Pealed forth the grand old German hymn—" All
good souls praise the Lord !"

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE DYING WARRIOR.

A WOUNDED chieftain, lying
By the Danube's leafy side,
Thus faintly said, in dying,
"Oh ! bear, thou foaming tide
This gift to my lady bride."

'Twas then, in life's last quiver,
He flung the scarf he wore
Into the foaming river,
Which, ah too quickly, bore
That pledge of one no more !

With fond impatience burning,
The chieftain's lady stood,
To watch her love returning

In triumph down the flood,
From that day's field of blood.

But, field, alas ! ill-fated,
The lady saw, instead
Of the bark whose speed she waited,
Her hero's scarf, all red
With the drops his heart had shed.

One shriek—and all was over—
Her life-pulse ceased to beat ;
The gloomy waves now cover
That bridal flower so sweet,
And the scarf is her winding-sheet.

THOMAS MOORE.

THE INDIAN BOAT.

'T WAS midnight dark,
The seaman's bark
Swift o'er the waters bore him,
When, through the night;
He spied a light
Shoot o'er the wave before him.
"A sail ! a sail !" he cries ;
"She comes from the Indian shore,
And to-night shall be our prize,
With her freight of golden ore :
Sail on ! sail on !"
When morning shone,
He saw the gold still clearer ;
But, though so fast
The waves he passed,
That boat seemed never the nearer.

Bright daylight came,
And still the same
Rich bark before him floated ;

While on the prize
His wishful eyes
Like any young lover's doted :
"More sail ! more sail !" he cries,
While the waves o'er top the mast ;
And his bounding galley flies,
Like an arrow before the blast.
Thus on, and on,
Till day was gone,
And the moon through heaven did hie her,
He swept the main,
But all in vain,
That boat seemed never the nigher.

And many a day
To night gave way,
And many a morn succeeded :
While still his flight,
Through day and night,
That restless mariner sped.

Who knows—who knows what seas
He is now careering o'er?
Behind, the eternal breeze,
And that mocking bark, before!
For, oh till sky
And earth shall die,
And their death leave none to rue it,
That boat must flee
O'er the boundless sea,
And that ship in vain pursue it.

THOMAS MOORE.

THE GREEN MOUNTAIN JUSTICE.

“THE snow is deep,” the Justice said;
“There’s mighty mischief overhead.”
“High talk, indeed!” his wife ex-
claimed;

“What, sir! shall Providence be blamed?”
The Justice, laughing, said, “Oh no!
I only meant the loads of snow
Upon the roofs. The barn is weak;
I greatly fear the roof will break.
So hand me up the spade, my dear,
I’ll mount the barn, the roof to clear.”
“No!” said the wife; “the barn is high,
And if you slip, and fall, and die,
How will my living be secured?—
Stephen, your life is not insured.
But tie a rope your waist around,
And it will hold you safe and sound.”
“I will,” said he. “Now for the roof—
All snugly tied, and danger-proof!
Excelsior! Excel—But no!
The rope is not secured below!”
Said Rachel, “Climb, the end to throw
Across the top, and I will go
And tie that end around my waist.”

“Well, every woman to her taste;
You always would be tightly laced.
Rachel, when you became my bride,
I thought the knot securely tied;
But lest the bond should break in twain,
I’ll have it fastened once again.”
Below the arm-pits tied around,
She takes her station on the ground.
While on the roof, beyond the ridge,
He shovels clear the lower edge.
But, sad mischance! the loosened snow
Comes sliding down, to plunge below.
And as he tumbles with the slide,
Up Rachel goes on t’other side.
Just half-way down the Justice hung;
Just half-way up the woman swung.
“Good land o’ Goshen!” shouted she;
“Why, do you see it?” answered he.

The couple, dangling in the breeze,
Like turkeys, hung outside to freeze,
At their rope’s end and wit’s end, too,
Shout back and forth what best to do.

Cried Stephen, “Take it coolly, wife;
All have their ups and downs in life.”
Quoth Rachel, “What a pity ‘tis
To joke at such a time as this?
A man whose wife is being hung
Should know enough to hold his tongue.”
“Now, Rachel, as I look below,
I see a tempting heap of snow.
Suppose, my dear, I take my knife,
And cut the rope to save my life?”
She shouted, “Don’t! ’twould be my death—
I see some pointed stones beneath.
A better way would be to call,
With all our might, for Phebe Hall.”
“Agreed!” he roared. First he, then she
Gave tongue; “O Phebe! Phebe! Phebe!
Be Hall!” in tones both fine and coarse,
Enough to make a drover hoarse.

Now Phebe, over at the farm,
Was sitting, sewing, snug and warm;
But hearing, as she thought, her name,
Sprang up, and to the rescue came;
Beheld the scene, and thus she thought:
“If now a kitchen chair were brought,
And I could reach the lady’s foot,
I’d draw her downward by the boot,
Then cut the rope, and let him go;
He cannot miss the pile of snow.”
He sees her moving towards his wife,
Armed with a chair and carving-knife,
And, ere he is aware, perceives
His head ascending to the eaves;
And, guessing what the two are at,
Screams from beneath the roof, “Stop that!
You make me fall too far, by half!”
But Phebe answers, with a laugh,
“Please tell a body by what right
You’ve brought your wife to such a plight!”
And then, with well-directed blows,
She cuts the rope and down he goes.

The wife untied, they walk around,
When lo! no Stephen can be found.
They call in vain, run to and fro;
They look around, above, below;
No trace or token can they see.
And deeper grows the mystery.
Then Rachel’s heart within her sank;
But, glancing at the snowy bank,
She caught a little gleam of hope—
A gentle movement of the rope.
They scrape away a little snow;
What’s this? A hat! Ah! he’s below.
Then upward heaves the snowy pile,
And forth he stalks in tragic style,
Unhurt, and with a roguish smile;
And Rachel sees, with glad surprise,
The missing found, the fallen rise.

HENRY REEVES.



WILLY-NILLY.

I LOVE the sweetest maid alive,
She well doth know it,
She loveth me, but she doth strive
Never to show it.

When I do hold myself apart,
She cometh nigh me;
But when I open all my heart,
She quick doth fly me.

She liketh well to be admired,
But deems me silly
Admiring her, and I grow tired
Of willy-nilly.

The while my tale of love is told,
She ne'er relenteth;
So, if she's cruel, I'll be cold,
Till she repenteth.

E. F. BREWTHALL.



MY LANDLADY.

A SMALL brisk woman, capped with many a bow;
 "Yes," so she says, "and younger, too, than some,"
 Who bids me, bustling, "Godspeed," when I go,
 And gives me, rustling, "Welcome," when I come.
 "Ay, sir, 'tis cold—and freezing hard, they say;
 I'd like to give that hulking brute a hit—
 Beating his horse in such a shameful way!—
 Step here, sir, till your fire's blazed up a bit."
 A musky haunt of lavender and shells,
 Quaint-figured Chinese monsters, toys, and trays—

"Where is he?" "Ah, sir, he is dead—my boy!
 Full thirty years ago—in 'sixty-three;
 He's always living in my head—my boy!
 He was left drowning in the Southern Sea.
 "There were two souls washed overboard, they said,
 And one the waves brought back; but he was left.
 They saw him place the life-buoy o'er his head;
 The sea was running wildly;—he was left.
 "He was a strong, strong swimmer. Do you know,
 When the wind whistled yesternight, I cried,
 And prayed to God—though 'twas so long ago—
 He did not struggle much before he died.



A life's collection—where each object tells
 Of fashions gone and half-forgotten ways:—
 A glossy screen, where wide-mouth dragons ramp;
 A vexed inscription in a sampler-frame;
 A shade of beads upon a red-capped lamp;
 A child's mug graven with a golden name;
 A pictured ship, with full-blown canvas set;
 A card, with seaweed twisted to a wreath,
 Circling a silky curl as black as jet,
 With yellow writing faded underneath.
 Looking, I sink within the shrouded chair,
 And note the objects, slowly one by one,
 And light at last upon a portrait there—
 Wide-collared, raven-haired. "Yes, 'tis my son!"

"'Twas his third voyage. That's the box he brought—
 Or would have brought, my poor deserted boy!
 And these the words the agents sent—they thought
 That money, perhaps, could make my loss a joy.
 "Look, sir, I've something here that I prize more,
 This is a fragment of the poor lad's coat—
 That other clutched him as the wave went o'er,
 And this stayed in his hand. That's what they wrote.
 "Well, well, 'tis done. My story's shocking you;
 Grief is for them that have both time and wealth;
 We can't mourn much, who have much work to do;
 Your fire is bright. Thank God, I have my health?"

AUSTIN DOBSON.

KNIGHT TOGGENBURG.

“**K**NIGHT, to love thee like a sister
 Vows this heart to thee ;
 Ask no other, warmer feeling—
 That were pain to me,
 Tranquil would I see thy coming,
 Tranquil see thee go ;
 What that starting tear would tell me,
 I must never know.”

He with silent anguish listens,
 Though his heart-strings bleed ;



Clasps her in his last embraces,
 Springs upon his steed ;
 Summons every faithful vassal
 From his Alpine home ;
 Binds the cross upon his bosom,
 Seeks the Holy Tomb.

There will many a deed of glory
 Wrought the hero's arm ;
 Foremost still his plumage floated
 Where the foemen swarm ;
 Till the Moslem, terror-stricken,
 Quailed before his name ;—
 But the pang that wrings his bosom
 Lives at heart the same.

One long year he bears his sorrow,
 But no more can bear :
 Rest he seeks, but finding never,
 Leaves the army there ;
 Sees a ship by Joppa's haven,
 Which, with swelling sail,

Wafts him where his lady's breathing
 Mingles with the gale.

At her father's castle-portal
 Hark ! his knock is heard :
 See ! the gloomy gate uncloses
 With the thunder-word :
 “She thou seek'st is veiled forever,
 Is the bride of heaven ;
 Yester-eve the vows were plighted—
 She to God is given.”

Then his old ancestral castle
 He forever flees ;
 Battle steed and trusty weapon
 Nevermore he sees.
 From the Toggenburg descending
 Forth unknown he glides ;
 For the frame once sheathed in iron
 Now the sackcloth hides.

There beside that hallowed region
 He hath built his bower,
 Where from out the dusky lindens
 Looked the convent-tower ;
 Waiting from the morning's glim-
 mer
 Till the day was done,
 Tranquil hope in every feature,
 Sat he there alone.

Gazing upward to the convent,
 Hour on hour he passed ;
 Watching still his lady's lattice
 Till it oped at last ;
 Till that form looked forth so
 lovely,

Till the sweet face smiled
 Down into the lonesome valley,
 Peaceful, angel-mild.

Then he laid him down to slumber,
 Cheered by peaceful dreams,
 Calmly waiting till the morning
 Showed again its beams.
 Thus for days he watched and waited,
 Thus for years he lay,
 Happy if he saw the lattice
 Open day by day—

If that form looked forth so lovely,
 If the sweet face smiled
 Down into the lonesome valley,
 Peaceful, angel-mild
 There a corpse they found him sitting
 Once when day returned,
 Still his pale and placid features
 To the lattice turned.

F. VON SCHILLER.

PHILLIPS OF PELHAMVILLE.

SHORT is the story I say, if you will
Hear it, of Phillips of Pelhamville :

An engineer for many a day
Over miles and miles of the double way.

Day and night, in all kinds of weather,
He and the engine he drave together.

I can fancy this Phillips as one in my mind
With little of speech to waste on his kind,

Always sharp and abrupt of tone,
Whether off duty or standing on.

With this firm belief in himself that he reckoned
His duty first ; all the rest was second.

Short is the story I say, if you will
Hear it, of Phillips of Pelhamville.

He was out that day, running sharp, for he knew
He must shunt ahead for a train overdue,

The South Express coming on behind
With the swing and rush of a mighty wind.

No need to say in this verse of mine
How accidents happen along the line.

A rail lying wide to the gauge ahead,
A signal clear when it should be red ;

An axle breaking, the tire of a wheel
Snapping off at a hidden flaw in the steel.

Enough. — There were wagons piled up in the air,
As if some giant had tossed them there,

Rails broken and bent like a willow wand,
And sleepers torn up through the ballast and sand.

The hiss of the steam was heard, as it rushed
Through the safety-valves of the engine, crushed

Deep into the slope, like a monster driven
To hide itself from the eye of heaven.

But where was Phillips ? From underneath
The tender wheels, with their grip of death,

They drew him, scalded by steam, and burned
By the engine fires as it overturned.

They laid him gently upon the slope,
Then knelt beside him with little of hope.

Though dying, he was the only one
Of them all that knew what ought to be done ;

For his fading eye grew quick with a fear,
As if of some danger approaching near.

And it sought—not the wreck of his train that lay
Over the six and the four-feet way—

But down the track, for there hung on his mind
The South Express coming up behind.

And he half arose with a stifled groan,
While his voice had the same old ring in its tone :

“Signal the South Express!” he said,
Then fell back in the arms of his stoker, dead.

Short, as you see, is this story of mine,
And of one more hero of the line.

For hero he was, though before his name
Goes forth no trumpet-blast of fame.

Yet true to his duty, as steel to steel,
Was Phillips the driver of Pelhamville.

ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

THE FAMINE.

FROM “HIAWATHA.”

IN the wigwam with Nokomis,
With those gloomy guests that watched her,
With the Famine and the Fever.
She was lying, the beloved,
She the dying Minnehaha.

“Hark !” she said, “I hear a rushing,
Hear a roaring and a rushing,
Hear the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to me from a distance !”

“No, my child !” said old Nokomis,
“’Tis the night-wind in the pine-trees !”

“Look !” she said, “I see my father
Standing lonely at his doorway,
Beckoning to me from his wigwam
In the land of the Dacotahs !”

“No, my child !” said old Nokomis,
“’Tis the smoke that waves and beckons !”

“Ah !” she said, “the eyes of Pauguk
Glare upon me in the darkness,
I can feel his icy fingers
Clasping mine amid the darkness !
Hiawatha ! Hiawatha !”

And the desolate Hiawatha,
Far away amid the forest,
Miles away among the mountains,
Heard that sudden cry of anguish,
Heard the voice of Minnehaha
Calling to him in the darkness,
“HIAWATHA ! HIAWATHA !”

Over snow-fields waste and pathless,
Under snow-encumbered branches,
Homeward hurried Hiawatha,
Empty-handed, heavy-hearted,
Heard Nokomis moaning, wailing ;

“Wahonowin ! Wahonowin !
Would that I had perished for you,
Would that I were dead as you are !
Wahonowin ! Wahonowin !”

And he rushed into the wigwam,
Saw the old Nokomis slowly
Rocking to and fro and moaning,
Saw his lovely Minnehaha
Lying dead and cold before him,
And his bursting heart within him

Uttered such a cry of anguish,
That the forest moaned and shuddered,
That the very stars in heaven
Shook and trembled with his anguish.

Then he sat down still and speechless,
On the bed of Minnehaha,
At the feet of Laughing Water,
At those willing feet, that never
More would lightly run to meet him,
Never more would lightly follow.
With both hands his face he covered,
Seven long days and nights he sat there,
As if in a swoon he sat there,
Speechless, motionless, unconscious
Of the day light or the darkness.



Then they buried Minnehaha;
In the snow a grave they made her,
In the forest deep and darksome,
Underneath the moaning hemlocks;
Clothed her in her richest garments,
Wrapped her in her robes of ermine,
Covered her with snow, like ermine;
Thus they buried Minnehaha.
And at night a fire was lighted,
On her grave four times was kindled,
For her soul upon its journey
To the Islands of the Blessed.
From his doorway Hiawatha
Saw it burning in the forest,
Lighting up the gloomy hemlocks;
From his sleepless bed uprising,
From the bed of Minnehaha,
Stood and watched it at the doorway,
That it might not be extinguished,
Might not leave her in the darkness.

"Farewell!" said he, "Minnehaha;
Farewell, O my Laughing Water!
All my heart is buried with you,
All my thoughts go onward with you!
Come not back again to labor,

Come not back again to suffer,
Where the Famine and the Fever
Wear the heart and waste the body.
Soon my task will be completed,
Soon your footsteps I shall follow
To the islands of the Blessed,
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,
To the Land of the Hereafter!"

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

CONDUCTOR BRADLEY.

CONDUCTOR Bradley (always may his
name
Be said with reverence!) as the swift doom
came,
Smitten to death, a crushed and mangled frame,

Sank with the brake he grasped just
where he stood
To do the utmost that a brave man
could,
And die, if needful, as a true man
should.

Men stooped above him; women
dropped their tears
On that poor wreck beyond all hopes
or fears,
Lost in the strength and glory of his
years.

What heard they? Lo! the ghastly
lips of pain,
Dead to all thought save duty's,
moved again:

"Put out the signals for the other train!"

No nobler utterance since the world began,
From lips of saint or martyr ever ran,
Electric, through the sympathies of man,

Ah, me! how poor and noteless seem to this
The sick-bed drama of self-consciousness—
Our sensual fears of pain and hopes of bliss!

Oh, grand, supreme endeavor! Not in vain
That last brave act of failing tongue and brain!
Freighted with life, the downward-rushing train,

Following the wrecked one as wave follows wave,
Obeyed the warning which the dead lips gave.
Others he saved, himself he could not save!

Nay, the lost life *was* saved. He is not dead
Who in his record still the earth shall tread
With God's clear aureole shining round his head.

We bow as in the dust, with all our pride
Of virtue dwarfed the noble deed beside,
God give us grace to live as Bradley died!

J. G. WHITTIER.

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A GIRL HEROINE.

SHE had heard of heroines far away,
Of wonderful deeds that girls had done,
And wished that she were as brave as they
Who such an amount of praise had won.
There was naught she could do to gain renown,
No chance for a commonplace girl like her;
For a blizzard never had reached the town,
Nor anything else that made a stir.

She had often read of Joan of Arc,
And in spirit followed the daring maid,
And wondered if she was scared at the dark.
Or of ghosts and goblins had been afraid
When she was a child. And was it true
That angels came to her in a trance,
And told her exactly what to do
For her honor, and the glory and good of
France?

And Amy sighed; and she said: "'Tis well
That I lead an easy and quiet life,
With nothing that's likely to compel
My taking part in such active strife;
For I faint away at the sight of blood,
Would run a mile to avoid a cow,
And at thought of terrors of fire and flood
Am ready to go in hysterics now.

"I am only brave in my dreams, and then
To accomplish my purpose I never fail,
But rush to the charge with valiant mein
And a heart that scoffs at a coat of mail.
What plans I make! and what deeds I do!
King Arthur himself had no grander schemes,
Nor ever more glorious triumphs knew
Than I—in my rapturous girlish dreams."

That night came a wild, fierce cry of "Fire!"
And Amy sprang from her couch with a scream,
For the flames about her were drawing nigher,
And seemed at first like a horrid dream.
The stairs were ablaze; and below them stood
Her mother—the young babe in her arms—
And she looked as only a mother could
Whose heart was tortured with vague alarms.

She strove to speak, but her lips were dumb;
She tried to move, but she could not stir;
Oh, why should horror her strength benumb,
And at this moment so cripple her?
There—above—in an inner room—
Her children slept, while the flames rose higher;
Naught could avert their fearful doom;
And between her and them was this wall of fire!

Quick as a flash did Amy speed
To the bed where nestled each tiny elf;
Strength was given for the hour of need.
She had no time to think of herself,
But seizing each, with a loving kiss
She hushed their fears, and then hurled them so

Over the fiery red abyss
That they were caught by the men below.

Then Amy stood at the head of the stair
Alone and pallid—but not with fright;
And she looked like an angel standing there,
Crowned with a halo of dazzling light.
She did not know that they called her name,
Nor heard them shrieking, "Jump! jump this
way!"

Her gaze was fixed on the lurid flame,
And she knew 'twas fatal to long delay

So over the chasm, with flying leap,
Did Amy go into outstretched hands,
That were eager the hungry flames to keep
From leaving their mark on these precious
brands,
Plucked from the burning. And oh, what bliss
To gaze once more on her mother's face,
To be rewarded with kiss on kiss,
When closely held in her fond embrace!

From the noisy plaudits she shrank dismayed,
With a feeling that her deserts were small—
'Twas but an impulse that she obeyed;
Yet she was a heroine after all,
And had learned the lesson that from above
Is strength imparted for all our needs,
And that even a child with a heart of love
May astonish the world with its mighty deeds.

THE FAITHFUL LOVERS.

I'D been away from here three years—about
that—
And I returned to find my Mary true;
And thought I'd question her, nor doubted that
It was unnecessary so to do.

'Twas by the chimney corner we were sitting;
"Mary," said I, "have you been always
true?"

"Franky," said she—just pausing in her knit-
ting—

"I don't think I've unfaithful been to you;
But for the three years past I'll tell you what
I've done: then say if I've been true or not.

"When first you left, my grief was uncontrollable,
Alone I mourned my miserable lot,
And all who saw me thought me inconsolable,
Till Captain Clifford came from Aldershot;
To flirt with him amused me while 'twas new;
I don't count that unfaithfulness. Do you?"

"The next—oh! let me see—was Freddy Phipps,
I met him at my uncle's, Christmas-tide;
And 'neath the mistletoe, where lips met lips,
He gave me his first kiss"—and here she
sighed;

"We stayed six weeks at uncle's—how time flew!
I don't count that unfaithfulness. Do you?"

" Lord Cecil Fossmore, only twenty-one,
Lent me his horse. Oh, how we rode and
raced !

We scoured the downs, we rode to hounds—such
fun !

And often was his arm around my waist—
That was to lift me up or down. But who
Would count that unfaithfulness ? Do you ?

" Do you know Reggy Vere ? Ah, how he sings !
We met—'twas at a picnic. Ah, such weather !
He gave me, look, the first of these two rings,

When we were lost in Cliefden woods to
gether.

Ah, what happy times we spent, we two !
I don't count that unfaithfulness to you.

" I've got another ring from him. D'you see
The plain gold circle that is shining here ?"
I took her hand : " Oh, Mary ! can it be
That you"—quoth she, " That I am Mrs.
Vere.

I don't count that unfaithfulness, do you ?"
" No," I replied, " FOR I AM MARRIED, TOO."



THE MORTE CHAPEL.

HOW IT WAS CONSECRATED.

A Norwegian bark was driven on the rocks at Morte Point, North Devon, during a heavy storm. All attempts to launch the boat proved failures, but an immense wave lifted the upper part of the ship, and carried it with the sailors upon it safely to the shore. The captain, a God-fearing man, led his crew to the village, and found shelter in the newly-built chapel, which as yet had not been used for public worship.

" NO boat may ride," the captain cried,
" In a raging sea like this ;
And the rocks that gore my brave barque
o'er,
Must sink her soon, I wis.

" Yet launch the boat, for man must strive
Ere ever he turns to God."

The boat was lowered—the white waves poured
To sink her like a clod.

Said the captain brave, "'Tis the hour of prayer,
When human efforts fail ;"

By the quivering mast they knelt them fast,
'Mid the thunders of the gale.

Crash went the timbers of the wreck,
And strewn that fatal strand ;
But safe to shore, the mad waves o'er,
The deck was swept to land.

Right on the crest of the wild foam's breast,
It steers like a thing of life ;
And the mariners there scarce cease their prayer,
Ere it lifts them from the strife.

" Now rise, ye men," cried the captain then,
" For the Master's hand is seen ;
Though the billows roar on the angry shore,
'Tis the hour of praise, I ween."

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They climbed the hill, where the village still
Slept 'neath the silent stars;
Not a voice they hear, to bid them cheer,
Not a house will loose its bars.

'Tis the village kirk, unblest of man,
That opens wide its door;
And shelter found, they kneel around
In prayer on its unstained floor.

Their hearts they raise, in a hymn of praise,
A glad, thanksgiving song;
What bishop or choir with a joy like theirs?
What hallowing rite so strong?

And the benediction lingers yet,
Like the dew or the gracious rain;
For the clouds that rise, and float to the skies,
Must fall to the earth again.

WALTER BAXENDALE.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE AT BALAKLAVA.

From September, 1854, to June, 1856, Balaklava, a small Greek fishing-village in the Crimea, was the British headquarters during the Crimean war. Here the famous charge of the Six Hundred was made, October 25, 1854, which has rendered the name of Balaklava glorious as that of Thermopylae. The ballad was written, as Tennyson himself tells us, after reading the report in a morning journal, where only six hundred and seven sabres were mentioned as having taken part in the magnificent charge. Later, the soldiers sang this ballad, now of world-wide fame, by their watch-fires in the Crimea.

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of death,
Rode the six hundred.

Into the valley of death
Rode the six hundred;
For up came an order which
Some one had blundered.
"Forward, the light brigade!
Take the guns!" Nolan said:
Into the valley of death,
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward the light brigade!"
No man was there dismayed—
Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die—
Into the valley of death,
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
Volleyed and thundered,
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well;

Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouth of hell,
Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed all at once in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered.
Plunged in the battery smoke,
With many a desperate stroke
The Russian line they broke;
Then they rode back, but not—
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them,
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well,
Came through the jaws of death,
Back from the mouth of hell,
All that was left of them
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
Oh, the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

ALFRED TENNYSON.

ONE OF THE SIX HUNDRED.

A paragraph recently appeared in a New York journal announcing the death of John Fitzpatrick, one of the Light Brigade, who died of starvation in England. He had received a pension of sixpence a day, which, however, was withdrawn several years ago, and he endeavored to eke out a miserable existence by riding in circus pageants. Old age and disease had unfitted him for this or any other work; the only refuge for the disabled soldier was the workhouse, from which he shrank in horror. The verdict of the coroner's jury was: "Died of starvation, and the case is a disgrace to the War Office."

SPEED the news; speed the news!
Speed the news onward!
"Died of starvation," one
Of the Six Hundred:
One who his part had played
Well in the Light Brigade,
Rode with six hundred.

Food to the right of him,
Food to the left of him,
Food all around, yet
The veteran hungered;
He, who through shot and shell
Fearlessly rode, and well,
And when the word was "Charge,"
Shrank not nor lingered.

"Off to the workhouse, you!"
Back in dismay he drew—
Feeling he never knew

When cannon thundered.
His not to plead or sigh,
His but to starve and die,
And to a paupers' grave
Sink with a soul as brave
As through the vale of death
Rode the six hundred.



Flashed a proud spirit there,
Up through the man's despair,
Shaming the servile there,
Scaring the timid, while
Sordid souls wondered;
Then turned to face his fate
Calmly, with a soul as great

As when through shot and shell
He rode with six hundred!
With high hope elate,
Laughing in face of fate—
Rode with six hundred.

Hunger his mate by day,
Sunday and working day,
Winter and summer day—
Shame on the nation!
Struggling with might and main,
Smit with disease and pain,
He, in Victoria's reign,
"Died of starvation."

While yet the land with pride
Tells of the headlong ride
Of the six hundred;
While yet the welkin rings,
While yet the laureate sings,
"Some one has blundered;"
Let us with bated breath
Tell how one starved to death—
Of the six hundred.

What can that bosom hide?
Oh the dread death he died!
Well may men wonder—
One of the Light Brigade,
One who that charge had made,
Died of sheer hunger.

RIVER AND TIDE.

ON the bank of the river was seated one day
An old man, and close by his side
Was a child who had paused from his
laughing and play

To gaze at the stream, as it hurried away
To the sea, with the ebb of the tide.

"What see you, my child, in the stream, as it
flows

To the ocean, so dark and deep?
Are you watching how swift, yet how silent it
goes?

Thus hurry our lives, till they sink in repose,
And are lost in a measureless sleep.

"Now listen, my boy! You are young, I am old,
And yet like two rivers are we;

Though the flood-tide of youth from time's ocean
in rolled,

Yet it ebbs all too soon, and its waters grow cold
As it creeps back again to the sea."

"But the river returns!" cried the boy, while his
eyes

Gleamed bright at the water below.

"Ah! yes," said the old man; "but time, as it
flies,

Turns the tide of our life, and it never can rise."

"But first," said the boy, "it must flow."

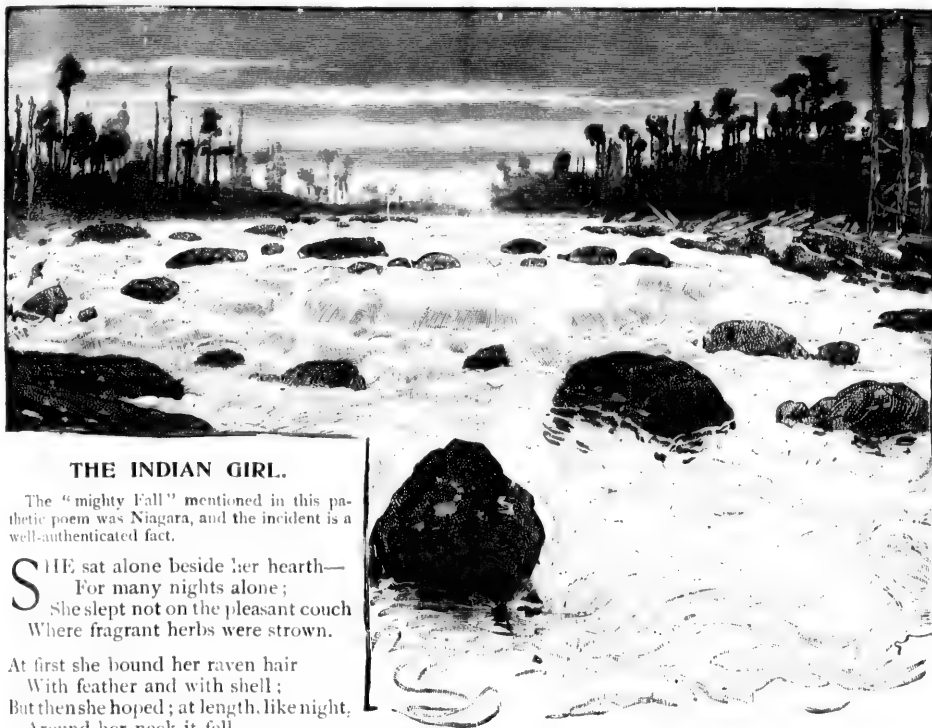
Thus, watching its course from the bank of the stream,

They mused, as they sat side by side ;
Each read different tales in the river's bright gleam—

One borne with the flow of a glorious dream,
And one going out with the tide.

Ah ! nothing like the heavy step
Betrays the heavy heart.

It is a usual history
That Indian girl could tell ;
Fate sets apart one common doom
For all who love too well.



THE INDIAN GIRL.

The "mighty Fall" mentioned in this pathetic poem was Niagara, and the incident is a well-authenticated fact.

SHE sat alone beside her hearth—
For many nights alone ;
She slept not on the pleasant couch
Where fragrant herbs were strown.

At first she bound her raven hair
With feather and with shell ;
But then she hoped ; at length, like night,
Around her neck it fell.

They saw her wandering 'mid the woods,
Lone, with the cheerless dawn,
And then they said, "Can this be her
We called, 'The Startled Fawn?'"

Her heart was in her large sad eyes,
Half sunshine and half shade ;
And love, as love first springs to life,
Of everything afraid.

The red leaf far more heavily
Fell down to autumn earth,
Than her light feet, which seemed to move
To music and to mirth.

With the light feet of early youth,
What hopes and joys depart !

The proud—the shy—the sensitive—
Life has not many such ;
They dearly buy their happiness,
By feeling it too much.

A stranger to her forest home,
That fair young stranger came ;
They raised for him the funeral song—
For him the funeral flame.

Love sprang from pity—and her arms
Around his arms she threw ;
She told her father, "If he dies,
Your daughter dieth too."

For her sweet sake they set him free—
He lingered at her side ;

And many a native song yet tells
Of that pale stranger's bride.

Two years have passed—how much two years
Have taken in their flight!
They've taken from the lip its smile,
And from the eye its light.

Poor child! she was a child in years—
So timid and so young;
With what a fond and earnest faith
To desperate hope she clung!

His eyes grew cold—his voice grew strange—
They only grew more dear,
She served him meekly, anxiously,
With love—half faith, half fear.

And can a fond and faithful heart
Be worthless in those eyes
For which it beats?—Ah! woe to those
Who such a heart despise.

Poor child! what lonely days she passed,
With nothing to recall
But bitter taunts, and careless words,
And looks more cold than all.

Alas! for love, that sits at home,
Forsaken, and yet fond
The grief that sits beside the hearth,
Life has no grief beyond.

He left her, but she followed him—
She thought he could not bear
When she had left her home for him
To look on her despair.

Adown the strange and mighty stream
She took her lonely way!
The stars at night her pilots were,
As was the sun by day.

Yet mournfully—how mournfully;—
The Indian looked behind,
When the last sound of voice or step
Died on the midnight wind.

Yet still adown the gloomy stream
She plied her weary oar;
Her husband—he had left their home,
And it was home no more.

She found him—but she found in vain—
He spurned her from his side;
He said, her brow was all too dark,
For her to be his bride.

She grasped his hands—her own were cold—
And silent turned away,
As she had not a tear to shed,
And not a word to say.

And pale as death she reached her boat,
And guided it along;
With broken voice she strove to raise
A melancholy song.

None watched the lonely Indian girl—
She passed unmarked of all,
Until they saw her slight canoe
Approach the mighty Fall!

Upright, within that slender boat
They saw the pale girl stand,
Her dark hair streaming far behind—
Upraised her desperate hand

The air is filled with shriek and shout—
They call, but call in vain;
The boat amid the waters dashed—
'Twas never seen again!

LETITIA E. LONDON.

IN SCHOOL DAYS.

STILL sits the school-house by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumachs grow,
And blackberry vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jackknife's carved initial;

The charcoal frescoes on its wall;
Its door's worn sill, betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing.

Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting;
Lit up its western window-panes,
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,
And brown eyes, full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy,
Her childish favor singled,
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, he lingered;
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
The soft hands' light caressing,
And heard the trembling of her voice,
As if a fault confessing:

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word ;
I hate to go above you,
Because"—the brown eyes lower fell—
"Because, you see, I love you!"

Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child-face is showing.
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing.

He lives to learn in life's hard school,
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss,
Like her—because they love him.

J. G. WHITTIER.

THE KING AND THE COTTAGE.

The following lines breathe a sentiment kindred to that of the gifted author's far-famed poem entitled, "Home, Sweet Home." The one is the companion of the other, and both are tributes to domestic joys almost without a rival.

THERE once was a king on his throne of gold
seated ;
His courtiers in smiles were all standing
around ;
They heard him with news of fresh victories
greeted ;
The skies with the joy of his people resound ;
And all thought this king was most thoroughly
blest,
Till sadly he sighed forth his secret unrest :
"How much more delight to my bosom 'twould
bring,
To feel myself happy, than know myself king!"

"Ah, that! while such power and such treasure
possessing,
(A courtier, astonished, stept forward and cried),
"Could fortune bestow in exchange for the blessing?"
And thus to the courtier the king straight replied :
"Health, a cottage, few friends, and a heart all my
own
Were heaven in exchange for the cares of a throne!"
"Then live if no longer to empire you cling,
Seek these, and be happy, and let *me* be the king!"

The king gave the courtier his throne and descended ;
The longed for delights of retirement to prove,
And now for the first time around him there
blended
The smiles of contentment, and friendship and
love ;
But the courtier soon came to the king in his cot ;
"Oh no!" said the king, "I'll no more change
my lot!
Think not, that once freed from the diadem's
sting,
I'll give up my cottage and stoop to be king!"

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

UNCLE JO.

I HAVE in memory a little story,
That few indeed would rhyme about but *me* ;
'Tis not of love, nor fame, nor yet of glory,
Although a little colored with the three—
In very truth, I think as much, perchance,
As most tales disembodied from romance.

Jo lived about the village, and was neighbor
To every one who had hard work to do ;
If he possessed a genius, 'twas for labor
Most people thought, but there were one or two
Who sometimes said, when he arose to go,
"Come in again and see us, Uncle Jo!"

The "Uncle" was a courtesy they gave—
And felt they could *afford* to give to him,
Just as the master makes of some good slave
An "Aunt Jenima," or an "Uncle Jim ;"
And of this dubious kindness Jo was glad—
Poor fellow, it was all he ever had!

A mile or so away he had a brother,—
A rich, proud man, that people didn't hire ;
But Jo had neither sister, wife nor mother,
And baked his corn cake, at his cabin fire,
After the day's work, hard for you and me,
But he was never tired—how could he be?

They called him dull, but he had eyes of quickness
For everybody that he could befriend ;
Said one and all, "How kind he is in sickness,"
But there, of course, his goodness had an end.
Another praise there was, might have been given,
For, one or more days out of every seven,

With his old pickaxe swung across his shoulder,
And downcast eyes, and slow and sober tread,
He sought the place of graves, and each beholder
Wondered and asked each other, who was dead?
But when he digged all day, nobody thought
That he had done a whit more than he ought.

At length, one winter when the sunbeams slanted
Faintly and cold across the churchyard snow,
The bell tolled out—alas! a grave was wanted,
And all looked anxiously for Uncle Jo ;
His spade stood there, against his own roof-tree,
There was his pickaxe, too, but where was he?

They called and called again, but no replying ;
Smooth at the window, and about the door
The snow in cold and heavy drifts was lying—
He didn't need the daylight any more.
One shook him roughly, and another said,
"As true as preaching, Uncle Joe is dead!"

And when they wrapped him in the linen, fairer
And finer, too, than he had worn till then,
They found a picture—haply of the sharer
Of sunny hope, some time ; or where or when,
They did not care to know, but closed his eyes,—
And placed it in the coffin where he lies!

None wrote his epitaph, nor saw the beauty
Of the pure love that reached into the grave,
Nor how, in unobtrusive ways of duty

He kept, despite the dark; but men less brave
Have left great names, while not a willow bends
Above *his* dust—poor Jo, he had no friends!



THE NEWSBOY'S DEBT.

ONE last year, at Christmas time,
While pacing down a city street,
I saw a tiny, ill-clad boy—
One of the thousands that we meet—

As ragged as a boy could be,
With half a cap, with one good shoe;
Just patches to keep out the wind—
I know the wind blew keenly, too;

A newsboy, with a newsboy's lungs,
A square Scotch face and honest brow,
And eyes that liked to smile so well
They had not yet forgotten how;

A newsboy, hawking his last sheets
With loud persistence. Now and then

Stopping to beat his stiffened hands,
And trudging bravely on again.

Dodging about among the crowd,
Shouting his "Extras" o'er and o'er,
Pausing by whiles to cheat the wind
Within some alley, by some door.

At last he stopped—six papers left,
Tucked hopelessly beneath his
arm—

To eye a fruiter's outspread store,
And products from some country
farm.

He stood and gazed with wistful
face,

All a child's longing in his eyes;
Then started, as I touched his arm,
And turned in quick, mechanic
wise.

Raised his torn cap with purple
hands,

Said, "Paper, sir? Sun, Star,
Times!"

And brushed away a freezing tear
That marked his cheek with frosty
rimes.

"How many have you? Never mind—
Don't stop to count—I'll take
them all;

And when you pass my office here
With stock on hand, give me a
call."

He thanked me with a broad Scotch
smile,

A look half wondering and half
glad.

I fumbled for the proper "change,"
And said, "You seem a little lad

"To rough it in the streets like this."

"I'm ten years old this Christ-
mas time!"

"Your name?" "Jim Hanley." "Here's a bill—
I've nothing else, but this one dime—

"Five dollars. When you get it changed
Come to my office—that's the place.
Now wait a bit, there's time enough:
You need not run a headlong race.

"Where do you live?" "Most anywhere.
We hired a stable-loft to-day,
Me and two others." "And you thought
The fruiter's window pretty, hey?

"And you are cold?" "Aye, just a bit.
I don't mind cold." "Why, that is strange!"
He smiled and pulled his ragged cap,
And darted off to get the "change."

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So, with half unconscious sigh,
I brought my office desk again.
An hour or more my busy wits
Found work enough with book and pen.

But when the mantel clock struck five
I started with a sudden thought,
For there beside my hat and cloak
Lay those six papers I had bought.

"Why, where's the boy, and where's the 'change'
He should have brought an hour ago?
Ah, well! ah, well! they're all alike!
I was a fool to tempt him so!

"Dishonest! Well, I might have known;
And yet his face seemed candid, too.
He would have earned the difference
If he had brought me what was due."

Just two days later, as I sat,
Half dozing in my office chair,
I heard a timid knock, and called.
In my brusque fashion, "Who's there?"

An urchin entered, barely seven—
The same Scotch face, the same blue eyes—
And stood half doubting, at the door,
Abashed at my forbidding guise.

"Sir, if you please, my brother Jim—
The one you gave the bill, you know—
He couldn't bring the money, sir,
Because his back was hurted so.

"He didn't mean to keep the 'change,'
He got runned over up the street;
One wheel went right across his back,
And t'other fore-wheel mashed his feet.

"They stopped the horses just in time,
And then they took him up for dead;
And all that day and yesterday
He wasn't rightly in his head.

"They took him to the hospital—
One of the newsboys knew 'twas Jim—
And I went too, because, you see,
We two are brothers, I and him.

"He had that money in his hand,
And never saw it any more.
Indeed, he didn't mean to steal!
He never lost a cent before.

"He was afraid that you might think
He meant to keep it any way.
This morning, when they brought him to,
He cried because he couldn't pay.

"He made me fetch his jacket here;
It's torn and dirtied pretty bad,
It's only fit to sell for rags.
But then you know it's all he had!

"When he gets well—it won't be long—
If you will call the money lent,
He says he'll work his fingers off
But what he'll pay you every cent."

And then he cast a rueful glance

At the soiled jacket, where it lay,
"No, no, my boy! Take back the coat.
Your brother's badly hurt, you say?

"Where did they take him? Just run out
And hail a cab, then wait for me.
Why, I would give a thousand coats,
And pounds, for such a boy as he!"

A half hour after this we stood
Together in the crowded wards,
And the nurse checked the hasty steps
That fell too loudly on the boards.

I thought him smiling in his sleep,
And scarce believed her when she said,
Soothing away the tangled hair
From brow and cheek, "The boy is dead!"

Dead? Dead so soon? How fair he looked,
One streak of sunshine on his hair.
Poor lad! Well, it is warm in heaven;
No need of "change" and jackets there.

And something rising in my throat
Made it so hard for me to speak,
I turned away, and left a tear
Lying upon his sunburned cheek.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

SCOTT AND THE VETERAN.

A N old and crippled veteran to the War Department came.
He sought the Chief who led him on many
a field of fame—
The Chief who shouted "Forward!" where'er
his banner rose,
And bore its stars in triumph behind the flying
foes.

"Have you forgotten, General," the battered
soldier cried,

"The days of eighteen hundred twelve, when I
was at your side?
Have you forgotten Johnson, who fought at
Lundy's Lane?
'Tis true, I'm old and pensioned, but I want
to fight again."

"Have I forgotten?" said the Chief: "my brave
old soldier, no!
And here's the hand I gave you then, and let it
tell you so;
But you have done your share, my friend; you're
crippled, old and gray,
And we have need of younger arms and fresher
blood to-day."

"But, General," cried the veteran, a flush upon his brow.
 "The very men who fought with us, they say, are traitors now;
 They've torn the flag of Lundy's Lane, our old red, white and blue,
 And while a drop of blood is left, I'll show that drop is true.
 "I'm not so weak but I can strike, and I've a good old gun,
 To get the range of traitors' hearts, and prick them, one by one.
 Your Minnie rifles and such arms, it ain't worth while to try;
 I couldn't get the hang o' them, but I'll keep my powder dry!"

"God bless you, comrade!" said the Chief,—
 "God bless your loyal heart!
 But younger men are in the field, and claim to have a part;
 They'll plant our sacred banner firm, in each rebellious town.
 And woe, henceforth, to any hand that dares to pull it down!"

"But, General!"—still persisting, the weeping veteran cried,
 "I'm young enough to follow, so long as you're my guide;
 And some you know, must bite the dust, and that, at least, can I;
 So give the young ones place to fight, but me a place to die!"

"If they should fire on Pickens, let the colonel in command
 Put me upon the rampart with the flag-staff in my hand;
 No odds how hot the cannon-smoke, or how the shell may fly,
 I'll hold the stars and stripes aloft, and hold them till I die!"

"I'm ready, General; so you let a post to me be given,
 Where Washington can look at me, as he looks down from heaven,
 And say to Putnam at his side, or may be, General Wayne—
 "There stands old Billy Johnson, who fought at Lundy's Lane!"

"And when the fight is raging hot, before the traitors fly,
 When shell and ball are screeching, and bursting in the sky.
 If any shot should pierce through me, and lay me on my face,
 My scul would go to Washington's, and not to Arnold's place!"

BAVARD TAYLOR.

BEN FISHER.

BEN FISHER had finished his hard day's work,
 And he sat at his cottage door;
 His good wife, Kate, sat by his side,
 And the moonlight danced on the floor—
 The moonlight danced on the cottage floor,
 Her beams were clear and bright
 As when he and Kate, twelve years before,
 Talked love in her mellow light.

Ben Fisher had never a pipe of clay,
 And never a dram drank he;
 So he loved at home with his wife to stay,
 And they chatted right merrily;
 Right merrily chatted they on, the while
 Her babe slept on her breast,
 While a chubby rogue, with rosy smile,
 On his father's knee found rest.

Ben told her how fast the potatoes grew,
 And the corn in the lower field;
 And the wheat on the hill was grown to seed,
 And promised a glorious yield;—
 A glorious yield in the harvest time,
 And his orchard was doing fair;
 His sheep and his stock were in their prime,
 His farm all in good repair.

Kate said that her garden looked beautiful,
 Her fowls and her calves were fat;
 That the butter that Tommy that morning churned,
 Would buy him a Sunday hat;
 That Jenny, for Pa, a new shirt had made,
 And 'twas done too by the rule;
 That Neddy the garden could nicely spade;
 And Ann was ahead at school.

Ben slowly raised his toil-worn hand
 Through his locks of grayish brown;
 "I tell you, Kate, what I think," said he,
 "We're the happiest folks in town."
 "I know," said Kate, "that we all work hard—
 Work and health go together, I've found;
 For there's Mrs. Bell does not work at all,
 And she's sick the whole year round.

"They're worth their thousands, so people say,
 But I ne'er saw them happy yet;
 'Twould not be me that would take their gold,
 And live in a constant fret;
 My humble home has a light within,
 Mrs. Bell's gold could not buy—
 Six healthy children, a merry heart,
 And a husband's love-lit eye."

I fancied a tear was in Ben's eye—
 The moon shone brighter and clearer,
 I could not tell why the man should cry.
 But he hitched up to Kate still nearer;
 He leaned his head on her shoulder there,
 And he took her hand in his—
 I guess—(though I looked at the moon just then),
 That he left on her lips a kiss.

FRANCIS DANA GAGE.

THE SEA-KING'S GRAVE.

HIGH over the wild sea-border, on the furthest downs to the West,
Is the green grave-mound of the Norseman, with the yew-tree grove on its crest.
And I heard in the winds his story, as they leapt up salt from the wave,
And tore at the creaking branches that grow from the sea-king's grave;
Some son of the old-world Vikings, the wild sea-wandering lords,
Whose sailed in a snake-prowed galley, with a terror of twenty swords,
From the fiords of the sunless winter, they came on an icy blast,
Till over the whole world's seaboard the shadow of Odin passed,
Till they sped to the inland waters and under the Southland skies,
And stared on the puny princes with their blue victorious eyes.
And they said he was old and royal, and a warrior all his days,
But the king who had slain his brother lived yet in the island ways;
And he came from a hundred battles, and died in his last wild quest,
For he said, "I will have my vengeance, and then I will take my rest."
He had passed on his homeward journey, and the king of the isles was dead;
He had drunken the draft of triumph, and his cup was the isle king's head;
And he spoke of the song and feasting, and the gladness of things to be,
And three days over the waters they rowed on a waveless sea;
Till a small cloud rose to the shoreward, and a gust broke out of the cloud,
And the spray beat over the rowers, and the murmur of winds was loud
With the voice of the far-off thunders, till the shuddering air grew warm,
And the day was as dark as at even, and the wild god rode on the storm.
But the old man laughed in the thunder as he set his casque on his brow,
And he waved his sword in the lightning and clung to the painted prow.
And a shaft from the storm-god's quiver flashed out from the flame-flushed skies,
Rang down on his war-worn harness and gleamed in his fiery eyes,

And his mail and his crested helmet, and his hair and his beard burned red;
And they said, "It is Odin calls;" and he fell, and they found him dead.

So here, in his war guise armored, they laid him down to his rest,
In his casque with the reindeer antlers, and the long grey beard on his breast;
His bier was the spoil of the islands, with a sail for a shroud beneath,



And an oar of his blood-red galley, and his battle-brand in the sheath;
And they buried his bow beside him, and planted the grove of yew,
For the grave of a mighty archer, one tree for each of his crew;
Where the flowerless cliffs are sheepest, where the sea-birds circle and swarm,
And the rocks are at war with the waters, with their jagged grey teeth in the storm;
And the huge Atlantic billows sweep in, and the mists enclose
The hill with the grass-grown mound where the Norseman's yew-tree grows.

RENNELL RODD.

THE HEATHEN CHINEE.

TABLE MOUNTAIN, 1870.

WHICH I wish to remark—
And my language is plain—
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,
Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name;
And I shall not deny
In regard to the same
What that name might imply,

But his smile it was pensive and child-like,
As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third,
And quite soft was the skies;
Which it might be inferred
That Ah Sin was likewise;
Yet he played it that day upon William
And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,
And Ah Sin took a hand:
It was euchre. The same
He did not understand;
But he smiled as he sat by the table,
With a smile that was child-like and bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked
In a way that I grieve,
And my feelings were shocked
At the state of Nye's sleeve,
Which was stuffed full of aces and bower,
And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played
By that heathen Chinese,
And the points that he made
Were quite frightful to see—
Till at last he put down a right bower,
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,
And he gazed upon me;
And he rose with a sigh,
And said, "Can this be?
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor,"
And he went for that heathen Chinese.

In the scene that ensued
I did not take a hand,
But the floor it was strewed
Like the leaves on the strand
With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding,
In the game he "did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long,
He had twenty-four packs—
Which was coming it strong,
Yet I state but the facts;
And we found on his nails, which were taper,
What is frequent in tapers—that's wax.

Which is why I remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinese is peculiar,
Which the same I am free to maintain.

BRET HARTE.

LOVED ONE WAS NOT THERE.

WE gathered round the festive board,
The crackling fagot blazed;
But few would taste the wine that poured,
Or join the song we raised:
For there was now a glass unfilled—
A favored place to spare;
All eyes were dull, all hearts were chilled—
The loved one was not there.

No happy laugh was heard to ring,
No form would lead the dance;
A smothered sorrow seemed to fling
A gloom in every glance.
The grave had closed upon a brow,
The honest, bright, and fair;
We missed our mate, we mourned the blow—
The loved one was not there.

ELIZA COOK.

THE GUARD'S STORY.

WE were on picket, sir, he and I,
Under the blue of a midnight sky
In the wilderness, where the night
bird's song
Gives back an echo all night long.
Where the silver stars as they come and pass
Leave stars of dew on the tangled grass,
And the rivers sing in the silent hours
Their sweetest songs to the list'ning flowers.

He'd a slender form and a girlish face,
That seemed in the army out of place,
Though he smiled as I told him so that day,—
Aye, smiled and flushed in a girlish way
That minded me of a face I knew,
In a distant village, 'neath the blue;
When our army marched, at the meadow bars,
She met and kissed me 'neath the stars.

Before us the river silent ran,
And we'd been placed to guard the ford;
A dangerous place, and we'd jump and start
Whenever a leaf by the wind was stirred.
Behind us the army lay encamped,
Their camp-fires burned into the night,
Like bonfires built upon the hills,
And set by demon hands alight.

Somehow, whenever I looked that way,
I seemed to see her face again,
Kind o' hazy like, as you've seen a star
A peepin' out through a misty rain!
And once, believe, as I thought of her,
I thought aloud, and I called him Bess,
When he started quick, and smiling, said,
"You dream of some one at home, I guess."

'Twas just in the flush of the morning light.
We stopped for a chat at the end of our beat,

When a rifle flashed at the river's bank,
And bathed in blood he sank at my feet;
All of a sudden I knew *her* then,
And kneeling, I kissed the girlish face;
And I raised her head from the tangled grass,
To find on my breast its resting place.

When the corporal came to change the guard,
At six in the morning, he found me there,
With Bessie's dead form clasped in my arms,
And hid in my heart her dying prayer.
They buried her under the moaning pines,
And never a man in the army knew
That Willie Searles and my girl were one.
You're the first I've told—the story's new.

THE OVERLAND TRAIN.

THE Plains! The shouting drivers at the wheel;
The crash of leather whips; the crush and roll

Of wheels; the groan of yokes and grinding steel
And iron chain, and lo! at last the whole
Vast line, that reached as if to touch the goal,
Began to stretch and stream away and wind
Toward the west, as if with one control;
Then hope loomed fair, and home lay far behind;
Before, the boundless plain, and fiercest of their
kind.

Some hills at last began to lift and break;
Some streams began to fail of wood and tide,
The sombre plain began betime to take
A hue of weary brown, and wild and wide
It stretched its naked breast on every side.
A babe was heard at last to cry for bread
Amid the deserts; cattle lowed and died,
And dying men went by with broken tread,
And left a long black serpent line of wreck and
dead.

They rose by night; they struggled on and on
As thin and still as ghosts; then here and there
Beside the dusty way before the dawn
Men silent laid them down in their despair,
And died. But woman! Woman, frail as fair!
May man have strength to give to you your due;
You faltered not, nor murmured anywhere.
You held your babes, held to your course, and
you
Bore on through burning hell your double burthens
through.

The dust arose, a long dim line like smoke
From out a riven earth. The wheels went by,
The thousand feet in harness and in yoke,
They tore the ways of ashen alkali,
And desert winds blew sudden, swift and dry.
The dust! it sat upon and filled the train!
It seemed to fret and fill the very sky.
Lo! dust upon the beasts, the tent, the plain,
And dust, alas! on breasts that rose not up again.

My brave and unremembered heroes, rest;
You fell in silence, silent lie and sleep.
Sleep on unsung, for this, I say, were best;
The world to-day has hardly time to weep;
The world to-day will hardly care to keep
In heart her plain and unpretending brave;
The desert winds, they whistle by and sweep
About you; browned and russet grasses wave
Along a thousand leagues that lie one common
grave.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

ONE more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care:
Fashioned so slenderly—
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements.
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not a thing!

Touch her not scornfully!
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly—
Not of the stains of her;
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny,
Rash and undutiful;
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers—
One of Eve's family—
Wipe those poor lips of hers,
Oozing so clammy.

Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb—
Her fair auburn tresses—
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home?

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
O! it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
Feelings had changed—
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence;
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood, with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river;
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurled
Anywhere, anywhere
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly—
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran—
Over the brink of it!
Picture it—think of it!
Dissolute man!
Lave in it, drink of it,
Then if you can!

Take her up tenderly—
Lift her with care!
Fashioned so slenderly—
Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs, frigidly,
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently, kindly,
Smooth and compose them;
And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring
Through muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing,
Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurred by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity
Into her rest!
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behavior,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour!

THOMAS HOOD.

ARABELLA AND SALLY ANN.

A RABELLA was a schoolgirl,
So was Sally Ann.
Hasty pudding can't be thicker
Than two schoolgirls can.

These were thick as schoolgirls can be.
Deathless love they swore,
Vowed that naught on earth should part them—
One forever more.

They grew up as schoolgirls will do.
Went to parties, too,
And as oft before has happened,
Suitors came to woo.

But as fate or luck would have it,
One misguided man
Favored blue-eyed Arabella
More than Sally Ann.

And, of course, it made no difference
That the laws are such
That he could not wed two women,
Though they wished it much.

So a coolness rose between them,
And the cause—a man.
Cold was Arabella—very;
Colder Sally Ann.

Now they call each other "creature;"
What is still more sad—
Bella, though she won the treasure,
Wishes Sally had.

PAUL CARSON.

FAMOUS BALLADS, LEGENDS

AND

NATIONAL AIRS.

THE DAMSEL OF PERU.



HERE olive leaves were
twinkling in every wind
that blew,
There sat beneath the
pleasant shade a damsel
of Peru.

Betwixt the slender
boughs, as they opened
to the air,
Came glimpses of her
ivory neck and of her
glossy hair;
And sweetly rang her sil-
ver voice, within that
shady nook,
As from the shrubby glen

is heard the sound of hidden brook.

'Tis a song of love and valor, in the noble Span-
ish tongue,
That once upon the sunny plains of old Castile
was sung;
When, from their mountain holds, on the Moor-
ish rout below,
Had rushed the Christians like a flood, and swept
away the foe.
Awhile that melody is still, and then breaks forth
anew
A wilder rhyme, a livelier note, of freedom and
Peru.

For she has bound the sword to a youthful lover's
side,
And sent him to the war the day she should have
been his bride,
And bade him bear a faithful heart to battle for
the right,
And held the fountains of her eyes till he was out
of sight.
Since the parting kiss was given, six weary months
are fled,
And yet the foe is in the land, and blood must
yet be shed.

A white hand parts the branches, a lovely face
looks forth,

And bright dark eyes gaze steadfastly and sadly
toward the north.

Thou look'st in vain, sweet maiden, the sharpest
sight would fail

To spy a sign of human life abroad in all the
vale;

For the noon is coming on, and the sunbeams
fiercely beat,

And the silent hills and forest-tops seem reeling
in the heat.

That white hand is withdrawn, that fair sad face
is gone,

But the music of that silver voice is flowing
sweetly on,

Not as of late, in cheerful tones, but mournfully
and low—

A ballad of a tender maid heart-broken long
ago,

Of him who died in bat'tle, the youthful and the
brave,

And her who died of sorrow, upon his early
grave.

But see, along that mountain's slope, a fiery horse-
man ride;

Mark his torn plume, his tarnished belt, the sabre
at his side.

His spurs are buried rowel deep, he rides with
loosened rein,

There's blood upon his charger's flank and foam
upon the mane;

He speeds him towards the olive-grove, along that
shaded hill:

God shield the helpless maiden there, if he should
mean her ill!

And suddenly that song has ceased, and suddenly
I hear

A shriek sent up amid the shade, a shriek—but not
of fear.

For tender accents follow, and tenderer pauses
speak

The overflow of gladness, when words are all too
weak:

"I lay my good sword at thy feet, for now Peru
is free,

And I am come to dwell beside the olive-grove
with thee."

W. C. BRYANT.

THE AFRICAN CHIEF.

The story of the African Chief related in this ballad is well known. The chief was a warrior of majestic stature, brother of the king of the Solima nation. He had been taken in battle and was brought in chains for sale to the Rio Pongas, where he was exhibited in the market-place, his ankles still adorned with the massive rings of gold which he wore when captured. The refusal of his captor to listen to his offers of ransom drove him mad and he died a maniac.

CHAINED in the market-place he stood,
A man of giant frame,
Amid the gathering multitude
That shrunk to hear his name—
All stern of look and strong of limb
His dark eye on the ground :—
And silently they gazed on him,
As on a lion bound.

Vainly, but well, that chief had fought,
He was a captive now,
Yet pride, that fortune humbles not,
Was written on his brow.
The scars his dark broad bosom wore,
Showed warrior true and brave ;
A prince among his tribe before,
He could not be a slave.

Then to his conqueror he spake—
“ My brother is a king ;
Undo this necklace from my neck,
And take this bracelet ring,
And send me where my brother reigns,
And I will fill thy hands
With store of ivory from the plains,
And gold-dust from the sands.”

“ Not for thy ivory nor thy gold
Will I unbind thy chain ;
That bloody hand shall never hold
The battle-spear again.
A price thy nation never gave
Shall yet be paid for thee ;
For thou shalt be the Christian's slave,
In lands beyond the sea.”

Then wept the warrior chief, and bade
To shred his locks away ;
And one by one, each heavy braid
Before the victor lay.
Thick were the platted locks, and long,
And closely hidden there
Shone many a wedge of gold among
The dark and crisped hair.

“ Look, feast thy greedy eye with gold
Long kept for sorest need :
Take it—thou askest sums untold,
And say that I am freed.
Take it—my wife, the long, long day,
Weeps by the cocoa-tree,
And my young children leave their play,
And ask in vain for me.”

“ I take thy gold—but I have made
Thy fetters fast and strong,
And ween that by the cocoa shade
Thy wife will wait thee long.”
Strong was the agony that shook
The captive's frame to hear,
And the proud meaning of his look
Was changed to mortal fear.

His heart was broken—crazed his brain :
At once his eye grew wild ;
He struggled fiercely with his chain,
Whispered, and wept, and smiled ;
Yet wore not long those fatal bands,
And once, at shut of day,
They drew him forth upon the sands,
The foul hyena's prey. W. C. BRYANT.

THE PRIVATE OF THE BUFFS.

LAST night, among his fellow roughs,
He jested, quaffed, and swore ;
A drunken private of the Buffs,
Who never looked before.

To-day, beneath the foeman's frown,
He stands in Elgin's place,
Ambassador from Britain's crown,
And type of all her race.

Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught,
Bewildered, and alone,
A heart, with English instinct fraught,
He yet can call his own.

Ay, tear his body limb from limb,
Bring cord or axe or flame,
He only knows that not through him
Shall England come to shame.

Far Kentish hop-fields round him seemed,
Like dreams, to come and go ;
Bright leagues of cherry-blossom gleamed,
One sheet of living snow ;
The smoke above his father's door
In gray soft eddys hung ;
Must he then watch it rise no more,
Doomed by himself so young ?

Yes, honor calls !—with strength like steel
He put the vision by ;
Let dusky Indians whine and kneel,
An English lad must die.
And thus, with eyes that would not shrink,
With knee to man unbent,
Unflinching on its dreadful brink,
To his red grave he went.

Vain mightiest fleets of iron framed,
Vain those all-shattering guns,
Unless proud England keep untamed
The strong heart of her sons ;
So let his name through Europe ring—
A man of mean estate,
Who died, as firm as Sparta's king,
Because his soul was great.

SIR FRANCIS H. DOYLE.

A MAID OF NORMANDY.

WITHIN a sheltered mossy glade,
Hid in a mighty forest's shade,
There first it was I chanced to see
My little maid of Normandy.

I was a painter, poor, obscure;
She was a peasant, fair and pure;
And oh! she was so dear to me—
My little maid of Normandy.

And I was all the world to her.
Scarce ever from my side she'd stir,
But watched me paint with childish glee—
My little maid of Normandy.

Alas! alas! there came a day
When all the sunshine died away!
They buried her beside the sea—
My little maid of Normandy.



And time went on, and hour by hour,
And day by day love gained in power,
Till she was all the world to me—
My little maid of Normandy.

And now I roam the will world o'er,
But memory haunts me evermore!
One love alone for me can be—
My little maid of Normandy.

GEORGE WEATHERLY.

BORDER BALLAD.

MARCH, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale!
Why the de'il dinna ye march forward in
order?
March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale!
All the Blue Bonnets are over the Border!

Many a banner spread
Flutters above your head,
Many a crest that is famous in story!—
Mount and make ready, then,
Sons of the mountain glen.
Fight for the queen and our old Scottish glory!

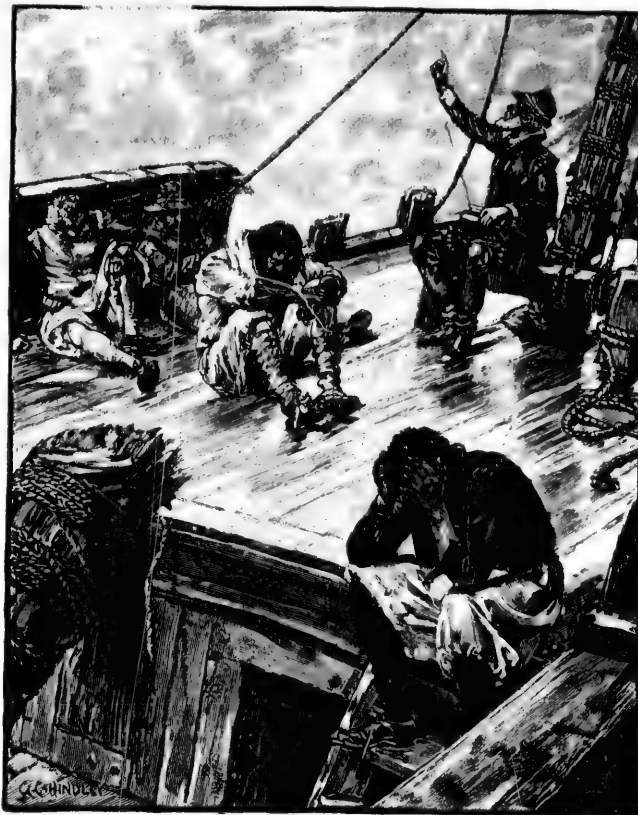
Come from the hills where your hirsels are grazing;
 Come from the glen of the buck and the roe;
 Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing;
 Come with the buckler, the lance and the bow.
 Trumpets are sounding;
 War-steeds are bounding;

Stand to your arms, and march in good order,
 England shall many a day
 Tell of the bloody fray,
 When the Blue Bonnets came over the Border
 SIR WALTER SCOTT.

SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT.

SOUTHWARD with fleet of ice
 Sailed the corsair Leath,
 Wild and fast blew the blast,
 And the east-wind was his breath.

Eastward from Campobello
 Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed;
 Three days or more seaward he bore,
 Then, alas! the land-wind failed.



His lordly ships of ice
 Glistened in the sun;
 On each side, like pennons wide,
 Flashing crystal streamlets run.

His sails of white sea-mist
 Dripped with silver rain;
 But where he passed there were cast
 Leaden shadows o'er the main.

Alas! the land-wind failed,
 And ice-cold grew the night:
 And never more, on sea or shore,
 Should Sir Humphrey see the light.

He sat upon the deck,
 The Book was in his hand;
 "Do not fear! Heaven is as near,"
 He said, "by water as by land!"

In the first watch of the night,
Without a signal's sound,
Out of the sea, mysteriously,
The fleet of Death rose all around.

The moon and the evening star
Were hanging in the shrouds;
Every mast, as it passed,
Seemed to rake the passing clouds.

They grappled with their prize,
At midnight black and cold!
As of a rock was the shock;
Heavily the ground-swell rolled.

Southward through day and dark,
They drift in close embrace,
With mist and rain, to the Spanish Main;
Yet there seems no change of place.

Southward, forever southward,
They drift through dark and day;
And like a dream, in the Gulf Stream
Sinking, vanish all away.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

THE Pilgrim Fathers, where are they?
The waves that brought them o'er
Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray,
As they break along the shore—
Still roll in the bay as they rolled that day
When the Mayflower moored below,
When the sea around was black with storms,
And white the shore with snow.

The mists that wrapped the pilgrim's sleep
Still brood upon the tide;
And his rocks yet keep their watch by the deep,
To stay its waves of pride;
But the snow-white sail that he gave to the gale
When the heavens looked dark, is gone;
As an angel's wing through an opening cloud
Is seen, and then withdrawn.

The pilgrim exile—sainted name!
The hill, whose icy brow
Rejoiced, when he came, in the morning's flame,
In the morning's flame burns now.
And the moon's cold light, as it lay that night
On the hillside and the sea,
Still lies where he laid his houseless head;
But the pilgrim, where is he?

The Pilgrim Fathers are at rest;
When summer is throned on high,
And the world's warm breast is in verdure dressed,
Go, stand on the hill where they lie:
The earliest ray of the golden day
On the hallowed spot is cast;
And the evening sun, as he leaves the world,
Looks kindly on that spot last.

The pilgrim spirit has not fled;
It walks in noon's broad light;
And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,
With the holy stars by night;
It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,
And shall guard this ice-bound shore,
Till the waves of the bay where the Mayflower lay
Shall foam and freeze no more.

JOHN PIERPONT.

THE CRAZED MAIDEN.

LET me not have this gloomy view
About my room, about my bed;
But morning roses, wet with dew,
To cool my burning brow instead;
As flowers that once in Eden grew,
Whom their fragrant spirits shed,
And every day their sweets renew,
Till, as a fading flower, am dead.

O let the herbs I loved to rear
Give to my sense their perfumed breath!
Let them be placed about my bier,
And grace the gloomy house of death—
Let have my grave beneath a hill,
Where only Lucy's self shall know,
Where runs the pure pellucid rill
Upon its gravelly bed below:
There violets on the borders blow,
And insects their soft light display,
Till, as the morning sunbeams glow,
The cold phosphoric fires decay.

That is the grave to Lucy shown;
The soil a pure and silver sand;
The green cold moss above it grown,
Unplucked of all but maiden hand.
In virgin earth, till then unturned,
There let my maiden form be laid;
Nor let my mouldering clay be spurned,
Nor for new guest that bed be made.

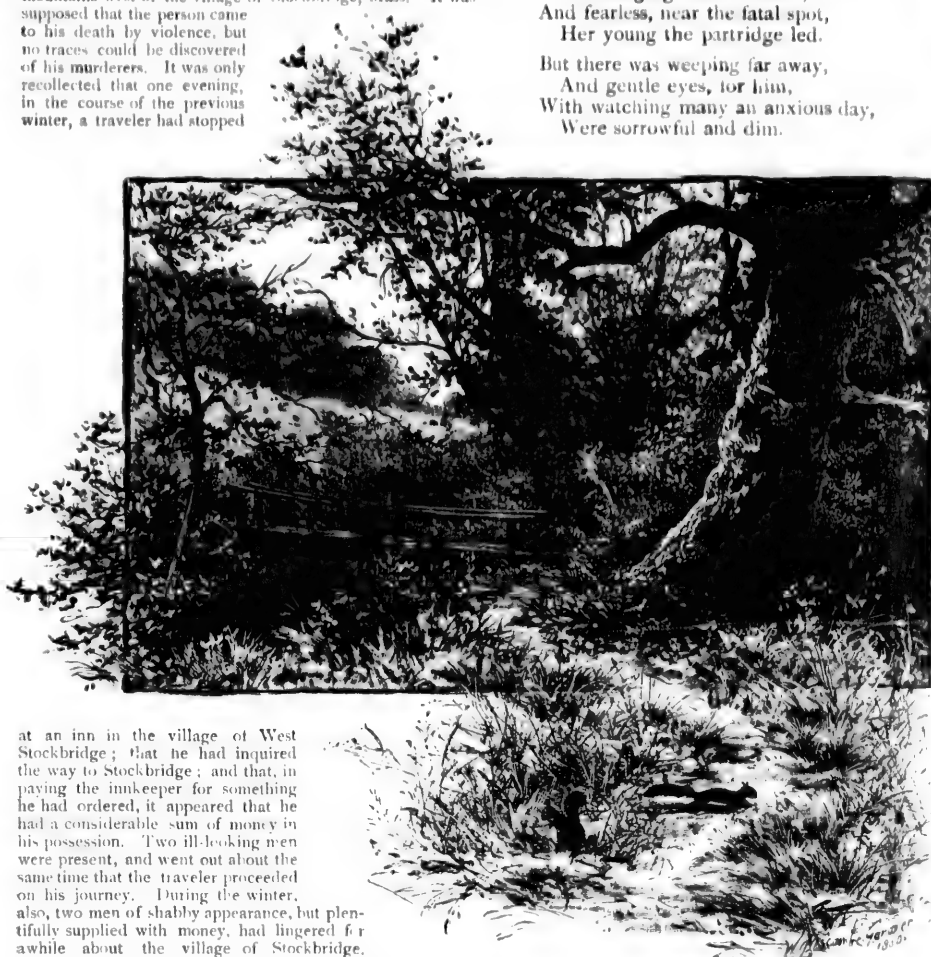
There will the lark, the lamb, in sport,
In air, on earth, securely play:
And Lucy to my grave resort,
As innocent, but not so gay.
I will not have the churchyard ground
With bones all black and ugly grown,
To press my shivering body round,
Or on my wasted limbs be thrown.

With ribs and skulls I will not sleep,
In clammy beds of cold blue clay,
Through which the clammy earth-worms creep,
And on the shrouded bosom prey.
I will not have the bell proclaim
When those sad marriage rites begin,
And boys, without regard or shame,
Press the vile mouldering masses in.

GEORGE CRABBE.

THE MURDERED TRAVELER.

Some years since, in the month of May, the remains of a human body, partly devoured by wild animals, were found in a woody ravine, near a solitary road passing between the mountains west of the village of Stockbridge, Mass. It was supposed that the person came to his death by violence, but no traces could be discovered of his murderers. It was only recollected that one evening, in the course of the previous winter, a traveler had stopped



at an inn in the village of West Stockbridge; that he had inquired the way to Stockbridge; and that, in paying the innkeeper for something he had ordered, it appeared that he had a considerable sum of money in his possession. Two ill-looking men were present, and went out about the same time that the traveler proceeded on his journey. During the winter, also, two men of shabby appearance, but plentifully supplied with money, had lingered for awhile about the village of Stockbridge. Several years afterward, a criminal, about to be executed for a capital offence in Canada, confessed that he had been concerned in murdering a traveler in Stockbridge for the sake of his money. Nothing was ever discovered respecting the name or residence of the person murdered.

WHEN spring, to woods and wastes around,
Brought bloom and joy again,
The murdered traveler's bones were found,
For down a narrow glen.
The fragrant birch, above him, hung
Her tassels in the sky;

And many a vernal blossom sprung,
And nodded careless by.

The red-bird warbled, as he wrought
His hanging nest o'erhead,
And fearless, near the fatal spot,
Her young the partridge led.

But there was weeping far away,
And gentle eyes, for him,
With watching many an anxious day,
Were sorrowful and dim.

They little knew, who loved him so,
The fearful death he met,
When shouting o'er the desert snow,
Unarmed, and hard beset;—

Nor how, when round the frosty pole
The northern dawn was red,
The mountain wolf and wild-cat stole
To banquet on the dead.

Nor how, when strangers found his bones,
They dressed the hasty bier,
And marked his grave with nameless stones,
Unmoistened by a tear.

But long they looked, and feared, and wept,
Within his distant home;
And dreamed, and started as they slept,
For joy that he was come.

Long, long they looked—but never spied
His welcome step again,
Nor knew the fearful death he died
Far down that narrow glen.

W. C. BRYANT.

LEONIDAS.

SHOUT for the mighty men
Who died along this shore,
Who died within the mountain's glen!
For never nobler chieftain's head
Was laid on valor's crimson bed,
Nor ever prouder gore
Sprang forth, than theirs who won the day
Upon thy strand, Thermopylæ!

Shout for the mighty men
Who on the Persian tents,
Like lions from their midnight den
Bounding on the slumbering deer,
Rushed—a storm of sword and spear;
Like the roused elements,
Let loose from an immortal hand
To chasten or to crush a land!

But there are none to hear—
Greece is a hopeless slave.
Leonidas! no hand is near
To lift thy fiery falchion now;
No warrior makes the warrior's vow
Upon thy sea-washed grave.
The voice that should be raised by men
Must now be given by wave and glen.

And it is given! The surge,
The rock, the sand
On freedom's kneeling spirit urge,
In sounds that speak but to the free,
The memory of thine and thee!
The vision of thy band
Still gleams within the glorious dell
Where their gore hallowed as it fell!

And is thy grandeur done?
Mother of men like these!
Has not thy outcry gone
Where justice has an ear to hear?
Be holy! God shall guide thy spear,
Till in thy crimsoned seas
Are plunged the chain and scimitar.
Greece shall be a new-born star!

GEORGE CROLY.

THE WAY OF WOOLING.

A MAIDEN sat at her window wide,
Pretty enough for a Prince's bride,
Yet nobody came to claim her.
She sat like a beautiful picture there,
With pretty bluebells and roses fair,
And jasmine-leaves to frame her.
And why she sat there nobody knows;
But this she sang as she plucked a rose,
The leaves around her strewing:
"I've time to lose and power to choose;
'Tis not so much the gallant who woos,
But the gallant's *way* of wooing!"

A lover came riding by awhile,
A wealthy lover was he, whose smile
Some maids would value greatly—
A formal lover, who bowed and bent,
With many a high-flown compliment,
And cold demeanor stately.
"You're still," said she to her suitor stern,
"The 'prentice-work of your craft to learn,
If thus you come a-wooing.
I've time to lose and power to choose;
'Tis not so much the gallant who woos,
As the gallant's *way* of wooing!"

A second lover came ambling by—
A timid lad with a frightened eye
And a color mantling highly,
He muttered the errand on which he'd come,
Then only chuckled and bit his tongue,
And simpered, simpered shyly.
"No," said the maiden, "go your way;
You dare but think what a man would say,
Yet dare to come a-suing!
I've time to lose and power to choose;
'Tis not so much the gallant who woos,
As the gallant's *way* of wooing!"

A third rode up at a startling pace—
A suitor poor, with a homely face—
No doubts appeared to bind him.
He kissed her lips and he pressed her waist,
And off he rode with the maiden placed
On a pillion safe behind him.
And she heard the suitor bold confide
This golden hint to the priest who tied
The knot there's no undoing;
"With pretty young maidens who can choose,
'Tis not so much the gallant who woos,
As the gallant's *way* of wooing!"

AN INDIAN STORY.

"I KNOW where the timid fawn abides
In the depths of the shady dell,
Where the leaves are broad and the thicket
hides,
With its many stems and its tangled sides,
From the eye of the hunter well.

"I know where the young May violet grows,
In its lone and lowly nook,
On the mossy bank, where the larch-tree throws
Its broad dark boughs, in solemn repose,
Far over the silent brook.

"And that timid fawn starts not with fear
When I steal to her secret bower;
And that young May violet to me is dear,
And I visit the silent streamlet near,
To look on the lovely flower."

Thus Maquon sings as he lightly walks
To the hunting-ground on the hills:
'Tis a song of his maid of the woods and rocks,
With her bright black eyes and long black locks,
And voice like the music of rills.

He goes to the chase—but evil eyes
Are at watch in the thicker shades;
For she was lovely that smiled on his sighs,
And he bore, from a hundred lovers, his prize,
The flower of the forest maids.

The boughs in the morning wind are stirred,
And the woods their song renew,
With the early carol of many a bird,
And the quickened tune of the streamlet heard
Where the hazels trickle with dew;

And Maquon has promised his dark-haired maid,
Ere eve shall redden the sky,
A good red deer from the forest shade,
That bounds with the herd through grove and glade,
At her cabin-door shall lie.

The hollow woods, in the setting sun,
Ring shrill with the fire-bird's lay;
And Maquon's sylvan labors are done,
And his shafts are spent, but the spoil they won
He bears on his homeward way.

He stops near his bower—his eye perceives
Strange traces along the ground—
At once to the earth his burden he heaves,
He breaks through the veil of boughs and leaves,
And gains its door with a bound.

But the vines are torn on its walls that leant,
And all from the young shrubs there
By struggling hands have the leaves been rent,
And there hangs on the sassafras, broken and bent,
One tress of the well-known hair.

But where is she who, at this calm hour,
Ever watched his coming to see?
She is not at the door, nor yet in the bower;
He calls—but he only hears on the flower
The hum of the laden bee.

It is not a time for idle grief,
Nor a time for tears to flow;
The horror that freezes his limbs is brief—
He grasps his war-axe and bow, and a sheaf
Of darts made sharp for the foe.

And he looks for the print of the ruffian's feet,
Where he bore the maiden away;
And he darts on the fatal path more fleet
Than the blast that hurries the vapor and sleet
O'er the wild November day.

'Twas early summer when Maquon's bride
Was stolen away from his door;
But at length the maples in crimson are dyed,
And the grape is black on the cabin side,—
And she smiles at his hearth once more.

But far in the pine-grove, dark and cold,
Where the yellow leaf falls not,
Nor the autumn shines in scarlet and gold,
There lies a hillock of fresh dark mould,
In the deepest gloom of the spot.

And the Indian girls, that pass that way,
Point out the ravisher's grave;
"And how soon to the bower she loved," they say,
"Returned the maid that was borne away
From Maquon, the fond and the brave."

W. C. BRYANT.

MONTEREY.

WE were not many, we who stood
Before the iron sleet that day;
Yet many a gallant spirit would
Give half his years if but he could
Have with us been at Monterey.

Now here, now there, the shot it hailed
In deadly drifts of fiery spray,
Yet not a single soldier quailed
When wounded comrades round him wailed
Their dying shout at Monterey.

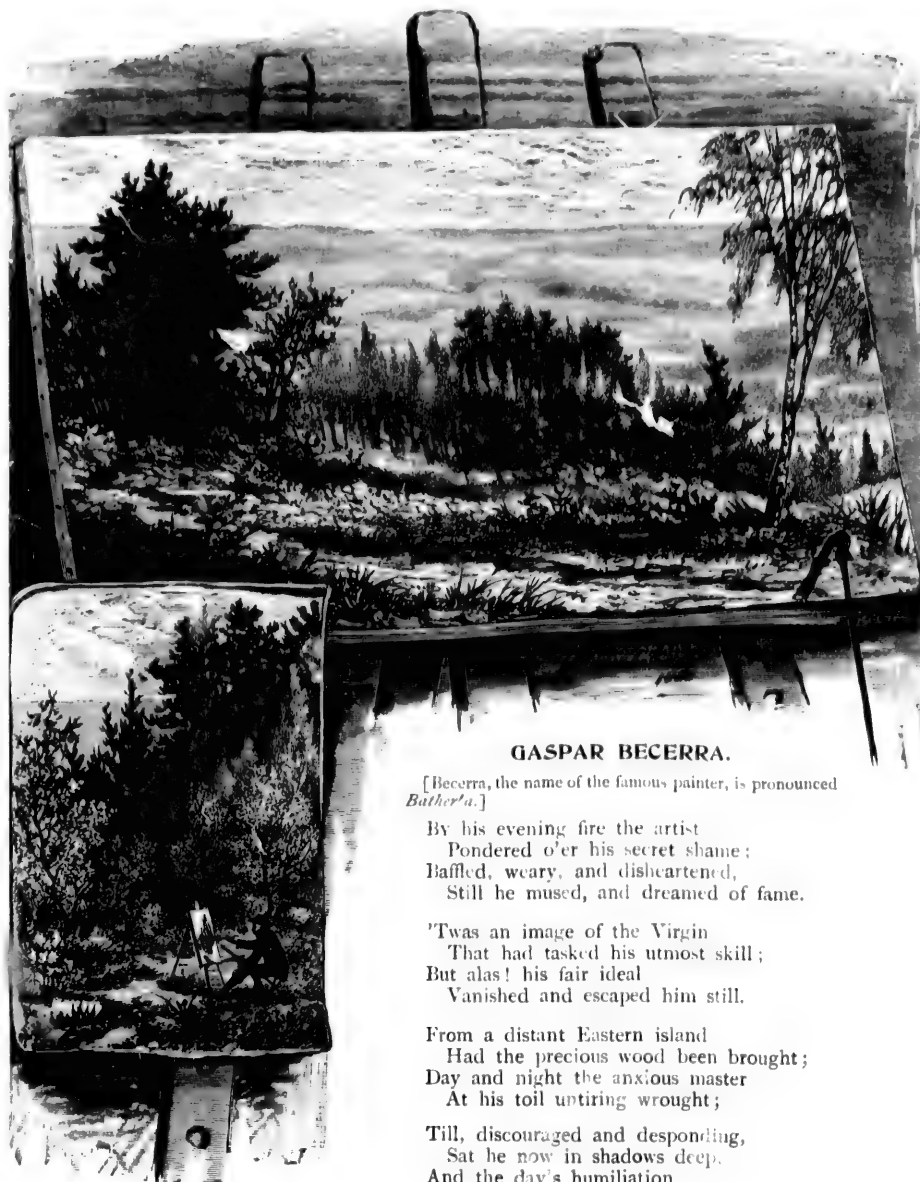
And on, still on, our column kept
Through walls of flame its withering way;
Where fell the dead, the living stept,
Still charging on the guns which swept
The slippery streets of Monterey.

The foe himself recoiled aghast,
When, striking where he strongest lay,
We swooped his flanking batteries past,
And braving full their murderous blast,
Stormed home the towers of Monterey.

Our banners on those turrets wave,
And there our evening bugles play;
Where orange-boughs above their grave,
Keep green the memory of the brave
Who fought and fell at Monterey.

We are not many, we who pressed
Beside the brave who fell that day;
But who of us has not confessed
He'd rather share their warrior rest
Than not have been at Monterey?

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.



GASPAR BECERRA.

[Becerra, the name of the famous painter, is pronounced *Bather'a.*]

By his evening fire the artist
Pondered o'er his secret shame;
Baffled, weary, and disheartened,
Still he mused, and dreamed of fame.

'Twas an image of the Virgin
That had tasked his utmost skill;
But alas! his fair ideal
Vanished and escaped him still.

From a distant Eastern island
Had the precious wood been brought;
Day and night the anxious master
At his toil untiring wrought;

Till, discouraged and desponding,
Sat he now in shadows deep.
And the day's humiliation
Found oblivion in sleep.

Then a voice cried, "Rise, O master!
From the burning brand of oak
Shape the thought that stirs within thee!"
And the startled artist woke—

Woke, and from the smoking embers
Seized and quenched the glowing wood;
And therefrom he carved an image,
And he saw that it was good.

O thou sculptor, painter, poet!
Take this lesson to thy heart:
That is best which lieth nearest;
Shape from that thy work of art.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

BOADICEA.

WHEN the British warrior queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
Counsel of her country's gods,

Sage beneath the spreading oak
Sat the Druid, hoary chief;
Every burning word he spoke
Full of rage and full of grief:

Princess! if our aged eyes
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
'Tis because resentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.

Rome shall perish—write that word!
In the blood that she has spilt;
Perish, hopeless and abhorred,
Deep in ruin as in guilt.

Rome, for empire far renowned,
Tramples on a thousand states;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—
Hark! the Gaul is at her gates!

Other Romans shall arise,
Heedless of a soldier's name;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
Harmony the path to fame.

Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Armed with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

Regions Caesar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway;
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they.

Such the bard's prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow,

Rushed to battle, fought, and died;
Dying, hurled them at the foe.

Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
Heaven awards the vengeance due;
Empire is on us bestowed,
Shame and ruin wait for you.

WILLIAM COWPER

PERICLES AND ASPASIA.

THIS was the ruler of the land
When Athens was the land of fame:
This was the light that led the band
When each was like a living flame;
The centre of earth's noblest ring,
Of more than men the more than king.

Yet not by fetter, nor by spear,
His sovereignty was held or won:
Feared—but alone as freemen fear,
Loved—but as freemen love alone,
He waived the sceptre o'er his kind
By nature's first great title, mind!

Resistless words were on his tongue;
Then eloquence first flashed below,
Full armed to life the portent sprung,
Minerva from the thunderer's brow!
And his the sole, the sacred hand
That shook her ægis o'er the land.

And throned immortal by his side,
A woman sits with eye sublime,
Aspasia, all his spirit's bride;
But, if their solemn love were crime,
Pity the beauty and the sage—
Their crime was in their darkened age.

He perished, but his wreath was won—
He perished in his height of fame;
Then sunk the cloud on Athens' sun,
Yet still she conquered in his name.
Filled with his soul, she could not die;
Her conquest was posterity!

GEORGE CROLY.

YARN OF THE "NANCY BELL."

'T WAS on the shores that round the coast
From Deal to Ramsgate span,
That I found alone on a piece of stone,
An elderly naval man.

His hair was weedy, his beard was long,
And weedy and long was he,
And I heard this wight on the shore recite
In a singular minor key:

"Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,
And a mate of the Nancy brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig."

And he shook his fists and he tore his hair,
 'Till I really felt afraid,
 For I couldn't help thinking the man had been
 drinking
 And so I simply said:

"Oh, elderly man, it's little I know
 Of the duties of men of the sea,
 And I'll eat my hand if I understand
 How you can possibly be

"At once a cook and a captain bold
 And the mate of the Nancy brig,
 And a bo'sun tight and a midshipmite,
 And the crew of the captain's gig."

"The next lot fell to the Nancy's mate,
 And a delicate dish he made;
 Then our appetite with the midshipmite
 We seven survivors stayed.

"And then we murdered the bo'sun tight,
 And he much resembled pig;
 Then we wittled free, did the cook and me,
 On the crew of the captain's gig.

"Then only the cook and me was left,
 And the delicate question 'Which
 Of us two goes to the kettle?' arose,
 And we argued it out as sich.



Then he gave a hitch to his trousers, which
 Is a trick all seamen larn,
 And having got rid of a thumping quid,
 He spun this painful yarn:

"'Twas on the good ship 'Nancy Bell,'
 That we sailed to the Indian sea,
 And there on a reef we came to grief,
 Which has often occurred to me.

"And pretty nigh all of the crew was drowned,
 (There was seventy-seven o' soul),
 And only ten of the Nancy's men
 Said 'Here!' to the muster roll.

"There was me and the cook and the captain bold,
 And the mate of the Nancy brig,
 And the bo'sun tight, and the midshipmite,
 And the crew of the captain's gig.

"For a month we'd neither wittles nor drink,
 'Till a hungry we did feel,
 So we drew a lot, and accordin' shot
 The captain for our meal.

"For I loved that cook as a brother, I did,
 And the cook he worshiped me;
 But we'd both be blowed if we'd either be stowed
 In the other chap's hold, you see.

"'Ill be eat if you dine's off me,' says Tom;
 'Yes, that,' says I, 'you'll be—
 'I'm boiled if I die, my friend,' quoth I,
 And 'Exactly so,' quoth he.

"Says he, 'Dear James, to murder me
 Were a foolish thing to do,
 For don't you see that you can't cook *me*
 While I can—and will—cook *you*!

"So he boils the water, and takes the salt
 And the pepper in portions true
 (Which he ne'er forgot), and some chopped
 chalog,
 And some sage and parsley too.

"Come here,' says he, with a proper pride,
 Which his smiling features tell,
 'Twill soothing be if I let you see
 How extremely nice you'll smell.'

"And he stirred it round and round and round,
And he sniffed at the foaming froth;
When I ups with his heels, and smothers his
squeals
In the scum of the boiling broth.

"And I eat that cook in a week or less,
And—as I eating be
The last of his chops, why I almost drops,
For a wessel in sight I see.

"And I never larf, and I never smile,
And I never lark nor play,
But I sit and croak, and a single joke
I have, which is to say,

"Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,
And the mate of the Nancy brig,
And a ho'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig!"

W. S. GILBERT.

THE INDIAN GIRL'S LAMENT.

A N Indian girl was sitting where
Her lover, slain in battle, slept;
Her maiden veil, her own black hair,
Came down o'er eyes that wept;
And wildly, in her woodland tongue,
This sad and simple lay she sung:

"I've pulled away the shrubs that grew
Too close above thy sleeping head,
And broke the forest boughs that threw
Their shadows o'er thy bed,
That, shining from the sweet southwest,
The sunbeams might rejoice thy rest.

"It was a weary, weary road
That led thee to the pleasant coast,
Where thou, in his serene abode,
Hast met thy father's ghost;
Where everlasting autumn lies
On yellow woods and sunny skies.

"'Twas I the broidered moosen made,
That shod thee for the distant land;
'Twas I thy bow and arrows laid
Beside thy still cold hand;
Thy bow in many a battle bent,
Thy arrows never vainly sent.

"With wampum belts I crossed thy breast,
And wrapped thee in the bison's hide,
And laid the food that pleased thee best,
In plenty, by thy side,
And decked thee bravely, as became
A warrior of illustrious name.

"Thou'rt happy now, for thou hast passed
The long dark journey of the grave,
And in the land of light, at last,
Hast joined the good and brave;
Amid the flushed and balmy air,
The bravest and the loveliest there.

"Yet, oft to thine own Indian maid
Even there thy thoughts will earthward stray—
To her who sits where thou wert laid,
And weeps the hours away,
Yet almost can her grief forget,
To think that thou dost love her yet.

"And thou, by one of those still lakes
That in a shining cluster lie,
On which the south wind scarcely breaks
The image of the sky,
A bower for thee and me hast made
Beneath the many-colored shade.

"And thou dost wait and watch to meet
My spirit sent to join the blessed,
And, wondering what detains my feet
From the bright land of rest,
Dost seem, in every sound, to hear
The rustling of my footsteps near."

W. C. BRYANT.

BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming
of the Lord;

He is tramping out the vintage where the
grapes of wrath are stored
He hath loosed the fateful lightnings of his terrible, swift sword:

His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred
circling camps;

They have builded him an altar in the evening
dews and damps;

I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and
flaring lamps:

His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished
rows of steel:

"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my
grace shall deal;

Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent
with his heel,

Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never
call retreat;

He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judg-
ment-seat;

O, be swift, my soul, to answer him! be jubilant,
my feet!

Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lillies Christ was born across
the sea,

With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you
and me;

As he died to make men holy, let us die to make
men free,

While God is marching on.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

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THE WHITE-FOOTED DEER.

During the expedition of Colonel Long, who had charge of the explorations between the Mississippi river and the Rocky Mountains, three specimens of a variety of the common deer were brought in, having all the feet white near the hoofs, and extending to those on the hind feet from a line above the spurious hoofs. This white extremity was

She only came when on the cliffs
The evening moonlight lay,
And no man knew the secret haunts
In which she walked by day.

White were her feet, her forehead showed
A spot of silvery white,



divided, upon the sides of the foot, by the general color of the leg, which extends down near to the hoofs, leaving a white triangle in front, of which the point was elevated rather higher than the spurious hoofs.

IT was a hundred years ago,
When, by the woodland ways,
The traveller saw the wild deer drink,
Or crop the birchen sprays.

Beneath a hill, whose rocky side
O'erbrowed a brassy mead,
And fenced a cottage from the wind,
A deer was wont to feed.

That seemed to glimmer like a star
In autumn's hazy night.

And here, when sang the whippoorwill,
She cropped the sprouting leaves,
And here her rustling steps were heard
On still October eves.

But when the broad midsummer moon
Rose o'er that grassy lawn,
Beside the silver-footed deer
There gazed a spotted fawn.

The cottage dame forbade her son
To aim the rifle here ;

"It was a sin," she said, "to harm
Or fright that friendly deer.

"This spot has been my pleasant home
Ten peaceful years and more;
And ever, when the moonlight shines,
She feeds before our door.

"The red men say that here she walked
A thousand moons ago;
They never raise the war-whoop here,
And never twang the bow.

"I love to watch her as she feeds,
And think that all is well
While such a gentle creature haunts
The place in which we dwell."

The youth obeyed, and sought for game
In forests far away,
Where, deep in silence and in moss,
The ancient woodland lay.

But once, in autumn's golden time,
He ranged the wild in vain,
Nor roused the pheasant nor the deer,
And wandered home again.

The crescent moon and crimson eye
Shone with a mingling light;
The deer, upon the grassy mead,
Was feeding full in sight.

He raised the rifle to his eye,
And from the cliffs around
A sudden echo, shrill and sharp,
Gave back its deadly sound.

Away into the neighboring wood
The startled creature flew,
And crimson drops at morning lay
Amid the glimmering dew.

Next evening shone the waxing moon
As sweetly as before;
The deer upon the grassy mead
Was seen again no more.

But ere the crescent moon was old,
By night the red men came,
And burnt the cottage to the ground,
And slew the youth and dame.

Now woods have overgrown the mead,
And hid the cliffs from sight;
There shrieks the hovering hawk at noon,
And crows the fox at night.

W. C. BRYANT.

O MOTHER OF A MIGHTY RACE.

O MOTHER of a mighty race,
How lovely in thy youthful grace!
Thou, like other dames, thy haughty peers,
Admire and hate thy blooming years;
With words of shame
And looks of scorn they join thy name.

For on thy cheeks the glow is spread
That tints thy morning hills with red;
Thy step—the wild deer's rustling feet
Within thy woods are not more fleet;

Thy hopeful eye
Is bright as thine own sunny sky.

Ay, let them rail—those haughty ones,
While safe thou dwellest with thy sons!
They do not know how loved thou art,
How many a fond and fearless heart

Would rise to throw
Its life between thee and the foe.

They know not, in their hate and pride,
What virtues with thy children bide—
How true, how good, thy graceful maids
Make bright, like flowers, the valley shades;

What generous men
Spring, like thine oaks, by hill and glen;

What cordial welcomes greet the guest
By thy lone rivers of the west;
How faith is kept, and truth revered,
And man is loved, and God revered,

In woodland homes,
And where the ocean border foams.

There's freedom at thy gates, and rest
For earth's downtrodden and oppress,
A shelter for the hunted herd,
For the starved laborer food and bread.

Power, and the boundless
Stops, and calls back his baffled hounds.

O fair young mother! on thy brow
Shall sit a nobler grace than now.
Deep in the brightness of thy skies
The thronging years in glory rise,

And, as they fleet,
Drop strength and riches at thy feet.

Thine eye, with every coming hour,
Shall brighten, and thy form shall tower;
And when thy sisters, elder born,
Would brand thy name with words of scorn,

Before thine eye
Upon their lips the taunt shall die.

W. C. BRYANT.

"ONCE ON A TIME."

A FAIRY woke one winter night
And looked about with glances bright.
"I think I will arise," she said,
"And leave my comrades in their bed,

And I will go abroad and see
How mortals fare." So, full of glee
At such wild daring, forth she went,
On bold investigation bent.

The air was chill, the moon shone bright
As ever on a summer night;
The ground was covered deep with snow,
And trees stood leafless, row on row

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The fairy shivered in the wind
And said, "The friends I left behind
In their deep slumber happier are
Than I who rashly roam so far."

Yet on she went and sought the town,
And in amaze went up and down.
Such lights, such music and good cheer,
As grace no other time of year,
Such happy faces everywhere,
Such glad release from fret and care,
And homes so garlanded with green,
As ne'er before the elf had seen!



"I thought the world was dull and drear
In winter-time," said she. "Oh, dear!
I wish my comrades only knew
How bright it is, how fresh and new,
In its white dress; how every street
Is all alive with bounding feet;
How people laugh and sing and play—
It surely is some festal day!"

Through street and house and church and store
She fitted, wondering more and more
At all she saw and all she heard,
Hoping for some enlightening word,
When on a banner carried by
She saw these words uplifted high—
"Rejoice, O, Earth! be glad and gay;
It is the blessed Christmas Day!"

Away she sped o'er town and hill
And field and wood and frozen rill,

Unto a cavern warm and deep,
And woke her comrades from their sleep—
"Arise!" she cried; "Oh, come away!
The world is keeping Christmas Day!"
And, ever since, when birth-bells chime,
The fairies help keep Christmas time.

LILLIAN GREY.

THE PHANTOM CITY.

It was somewhere on the banks of the romantic and picturesque Penobscot, probably at the Indian village where Bangor now stands, that the fabulous city "Norembega" was located by the early French fishermen and explorers of Cape Breton, who told big stories of its wealth and magnificence. The winding stream bore many an adventurer in search of this Northern Eldorado; and in 1604 Champlain, the French voyager, sailed up the river on the same errand. But he found no evidence of civilization save a cross, very old and mossy, that marked the burial-place of a nameless traveler, and he wisely concluded that those who told of the city had never seen it—that it was but a shadow and a dream.

MIDSUMMER'S crimson moon,
Above the hills like some night-opening
rose
Uplifted, pours its beauty down the vale
Where broad Penobscot flows.

And I remember now
That this is haunted ground. In ages past
Here stood the storied Norembega's walls,
Magnificent and vast.

The streets were ivory paved,
The stately walls were built of golden ore.
Its domes outshone the sunset, and aill boughs
Hesperian fruitage bore.

And up this winding flood
Has wandered many a sea-tossed daring bark.
While eager eyes have scanned the rugged shore,
Or traced the wildwood dark.

I watched in vain; afar
I saw the spires gleam golden on the sky,
The distant drum-beat heard, or bugle-note
Wound wildly, fitfully.

Banners of strange device
Beckoned from distant heights; yet as the stream
Narrowed among the hills, the city fled—
A mystery—or a dream.

FRANCES P. MACE.

HER LAST MOMENT.

HANGS the picture, bold and striking,
On the Academic wall,
Claiming notice, if not liking,
With a strong, resistless call.
Some approve, while some denounce it,
But the praise outweighs by far,
And the critics all pronounce it
Greatest work of Alan Barr.

Pictured on a summer morning,
There you see the Falls of Lynn,
Almost *hear* the sound of warning
In the foaming torrent's din,
As you note the ground is crumbling
'Neath the footstep of the girl,
Gazing down into the tumbling
Waters in their eddying whirl.

Of no dangers apprehensive,
Poising there in lightsome grace,
Radiant happiness, though pensive,
Shines from out that happy face.
"Her last Moment," such the title
Of that vivid artist-dream,
Telling in a curt recital,
Of a tragedy supreme.

"Hush! a truce to praise or stricture."
"See! the artist and his wife!"
"Is the lady in the picture,
Then, her portrait, drawn from life?"
"Nay! less lovely," is the murmur,
As, beside his stately bride,
And with lips compressed the firmer,
Alan breasts the human tide.

At the throng the lady glances,
To her husband saying loud—
"Strange this oddest of your fancies
Has such power to charm the crowd!
Yet I hardly deem it equal
In true feeling to your last —"
Alan Barr heard not the sequel,
For his thoughts were in the past.

Oh! the glory of that summer
Only poet's tongue could tell!
And the city-bred new-comer
Yielded to its magic spell.
Busy nature's marvels daily
Ceaseless wonder wrought in her,
While her artist kinsman gaily
Acted as interpreter.

So began the old, old story,
As through shady lanes they strolled
Or drank in the sunset glory,
Hues of blue, and rose, and gold.
"It was but his bounden duty;
Courtesy to his mother's guest,"
Alan argued, when her beauty
Caused a thrill within his breast.

Childlike beauty, childlike sweetness,
Marked the face of Rose Adair,
Yet in full and rich completeness,
Woman's soul was pictured there.
Quick responsive to each feeling,
Sharing nature's varying mood,
Frank, transparent, yet revealing
Depths not straightway understood.

So, within the careless present,
Alan revelled, wilful-blind,
Diving, as a pastime pleasant,
For the treasures of her mind.
Rose, meanwhile, in him but seeing
Noble nature, good and wise;
Talented and kingly being,
Loomed the painter in her eyes.

Yet, when jest with earnest blending,
Alan scoffed at higher themes,
Saying; "What more blest than spending,
Golden days in golden dreams?"
Flamed her eyes in steel-blue splendor,
Though she colored 'neath his gaze.
"Nay," she said in accents tender,
"Golden *deeds* make golden days!"

"Life means not a mere existence
Passed in ease and dreamy sloth."
Urging still with soft persistence,
Tasks upon the idler, loth
To resign his much-loved leisure,
Yet he roused at her behest,
Seeking so to give her pleasure,
Sketched the spot she loved the best.

Conscience-pangs thus idly stifling,
Acting an unworthy part,
Pledged unto another, trifling
With a pure and trusting heart.
With a wordless wooing winning
Love he was not free to claim,
'Gainst all truth and honor sinning,
Sin the world is slow to blame.

Rose, half thoughtful, happy wholly,
Gazed into the Falls of Lynn,
As he sat and painted slowly,
While the conflict raged within;
Conscience proved at length the stronger—
"Yes, to-morrow we must part;
She shall be deceived no longer,
Oh! but it will break her heart!"

Then, with softened glance and tender,
Turned he to sweet Rose Adair,
Just to see the figure slender
Flutter from his sight—oh, where?
Far below, the swirling water
Seizing on its dainty prey,
Tossed and buffeted and caught her,
In a fierce tumultuous play.

Though so cruelly is battered
Life from out that shapely form,
Yet the gentle heart, unshattered,
Havened is from earthly storm.
Now no polished phrases cruel
Tell her of a hopeless loss,
Tell her she has changed her jewel
For a thing of worthless dross.

Not for her to pine and languish
Till long years the pain might lull;
Even spared the parting anguish—
Oh! but God was merciful!
Almost reeled the painter's reason,
'Neath the sudden blow, whose force
Ended that idyllic season
With a weight of dull remorse.

Yet with manhood's strength reviving
Her last counsel he obeys,
Solace seeks in fruitful striving:
"Golden deeds make golden days."
Still his troth-plight is unbroken,
And he weds where faith is due—
Henceforth (though to woman spoken!)
Alan's every word is true.

Always with him, fading never,
Is the haunting fate of Rose,
Till the scene, with slight endeavor,
Vivid on the canvas grows.
Now, in beauty and completeness,
Hangs the graceful picture there,
Alan owns, with bitter sweetness,
Fame—the gift of Rose Adair.

MARGARET CRAVEN.

EDWARD GRAY.

SWEET Emma Moreland of yonder town
Met we walking on yonder way,
"And have you lost your heart?" she said:
"And are you married yet, Edward Gray?"

Sweet Emma Moreland spoke to me:
Bitterly weeping I turned away:
"Sweet Emma Moreland, love no more
Can touch the heart of Edward Gray."

"Ellen Adair she loved me well,
Against her father's and mother's will:
To-day I sat for an hour and wept,
By Ellen's grave, on the windy hill.

"Shy she was, and I thought her cold;
Thought her proud, and fled over the sea;
Filled I was with folly and spite,
When Ellen Adair was dying for me.

"Cruel, cruel the words I said!
Cruelly came they back to-day:
'You're too slight and fickle,' I said,
'To trouble the heart of Edward Gray.'

"There I put my face in the grass—
Whispered, 'Listen to my despair:
I repent me of all I did:
Speak a little, Ellen Adair!'

"Then I took a pencil, and wrote
On the mossy stone, as I lay,
'Here lies the body of Ellen Adair;
And here the heart of Edward Gray!'

"Love may come, and love may go,
And fly, like a bird, from tree to tree:
But I will love no more, no more,
Till Ellen Adair comes back to me.

"Bitterly wept I over the stone:
Bitterly weeping I turned away:
There lies the body of Ellen Adair!
And there the heart of Edward Gray!"

ALFRED TENNYSON.

MY MARYLAND.

THE despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland!

Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle queen of yore,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Hark to an exiled son's appeal,
Maryland!
My Mother State, to thee I kneel,
Maryland!

For life or death, for woe or weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not cover in the dust,
Maryland!
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland!

Remember Carroll's sacred trust,
Remember Howard's warlike thrust,
And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Come! 'tis the red dawn of the day,
Maryland!
Come with thy panoplied array,
Maryland!

With Ringgold's spirit for the fray,
With Watson's blood at Monterey,
With fearless Lowe and dashing May,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Dear Mother burst the tyrant's chain,
Maryland!
Virginia should not call in vain,
Maryland!

She meets her sisters on the plain,
"Sic semper!" 'tis the proud refrain
That baffles minions back again,
Maryland!

Arise in majesty again,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Come! for thy shield is bright and strong,
Maryland!

Come! for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
Maryland!

Come to thine own heroic throng
Stalking with liberty along,
And chant thy dauntless slogan-song,
Maryland, my Maryland!

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland!

But thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland!

But lo! there surges forth a shriek,
From hill to hill, from creek to creek,
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll,
Maryland!

Thou wilt not crook to his control,
Maryland!

Better the fire upon the roll,
Better the shot, the blade, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland, my Maryland!

I hear the distant thunder-hum!
Maryland!

The "Old Line's" bugle, life and drum,
Maryland!

She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb;
Huzza! she spurns the Northern scum—
She breathes! She burns! She'll come! She'll
come!

Maryland, my Maryland!

JAMES R. RANDALL.

THE PLACE WHERE MAN SHOULD DIE.

HOW little reck's it where men die,
When once the moment's past
In which the dim and glazing eye
Has looked on earth its last;
Whether beneath the sculptured urn
The confined form shall rest,
Or, in its nakedness, return
Back to its mother's breast.

Death is a common friend or foe,
As different men may hold,
And at its summons each must go,
The timid and the bold;
But when the spirit, free and warm,
Deserts it, as it must,
What matter where the lifeless form
Dissolves again to dust?

The soldier falls 'mid corpses piled
Upon the battle plain,
Where reinless war-steeds gallop wild
Above the gory slain;
Is a though his corpse be grim to see,
Hoof-trampled on the sod,
What reck's it when the spirit free
Has soared aloft to God!

The coward's dying eye may close
Upon his downy bed,
And softest hands his limbs compose,
Or garments o'er him spread;
But ye who shun the bloody fray
Where fall the mangled brave,
Go strip his coffin-lid away,
And see him in his grave!

'Twere sweet indeed to close our eyes
With those we cherish near,
And, wafted upward by their sighs,
Soar to some calmer sphere;
But whether on the scaffold high,
Or in the battle's van,
The fittest place where man can die
Is where he dies for man.

MICHAEL J. BARRY.

THE DEATH OF ALIATAR.

FROM THE SPANISH.

'TIS not with gilded sabres
That gleam in baldricks blue,
Nor nodding plumes in caps of Fez,
Of gay and gaudy hue—
But, habited in mourning weeds,
Come marching from afar,
By four and four, the valiant men
Who fought with Aliatar.
All mournfully and slowly
The afflicted warriors come,
To the deep wail of the trumpet,
And beat of muffled drum.

The banner of the Phenix,
The flag that loved the sky,
That scarce the wind dared wanton with,
It flew so proud and high—
Now leaves its place in battle-field,
And sweeps the ground in grief,
The bearer drags its glorious folds
Behind the fallen chief.

Brave Aliatar led forward
A hundred Moors to go
To where his brother held Motril
Against the leaguering foe
On horseback went the gallant Moor,
That gallant band to lead;
And now his bier is at the gate,
From whence he pricked his steed,

The knights of the Grand Master
In crowded ambush lay;
They rushed upon him where the reeds
Were thick beside the way;
They smote the valiant Aliatar,
They smote the warrior dead,
And broken, but not beaten, were
The gallant ranks he led.

"THE COLORS MUST NOT FALL."

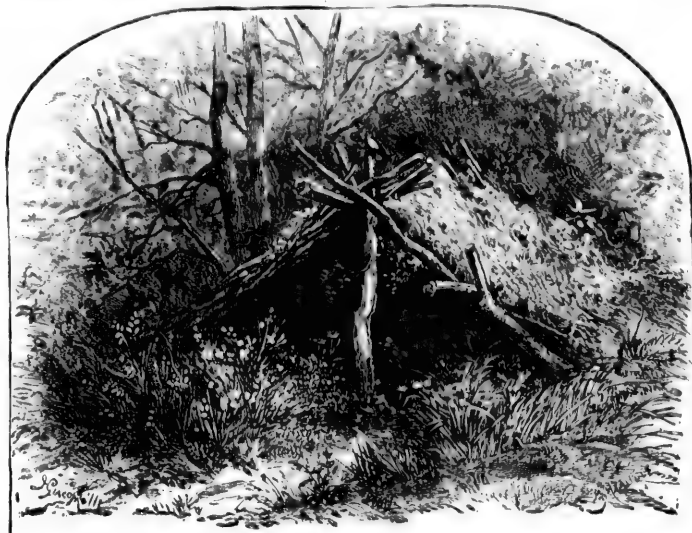


Oh! what was Zayda's sorrow,
 How passionate her cries!
 Her lover's wounds streamed not more free
 Than that poor maiden's eyes.
 Say, Love—for didst thou see her tears?
 Oh, no! he drew more tight
 The blinding fillet o'er his lids
 To spare his eyes the sight.

Nor Zayda weeps him only,
 But all that dwell between

The great Alhambra's palace walls
 And springs of Albaicin,
 The ladies weep the flower of knights,
 The brave the bravest here;
 The people weep a champion,
 The Alcaydes a noble peer,
 While mournfully and slowly
 The afflicted warriors come,
 To the deep wail of the trumpet,
 And beat of muffled drum.

W. C. BRYANT.



THE LAKE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP.

WRITTEN AT NORFOLK IN VIRGINIA.

"They tell of a young man who lost his mind upon the death of a girl he loved, and who, suddenly disappearing from his friends, was never afterwards heard of. As he had frequently said in his ravings that the girl was not dead, but gone to the Dismal Swamp, it is supposed he had wandered into that dreary wilderness, and had died of hunger, or been lost in some of its dreadful morasses."

The Great Dismal Swamp is ten or twelve miles distant from Norfolk, and the lake in the middle of it (about seven miles long) is called Drummond's Pond.

"THEY made her a grave too cold and damp
 For a soul so warm and true;
 And she's gone to the lake of the Dismal
 Swamp,

Where all night long, by a firefly lamp,
 She paddles her white canoe.

And her firefly lamp I soon shall see,
 And her paddle I soon shall hear;
 Long and loving our life shall be,
 And I'll hide the maid in a cypress-tree,
 When the footstep of death is near!"

Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds,—
 His path was rugged and sore,
 Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,
 Through many a fen where the serpent feeds,
 And man never trod before!

And when on earth he sunk to sleep,
 If slumber his eyelids knew,
 He lay where the deadly vine doth weep
 Its venomous tear, and nightly steep
 The flesh with blistering dew!

And near him the she-wolf stirred the brake,
 And the copper-snake breathed in his ear,
 Till he starting cried, from his dream awake,
 "O, when shall I see the dusky lake,
 And the white canoe of my dear?"

He saw the lake, and a meteor bright
 Quick over its surface played,—
 "Welcome," he said, "my dear one's light!"
 And the dim shore echoed for many a night
 The name of the death-cold maid!

Till he hollowed a boat of the birchen bark,
Which carried him off from shore;
Till he followed the meteor spark,
The wind was high and the clouds were dark,
And the boat returned no more.

But oft, from the Indian hunter's camp,
This lover and maid so true
Are seen, at the hour of midnight damp,
To cross the lake by a firefly lamp,
And paddle their white canoe!

THOMAS MOORE.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

O SAY, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed in the twilight's
last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the
perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly
streaming;
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in
air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still
there.
O, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the
deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence
reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering
steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first
beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream.
'Tis the star-spangled banner! O, long may it
wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more!
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps'
pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of death and the gloom of the
grave.
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

O, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's deso-
lation;
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-res-
cued land
Praise the power that has made and preserved us
a nation.

Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust."
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

FRANCIS S. KEY.

HYMN FOR ENGLAND'S JUBILEE.

JULY, 1897.

GOD of our fathers, known of old—
Lord of our far-flung battle line,
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
The captains and the kings depart.
Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away—
On dune and headland sinks the fire;
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
Such boasting as the Gentiles use
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard—
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!

Amen.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

THE HAPPIEST LAND.

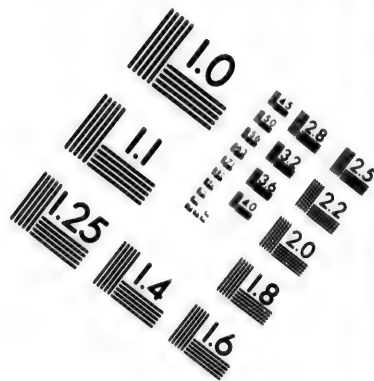
FROM THE GERMAN.

THERE sat one day in quiet,
By an alchouse on the Rhine,
Four hale and hearty fellows,
And drank the precious wine.

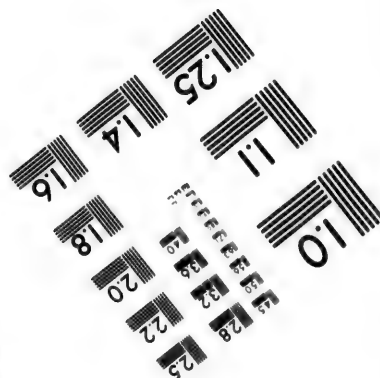
The landlord's daughter filled their cups,
Around the rustic board;
Then sat they all so calm and still,
And spake not one rude word.

But when the maid departed,
A Swabian raised his hand,
And cried, all hot and flushed with wine,
"Long live the Swabian land!"





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"The greatest kingdom upon earth
 Cannot with that compare;
 With all the stout and hardy men
 And the nut-brown maidens there."

"Ha!" cried a Saxon, laughing—
 And dashed his beard with wine;
 "I had rather live in Lapland,
 Than that Swabian land of thine!"

"The goodliest land on all this earth,
 It is the Saxon land!
 There have I as many maidens
 As fingers on this hand!"

"Hold your tongues! both Swabian and Saxon!"
 A bold Bohemian cries;
 "If there's a heaven upon this earth,
 In Bohemia it lies."

"There the tailor blows the flute,
 And the cobbler blows the horn,
 And the miner blows the bugle,
 Over mountain gorge and bourn."

And then the landlord's daughter
 Up to heaven raised her hand,
 And said, ye may no more contend,—
 There lies the happiest land!"

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE FAIR HELEN.

The legend upon which this ballad is founded is briefly this: Helen Irving, daughter of the Laird of Kirconnell in Dumfriesshire, celebrated for her beauty, was beloved by two gentlemen. The favored lover was Adam Fleming, of Kirkpatrick; the other is supposed to have been a Bell, of Bracket House. The latter's suit was favored by the friends of the lady; consequently, the lovers were compelled to meet in secret, and by night in the Kirconnell churchyard, a picturesque spot almost surrounded by the river Kirtle. During one of these meetings the despised suitor suddenly appeared on the opposite bank of the stream and fired a carbine at his rival. But Helen, throwing herself before her lover, received the bullet intended for him, and died in his arms. Fleming fought the murderer and cut him to pieces. Other accounts state that Fleming pursued his foe to Spain, and slew him in the streets of Madrid. The first part of the ballad—supposed to be modern—consists of an address to the lady, either by Fleming or his rival; the second part—by far the more beautiful—forms the lament of Fleming over Helen's grave. Lord Macaulay considered this the finest ballad in the English language.

PART I.

O SWEETEST sweet, and fairest fair,
 Of birth and worth beyond compare,
 Thou art the cause of my care,
 Since first I loved thee.

Yet God hath given to me a mind,
 The which to thee shall prove as kind
 As any one that thou shalt find,
 Of high or low degree

The shallowest water makes maist din,
 The deadliest pool, the deepest lin;
 The richest man least truth within,
 Though he preferred be.

Yet, nevertheless, I am content,
 And never a whit my love repent,
 But think the time was a weel spent,
 Though I disdained be

O! Helen sweet, and maist complete,
 My captive spirit's at thy feet!
 Think'st thou still fit thus for to treat
 Thy captive cruelly?

O! Helen brave! but this I crave,
 Of thy poor slave some pity have,
 And do him save that's near his grave,
 And dies for love of thee.

PART II.

I wish I were where Helen lies,
 Night and day on me she cries,
 O that I were where Helen lies,
 On fair Kirconnell Lee!

Curst be the heart that thought the thou,
 And curst the hand that fired the shot
 When in my arms burd Helen dropt,
 And died to succor me!

O think na ye my heart was sair,
 When my love dropt down and spak nae mair!
 There did swoon wi' meikle care,
 On fair Kirconnell Lee.

As I went down the water side,
 None but my foe to be my guide,
 None but my foe to be my guide,
 On fair Kirconnell Lee;

I lighted down my sword to draw,
 I hacked him in pieces sma',
 I hacked him in pieces sma',
 For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair, beyond compare!
 I'll make a garland of thy hair,
 Shall bind my heart for evermair,
 Until the day I die.

O that I were where Helen lies!
 Night and day on me she cries;
 Out of my bed she bids me rise,
 Says, "Haste and come to me!"

O Helen fair! O Helen chaste!
 If I were with thee, I were blest.
 Where thou lies low, and takes thy rest,
 On fair Kirconnell Lee.

I wish my grave were growing green,
 A winding sheet drawn ower my cen,
 And I in Helen's arms lying,
 On fair Kirconnell Lee.

I wish I were where Helen lies!
 Night and day on me she cries;
 And I am weary of the skies,
 For her sake that died for me.

HOPE AND MEMORY:

OR

BRIGHT GLIMPSES OF THE PAST AND FUTURE.

A RETROSPECT.



ES, I behold again the place,
The seat of joy, the source of pain;
It brings in view the form and face
That I must never see again.

The night-bird's song that sweetly floats
On this soft gloom—this balmy air,
Brings to the mind her sweeter notes
That I again must never hear.

Lo! yonder shines that window's light,
My guide, my token, heretofore;
And now again it shines as bright,

When those dear eyes can shine no more.

Then hurry from this place away!
It gives not now the bliss it gave;
For death has made its charm his prey,
And joy is buried in her grave.

GEORGE CRABBE.

THE LONG-AGO.

ON that deep-retiring shore
Frequent pearls of beauty lie,
Where the passion-waves of yore
Fiercely beat and mounted high:
Sorrows that are sorrows still
Lose the bitter taste of woe;
Nothing's altogether ill
In the griefs of long-ago.
Tombs where lonely love repines,
Ghastly tenements of tears,
Wear the look of happy shrines
Through the golden mist of years:
Death, to those who trust in good,
Vindicates his hardest blow;
Oh! we would not, if we could,
Wake the sleep of long-ago!
Though the doom of swift decay
Shocks the soul where life is strong,
Though for frailer hearts the day
Lingers sad and overlong—
Still the weight will find a leaven,
Still the spoiler's hand is slow,
While the future has its heaven,
And the past its long-ago.

LORD HOUGHTON.

MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD.

OH dear old friend! I come this way
Once more, once more to rest on thee,
While generous branch and leafy spray
A pleasant bower make for me.

It seems as only yesterday
That I was racing down the mead,
With young companions blithe and gay,
To mount thee, brave and bonny steed.

The blackbird pipes as cheerily now,
As gaily flaunts the butterfly,
As when we shook the pliant bough
By madly urging thee on high.

But scattered is that gamesome band
That filled with mirth the flying hours;
One sojourns in a distant land,
One sleeps beneath the daisy flowers.

And others from my ken have passed,
But this I feel, where'er they be,
They'll not forget while life shall last
Our swing beneath the chestnut-tree.

J. G. WATTS.

DEPARTED JOYS.

AMONGST the thunder splintered caves,
On ocean's long and windy shore,
I catch the voice of dying waves
Below the ridges old and hoar.

The spray descends in silver showers,
And lovely whispers come and go,
Like echoes from the happy hours
I never more may hope to know!

The moonlight dreams upon the sail
That drives the restless ship to sea;
The clouds troop past the mountain vale,
And sink like spirits down the lee;

Why comes thy voice, thou lonely one,
Along the wild harp's wailing strings?
Have not our hours of meeting gone,
Like fading dreams on phantom wings?

Are not the grasses round thy grave
Yet springing green and fresh to view?
And does the gleam on ocean's wave
Tide gladness now to me and you?

H. C. KENDALL.

THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

CHILDHOO'D'S loved group revisits every
scene,
The tangled wood-walk and the tufted
green!

Indulgent memory wakes, and lo, they live!
Clothed with far softer hues than light can give.
Thou first, best friend that Heaven assigns below,
To soothe and sweeten all the cares we know;
Whose glad suggestions still each vain alarm,
When nature fades and life forgets to charm;
Thee would the Muse invoke! to thee belong
The sage's precept and the poet's song.

What softened views thy magic glass reveals,
When o'er the landscape time's meek twilight
steals!

As when in ocean sinks the orb of day,
Long on the wave reflected lustres play;
Thy tempered gleams of happiness resigned,
Glance on the darkened mirror of the mind.

The school's lone porch, with reverend mosses gray,
Just tells the pensive pilgrim where it lay.
Mute is the bell that rang at peep of dawn,
Quickening my truant feet across the lawn:
Unheard the shout that rent the noontide air
When the slow dial gave a pause to care.
Up springs, at every step, to claim a tear,
Some little friendship formed and cherished here;
And not the lightest leaf, but trembling teems
With golden visions and romantic dreams.

Down by yon hazel copse, at evening blazed
The gipsy's fagot—there we stood and gazed;

Gazed on her sunburnt face with silent awe,
Her tattered mantle and her hood of straw;
Her moving lips, her caldron brimming o'er;
The drowsy brood that on her back she bore.
Imps in the barn with mousing owlets bred,
From rifled roost at night revereled fed;
Whose dark eyes flashed through locks of blackest
shade,

When in the breeze the distant watch-dog bayed
And heroes fled the sibyl's muttered call,
Whose elfin prowess scaled the orchard wall.
As o'er my palm the silver piece she drew,
And traced the line of life with searching view,
How throbbed my fluttering pulse with hopes and
fears,

To learn the color of my future years!

Ah, then, what honest triumph flushed my breast
This truth once known—to bless is to be blest!
We led the bending beggar on his way—
Bare were his feet, his tresses silver-gray—
Soothed the keen pangs his aged spirit felt,
And on his tale with mute attention dwelt:
As in his scrip we dropt our little store,
And sighed to think that little was no more,
He breathed his prayer, "Long may such goodness
live!"

'Twas all he gave—'twas all he had to give.

Hail, memory, hail! in thy exhaustless mine
From age to age unnumbered treasures shine!
Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,
And place and time are subject to thy sway!
Thy pleasures most we feel when most alone:
The only pleasures we can call our own.
Lighter than air, hope's summer-visions die,
If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky;
If but a beam of sober reason play,
Lo, fancy's fairy frost work melts away!
But can the wiles of art, the grasp of power,
Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour?
These, when the trembling spirit wings her flight,
Pour round her path a stream of living light;
And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest,
Where virtue triumphs, and her sons are blest!

SAMUEL ROGERS.

WATCH AND WAIT.

THE red-breast sings with a plaintive note.
The cattle are housed in stall, my dear,
The dead leaves float at the rim of the moat,
Under the moss grown wall, my dear:
But your eyes are happy with dreams of spring,
As you sit by the hearth to-night,
And your opal ring, like a living thing,
Flashes with fitful light!

The dainty blossoms are gone indeed
To their home in the darkness deep, my dear,
But the hopeful seed for the whole world's need
Is laid in the earth to sleep, my dear!



DREAMING OF THE FUTURE.

And you gaze deep, deep, in the heart of the glow,
On the flickering, dancing flame,
And your blushes show what your lips breathe low,
As you whisper the one loved name.

Though the dwindling day to the dark decline,
And the year be fain to depart, my dear,
Sweet visions shine like gems of the mine
In the hush of your faithful heart, my dear!
Watch yet awhile, and wait—who knows
What fate may have stored for you?
When winter goes, and the leaves uncloze,
And beautiful dreams come true!

M. C. GILLINGTON.

Primeval hope, the Aonian muses say,
When man and nature mourned their first decay,
When every form of death, and every woe,
Shot from malignant stars to earth below;
When murder bared his arm, and rampant war
Yoked the red dragons of his iron car;
When peace and mercy, banished from the plain,
Sprang on the viewless winds to heaven again;
All, all forsook the friendless, guilty mind,
But hope, the charmer, lingered still behind.
Thus, while Elijah's burning wheels prepare
From Carmel's heights to sweep the fields of air,
The prophet's mantle, ere his flight began,
Dropt on the world—a sacred gift to man.



THE PLEASURES OF HOPE.

Few poems have afforded so much delight as the one from which these delightful lines have been selected. The popularity it gained instantly upon its publication has not diminished. The seventh line below has passed into a popular proverb.

AT summer eve, when heaven's ethereal bow
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills
below,
Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,
Whose sunbright summit mingles with the sky?
Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.
Thus, with delight, we linger to survey
The promised joys of life's unmeasured way;
Thus, from afar, each dim-discovered scene
More pleasing seems than all the past hath been,
And every form, that fancy can repair
From dark oblivion, glows divinely there.

Auspicious hope! in thy sweet garden grow
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe;
Won by their sweets, in nature's languid hour,
The way-worn pilgrim seeks thy summer bower;
There, as the wild bee murmurs on the wing,
What peaceful dreams thy handmaid spirits bring!
What viewless forms the Æolian organ play,
And sweep the furrowed lines of anxious thought
away.

Lo! at the couch, where infant beauty sleeps,
Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps;
She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,
Smiles on her slumbering child with pensive eyes,
And weaves a song of melancholy joy—
"Sleep, image of thy father, sleep, my boy;
No lingering hour of sorrow shall be thine,
No sigh that rends thy father's heart and mine;
Bright as his manly sire the son shall be
In form and soul; but, ah, more blest than he!
Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love at last,

shall soothe his aching heart for all the past—
With many a smile my solitude repay,
And chase the world's ungenerous scorn away.

Warsaw's last champion from her height surveyed,
Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid—
"Oh! Heaven!" he cried, "my bleeding country save!

Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?
Yet, though destruction sweep those lovely plains,
Rise, fellow-men! our country yet remains!
By that dread name, we wave the sword on high!
And swear for her to live!—with her to die!"

He said, and on the rampart heights arrayed
His trusty warriors, few, but undismayed;
Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;

Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly,
Revenge, or death—the watchword and reply;
Then pealed the notes, omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin tolled their last alarm!

In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!
From rank to rank your volleyed thunder flew:—
Oh, bloodiest picture in the book of time,
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arm, nor mercy in her woe!
Dropt from her nerveless grasp the shattered
spear,
Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high
career:—

Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shrieked—as Kosciuszko fell!

THOMAS CAMPBELL.



THE PILGRIM.

'T WAS only a wandering pilgrim
That slowly was treading along;
'Twas only the portal to heaven
That seemed to open in song.
But I had been wondering sadly
Of times that are borne in song.
His hair, it was gray as the snowflakes;
His beard, it was hoary, too;
While his wrinkled hand with palsy shakes,
And a hazy mist is his view,
While tottering on to that portal
Which opens for me and for you.
Ay! strong returns the remembrance!
Ay! sad that form glided by!
But never a fuller acceptance
Bequeathed to man from on high.
And I will cherish it ever
As a thing that cannot die.
For may I not once roam as sadly
The paths I now tread in glee?
And may not my thoughts once dream madly
Of the foam on the restless sea?
Oh, will I then harbor in safety
On the shores of eternity?

MY TRUNDLE BED.

AS I rummaged through the attic,
List'ning to the falling rain,
As it pattered on the shingles
And against the window pane;
Peeping over chests and boxes,
Which with dust were thickly spread;
Saw I in the farthest corner
What was once my trundle bed.
So I drew it from the recess,
Where it had remained so long,
Hearing all the while the music
Of my mother's voice in song;
As she sung in sweetest accents,
What I since have often read—
"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed."
As I listened, happy hours,
That I thought had been forgot,
Came with all the gush of memory,
Rushing, thronging to the spot;
And I wandered back to childhood,
'To those merry days of yore,
When I knelt beside my mother,
By this bed upon the floor.

Then it was with hands so gently
Placed upon my infant head,
That she taught my lips to utter
Carefully the words she said ;
Never can they be forgotten,
Deep are they in mem'ry graven—
"Hallowed be thy name, O Father !
Father ! thou who art in heaven."

Years have passed, and that dear mother
Long has mouldered 'neath the sod,
And I trust her sainted spirit
Revels in the home of God :
But that scene at summer twilight
Never has from memory fled,
And it comes in all its freshness
When I see my trundle bed.

This she taught me, then she told me
Of its import, great and deep—
After which I learned to utter,
"Now I lay me down to sleep ;"
Then it was with hands uplifted,
And in accents soft and mild,
That my mother asked—"Our Father !
Father ! do thou bless my child !"

REMEMBRANCE.

THE season comes when first we met,
But you return no more ;
Why cannot I the days forget,
Which time can ne'er restore ?
O days too sweet, too bright to last,
Are you indeed forever past ?
The fleeting shadows of delight,
In memory I trace :
In fancy stop their rapid flight
And all the past replace :
But ah ! I wake to endless woes,
And tears the fading visions close !

ANNE HUNTER.

"EMBER PICTURE."

CLOSE by the embers
Burning low,
While she remembers
Long ago,
E'er the December's
Drifted snow
Silvered her soft brown hair :
Pensively rocking
'To and fro ;
Memories flocking
Come and go ;
Holding a stocking
Long ago
Worn by a baby fair.
Sad as the sighing
Winds that blow,
Thoughts of one lying

'Neath the snow,
Flit through the dying
Embers' glow ;
And memories round her throng :
Memories bringing
Joy and woe—
Drifting—clinging
Like the snow,
While she is singing
Soft and low—
Singing a cradle song.

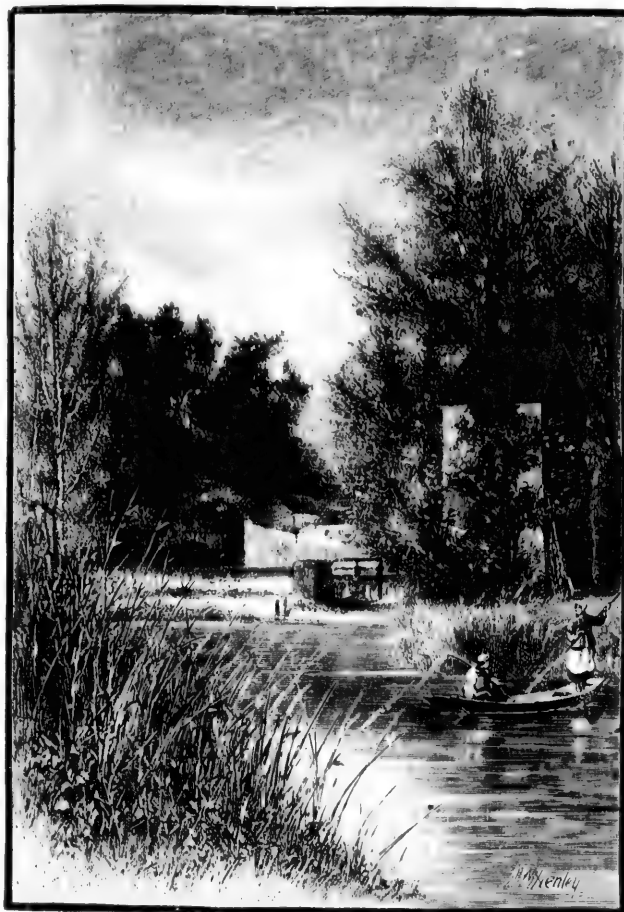
A LITTLE SONG OF HOPE.

I'VE battled through advers. y when skies were
blue and bright
To win of fickle fortune but a feather in the
fight,
An' I've never felt a flurry nor the smallest
distressed,
Till Sol had sunk to slumber in the cradle of the
west.
It always seemed that even, with its darkness an'
its dew,
Brought forth a host of pigmies, an' these little
troubles grew
Till, like Gulliver, they bound me, an' when hope
had nearly gone,
I felt a peace come stealing through the gateway
of the dawn.

I've lain awake so troubled, an' a-tossin' through
the night,
A-hopin' I'd be guided in the paths o' truth an'
right,
A-wrestlin' with my conscience over somethin' I
had done,
Or else a-plannin' duties with the risin' o' the sun.
An' I've conjured up the sorrows that it seemed
were sure to fill
Upon me an' to wrap me in a sort o' sombre pall,
But the ills have always vanished when the morn-
ing cried, Begone !
An' a dream o' peace came stealin' through the gate-
way of the dawn.
An' so I say to sinners, an' to saint who strive as well,
The cares that came upon you when the shades o'
sorrow fell
Will vanish with the vision of a soul-enlightened
day,
An' God will wipe the tear-drops from your swollen
eyes away.
The host of little worries that beset you through
the night
Shall flee in stealth, an', banished, shall be frown-
ing in their flight,
An' the rest will be the sweeter for the ills you've
undergone
When that holy peace comes stealing through the
gateway of the dawn. R. F. GREENE.

MEMORIES.

A BEAUTIFUL and happy girl,
With step as light as summer air,
Eyes glad with smiles, and brow of pearl,
Shadowed by many a careless curl
Of unconfined and flowing hair;



A seeming child in everything,
Save thoughtful brow and ripening charms,
As nature wears the smile of spring
When sinking into summer's arms,
A mind rejoicing in the light
Which melted through its graceful bower,
Leaf after leaf, dew-moist and bright,
And stainless in its holy white,
Unfolding like a morning flower;

A heart, which, like a fine-toned lute,
With every breath of feeling woke,
And, even when the tongue was mute,
From eye and lip in music spoke.

How thrills once more the lengthening chain
Of memory, at the thought of thee!

Old hopes which long in dust
Have lain,
Old dreams, come thronging
Back again,
And boyhood lives again in
me;
I feel its glow upon my cheek,
Its fulness of the heart is
mine,
As when I leaned to hear thee
speak,
Or raised my doubtful eye
to thine.

I hear again thy low replies,
I feel thine arm within my
own,
And timidly again uprise
The fringed lids of hazel
eyes,
With soft brown tresses over-
blown.
Ah! memories of sweet sum-
mer eves,
Of moonlit wave and wil-
low way,
Of stars and bowers, and dewy
leaves,
And smiles and tones more
dear than they!

Ere this, thy quiet eye hath
smiled
My picture of thy youth to
see,
When, half a woman, half a
child,
Thy very artlessness beguiled,
And folly's self seemed wise
in thee;
I too can smile, when o'er that
hour
The lights of memory back-
ward stream.

Yet feel the while that manhood's power
Is vainer than my boyhood's dream.

Years have passed on, and left their trace
Of graver care and deeper thought;
And unto me the calm, cold face
Of manhood, and to thee the grace
Of woman's pensive beauty brought.
More wide, perchance, for blame than praise,
The schoolboy's humble name has flown:

Thine, in the green and quiet ways
Of unobtrusive goodness known.

And wider yet in thought and deed
Diverge our pathways, one in youth,
Thine the Genevan's sternest creed,
While answers to my spirit's need
The Derby dalesman's simple truth.
For thee, the priestly rite and prayer,
And holy day, and solemn psalm;
For me, the silent reverence where
My brethren gather, slow and calm.

Yet hath thy spirit left on me
An impress time has worn not out,
And something of myself in thee,
A shadow from the past, I see,
Lingering, even yet, thy way about;
Not wholly can the heart unlearn
That lesson of its better hours,
Not yet has time's dull footstep worn
To common dust that path of flowers

Thus, while at times before our eyes
The shadows melt, and fall apart,
And, smiling through them, round us lies
The warm light of our morning skies—
The Indian summer of the heart!—
In secret sympathies of mind,
In founts of feeling which retain
Their pure, fresh flow, we yet may find
Our early dreams not wholly vain!

J. G. WHITTIER.

THE UNHAPPY PAST.

O MEMORY! thou fond deceiver,
Still importunate and vain!
To former joys recurring ever,
And turning all the past to pain:

Hence, intruder most distressing!
Seek the happy and the free;
The wretch who wants each other blessing
Ever wants a friend in thee.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

HEAVENWARD.

WOULD you be young again?
So would not I—
One tear to memory given,
Onward I'd hie.
Life's dark flood forded o'er,
All but at rest on shore,
Say, would you plunge once more,
With home so nigh?

If you might, would you now
Retrace your way?
Wander through thorny wilds,
Faint and astray?

Night's gloomy waters fled,
Morning all beaming red,
Hope's smiles around us shed,
Heavenward—away.

Where are they gone, of yore
My best delight?
Dear and more dear, though now
Hidden from sight,
Where they rejoice to be,
There is the land for me;
Fly, time—fly speedily,
Come, life and light.

LADY NAIRNE.

NEVER DESPAIR.

NEVER give up! it is wiser and better
Always to hope, than once to despair
Fling off the load of doubt's cankering
fetter,

And break the dark spell of tyrannical care;
Never give up or the burden may sink you—
Providence kindly has mingled the cup;
And in all trials and troubles, bethink you
The watchword of life must be—never give up

M. F. TUPPER.

IN MEMORIAM.

THOU wert the first of all I knew
To pass unto the dead,
And Paradise hath seemed more true,
And come down closer to my view,
Since there thy presence fled.

The whispers of thy gentle soul
At silent lonely hours,
Like some sweet saint-bell's distant toll
Come o'er the waters, as they roll
Betwixt thy world and ours.

Oh! still my spirit clings to thee,
And feels thee at my side;
Like a green ivy, when the tree,
Its shoots had clasped so lovingly,
Within its arms hath died;

And ever round that lifeless thing
Where first their clusters grew,
Close as while yet it lived they cling,
And shrine it in a second spring
Of lustre dark and new.

T. WHYTEHEAD.

SUN OF THE SOUL.

SUN of the soul! whose cheerful ray
Darts o'er this gloom of life a smile;
Sweet hope, yet further gild my way,
Yet light my weary steps awhile,
Till thy fair lamp dissolve in endless day.

J. LANGHORNE.

EDEN FLOWERS.

GENTLE mourner, fondly dreaming
O'er the grave of buried years,
Where the cold pale stars are gleaming
Far along this vale of tears;—

Sweetest spring from thoughts of sadness
Eden flowers that ne'er decay.

Here, of mirth and anguish blended,
Joys are born that cannot die.



Fond enthusiast, wildly gazing
From the towers of childhood's home,
On the visioned beacon's blazing
Bright o'er ocean's sun-flushed foam;—

Hope's false mirage hides the morrow,
Memory gilds the days gone by;
Give not thy young life to sorrow,
Trust not joys that bloom to die.

Fiercest throbs the pulse of gladness,
Heralding a darker day;

Ending—not till life is ended—
In the painless, endless joy.

H. N. OXENHAM.

THE VISIONARY.

WHEN midnight o'er the moonless skies
Her pall of transient death has spread,
When mortals sleep, when spectres rise,
And nought is wakeful but the dead!

No bloodless shape my way pursues,
No sheeted ghost my couch annoys,

Visions more sad my fancy views,
 Visions of long departed joys !
 The shade of youthful hope is there,
 That lingered long, and latest died ;
 Ambition all dissolved to air,
 With phantom honors at her side.

What empty shadows glimmer nigh !
 They once were friendship, truth, and love !
 Oh, die to thought, to memory die,
 Since lifeless to my heart ye prove !

W. E. SPENCER

SAD RECOLLECTIONS.

COLD in the earth—and the deep snow piled
 above thee.
 Far, far removed, cold in the dreary grave!
 Have I forgot, my only love, to love thee,
 Severed at last by time's all-severing wave ?
 Now, when alone, do my thoughts no longer hover
 Over the mountains, on that northern shore,
 Resting their wings where heath and fern-leaves
 cover
 Thy noble heart for ever, evermore ?

No later light has lightened up my heaven,
 No second morn has ever shone for me ;
 All my life's bliss from thy dear life was given,
 All my life's bliss is in the grave with thee.
 But when the days of golden dreams had per-
 ished,
 And even despair was powerless to destroy ;
 Then did I learn how existence could be cher-
 ished,
 Strengthened and fed without the aid of joy.



Cold in the earth—and fifteen wild Decembers,
 From those brown hills, have melted into spring ;
 Faithful, indeed, is the spirit that remembers
 After such years of change and suffering !
 Sweet love of youth, forgive, if I forget thee,
 While the world's tide is bearing me along,
 Other desires and other hopes beset me,
 Hopes which obscure, but cannot do thee wrong !

Then did I check the tears of useless passion—
 Weaned my young soul from yearning after thine ;
 Sternly denied its burning wish to hasten
 Down to that tomb, already more than mine.

And even yet, I dare not let it languish,
 Dare not indulge in memory's rapturous pain ;
 Once drinking deep of that divinest anguish,
 How could I seek the empty world again ?

EMILY BRONTË.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

FATIGUED with life, yet loath to part,
 On hope the wretch relies ;
 And every blow that sinks the heart
 Bids the deluder rise.
 Hope, like the taper's gleamy light,
 Adorns the wretch's way ;
 And still, as darker grows the night,
 Emits a brighter ray.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

HOPE AND WISDOM.

YOUTH is the virgin nurse of tender hope,
 And lifts her up and shows a far-off scene ;
 When care with heavy tread would interlope,
 They call the boys to shout her from the green.
 Ere long another comes, before whose eyes
 Nurseling and nurse alike stand mute and quail :
 Wisdom : to her hope not one word replies,
 And youth lets drop the dear romantic tale.

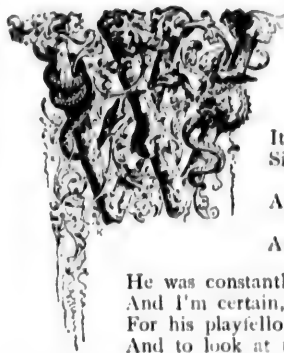
W. S. LANDOR.

PATRIOTS AND HEROES:

COMMEMORATING THEIR

NOBLE SACRIFICES AND VALIANT DEEDS.

THE LITTLE FIREMAN.



HAT do you think o' my youngster—he's a likely lad, sir, eh? You wouldn't think he was a hero in the amateur-fireman way. But he is. I can tell you a story that'll make you look and stare; How he brought down a lad at a fire, sir, from the top of that building there.

It's a hospital, that's what it is, sir; and it's nearly a fortnight ago Since a chum o' my Willie's went in, sir, on account of his health bein' low. And my Will he got anxious and worried, for he missed his young play-fellow bad, And he went about gloomy and grumpy, and always looked lonely and sad.

He was constantly watching that window (the top one, up there to the right), And I'm certain, if I would a-let him, he'd a looked at it all through the night; For his playfellow's bed lay near it, and my Willie knew that quite well, And to look at that window was pleasure, far more than we can tell.

Well, he kept like that for some days, sir; he was always a-watching that place, When he rushed into me one evening, with a look of alarm on his face.

"It's on fire!" he shouted; "oh, father, the hospital's all in a blaze!" And he looked at me with such eyes, sir, that I shrank from his terrified gaze.

"Oh, father!" he cried in his terror, and he seemed nigh ready to drop,

"How can they get at poor Tommy? he's right at the very tip-top,

It'll burn him right up to a cinder if he is obliged to stay;

I'll run out and tell them to fetch him," and he instantly darted away.

I told him to stop, but he did'nt; so I followed him, sir, like mad,

But he went on ahead like an engine, and the crush was fearfully bad;

The hospital, sir, was a-burning, and the flames getting fiercer and higher,

While the firemen were working their hardest to get some control o' the fire.

They were fetching the patients out too, sir, as quickly as ever they could,

And the fire-escape men were all busy and doing a great deal of good;

But the friends of the patients were watching to see that they all were got out, And above all the roar of the flames, sir, we presently heard a shout:

"There's a boy at the top forgotten," and I thought o' my Will's little chum;

And my eyes grew heavy and dim, sir, for the great salt tears would come.

The firemen seemed well nigh distracted,—the escape was on fire at the top;

And they said it was death to ascend it, for the ladder would certainly drop.

But a lad dashed up that escape, sir, as it seemed to his certain death;

While the crowd stood speechless and silent, and every one held his breath.

That boy was my Will, I could see him, by the light from the great red fire,

And I felt—well, I can't tell how, sir, as I saw him mount higher and higher.

For the ladder seemed all of a totter, but that boy of mine was so light

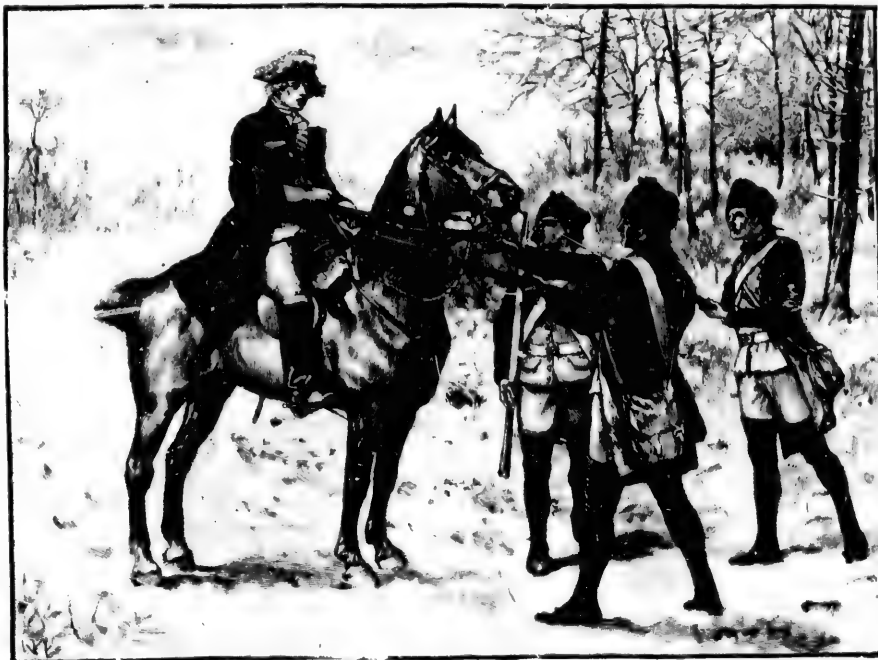
That he got to the window in safety; and we saw him get in all right;

But he came out again in a second, and he carried a small white pack;

That boy had gone in after Tommy, and was bringing him down on his back.

Such a cheer rent the heavens just then, sir as I
never shall hear again ;
And the crowd got as mad as hatters, and shouted
with might and main.
But the lads got down safe to the ground, sir, and
both of 'em fainted away ;
For after that dreadful excitement, 'twas no won-
der at all, I say.

What had this young man done to merit immor-
tality? The mission whose tragic issue lifted him
out of the oblivion of other minor British officers,
in its inception was free from peril or daring,
its object and purposes were utterly infantile.
Had he succeeded by the desecration of the hono-
rable uses of passes and flags of truce, his name
would have been held in everlasting execration.



ARREST OF ANDRE.

What do you think of him, now, sir? a likely lad,
sir, eh !
'There's not many youngsters a-going as could act
in that sort of a way ;
For he risked his own life for his playmate, and
he's ready to do it still.
So I hope there's no harm in my saying I'm proud
of my Fireman Will

JOHN F. NICHOLLS.

ANDRE AND HALE.

ANDRE's story is the one overmastering
romance of the Revolution. American
and English literature are full of elo-
quence and poetry in tribute to his memory and
sympathy for his fate. After a lapse of a hundred
years there is no abatement of absorbing interest.

In his failure, the infant republic escaped the dag-
ger with which he was feeling for its heart, and the
crime was drowned in tears for his untimely end.

His youth and beauty, his skill with pen and
pencil, his effervescing spirits and magnetic dis-
position, the brightness of his life, the calm cour-
age in the gloom of his death, his early love and
disappointment, and the image of his lost Honora
hid in his mouth when captured in Canada, with
the exclamation, "That saved, I care not for the
loss of all the rest," and nestling in his bosom
when he was slain, surrounded him with a halo of
poetry and pity which have secured for him what
he most sought and could never have won in bat-
tles and sieges—a fame and recognition which have
outlived that of all the generals under whom he
served

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AND

Are kings only grateful, and do republics forget? Is fame a travesty, and the judgment of mankind a farce? America had a parallel case in Captain Nathan Hale. Of the same age as Andre, he graduated at Yale college with high honors, entered in the patriot cause at the beginning of the contest, and secured the love and confidence of all about him. When none else would go on a more important and perilous mission, he volunteered, and was captured by the British.

While Andre received every kindness, courtesy and attention, and was fed from Washington's table, Hale was thrust into a noisome dungeon in the sugar-house. While Andre was tried by a board of officers, and had ample time and every facility for defence, Hale was summarily ordered to execution the next morning. While Andre's last wishes and bequests were sacredly followed, Cunningham tore from Hale his letters to his mother and sister, and asked him what he had to say. "All I have to say," was Hale's reply, "is that I regret I have but one life to lose for my country." His death was concealed for months, because Cunningham said he did not want the rebels to know they had a man who could die so bravely.

And yet, while Andre rests in that grandest of sepulchres, where the proudest of nations garner their remains and perpetuates the memories of its most eminent and honored, the name and deeds of Nathan Hale have passed into oblivion, and only a simple tomb in a village churchyard marks his resting-place. The dying declarations of Andre and Hale express the animating spirit of their several armies, and teach why, with all their power, England could not conquer America. "I call upon you to witness that I die like a brave man," said Andre, and he spoke from British and Hessian surroundings, seeking only glory and pay. "I regret that I have only one life to lose for my country," said Hale; and with him and his comrades self was forgotten in that absorbing, passionate patriotism which pledges fortune, honor and life to the sacred cause.

CHAUNCEY M. DEFEW.

ANDRE'S REQUEST TO WASHINGTON.

IT is not the fear of death
That damps my brow,
It is not for another breath
I ask thee now;

I can die with a lip unstirred
And a quiet heart—
Let but this prayer be heard
Ere I depart.

I can give up my mother's look—
My sister's kiss;
I can think of love—yet brook
A death like this!

I can give up the young fame
I burned to win—
All—but the spotless name
I glory in.

Thine is the power to give,
Thine to deny.
Joy for the hour I live—
Caltness to die.
By all the brave should cherish.
By my dying breath,
I ask that I may perish
By a soldier's death!

N. P. WELLS.

DYING FOR LIBERTY.

AS by the shore, at break of day,
A vanquished chief expiring lay,
Upon the sands with broken sword,
He traced his farewell to the free;
And there the last unfinished word
He dying wrote, was "Liberty!"

At night a sea-bird shrieked the knell
Of him who thus for freedom fell:
The words he wrote, ere evening came,
Were covered by the sounding sea;
So pass away the cause and name
Of him who dies for liberty!

THOMAS MOORE.

THE LONE GRAVE ON THE MOUNTAIN

ON the crest of the hills I found it,
For the grave of a host there was room
For the pyramids of Egypt
Are as naught to this lofty tomb.
There he lies till the trump shall call him,
In his grave on the hills, all alone;
Just a soldier's grave, so they told me,
But yet one that a king might own.

There he fell, there he died, there they laid him;
Though unmarked and forgot, 'tis a throne.
What's his name? He died for his country,
Then what matter his name unknown?
'Tis the act, not the actor, liveth;
'Tis the deeds which we do crown the grave;
What life wins in transient glory;
It is death makes a king or slave.

Here the sun's last blush lingers longest,
Here the feet of the morning first come,
And the thunder's voice speaketh his requiem,
Like the roll of a funeral drum.
See, the clouds above him are stooping,
And they gather around him and weep;
So I leave him, enwrapped in his glory,
With his God, on the hills, asleep.

CHARLES G. BEEDE.

I'M WITH YOU ONCE AGAIN.

I'M with you once again, my friends,
 No more my footsteps roam;
 Where it began my journey ends,
 Amid the scenes of home.
 No other clime has skies so blue,
 Or streams so broad and clear,
 And where are hearts so warm and true
 As those that meet me here?

Since last, with spirits wild and free,
 I pressed my native strand,
 I've wandered many miles at sea,
 And many miles on land:
 I've seen fair regions of the earth
 With rude commotion torn,
 Which taught me how to prize the worth
 Of that where I was born.

In other countries when I heard
 The language of my own,
 How fondly each familiar word
 Awoke an answering tone!
 But when our woodland songs were sung
 Upon a foreign mart
 The vows that faltered on the tongue
 With rapture thrilled my heart!

My native land! I turn to you,
 With blessing and with prayer,
 Where man is brave and woman true,
 And free as mountain air.
 Long may our flag in triumph wave,
 Against the world combined,
 And friends a welcome—foes a grave,
 Within our borders find,

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

IT IS GREAT FOR OUR COUNTRY TO DIE.

OH! it is great for our country to die, where
 ranks are contending:
 Bright is the wreath of our fame; glory
 awaits us for aye—

Glory, that never is dim, shining on with light
 never ending—

Glory that never shall fade, never, oh! never
 away.

Oh! it is sweet for our country to die! How softly
 reposes

Warrior youth on his bier, wet by the tears of
 his love,

Wet by a mother's warm tears; they crown him
 with garlands of roses,

Weep, and then joyously turn, bright where he
 triumphs above.

Not to the shades shall the youth descend, who for
 country hath perished;

Hebe awaits him in heaven, welcomes him there
 with her smile;

There, at the banquet divine, the patriot spirit is
 cherished;

Gods love the young who ascend pure from the
 funeral pile.

Not to Elysian fields, by the still, oblivious river,
 Not to the isles of the blest, over the blue, roll-
 ing sea;

But on Olympian heights shall dwell the devoted
 forever;

There shall assemble the good, there the wise,
 valiant and free.

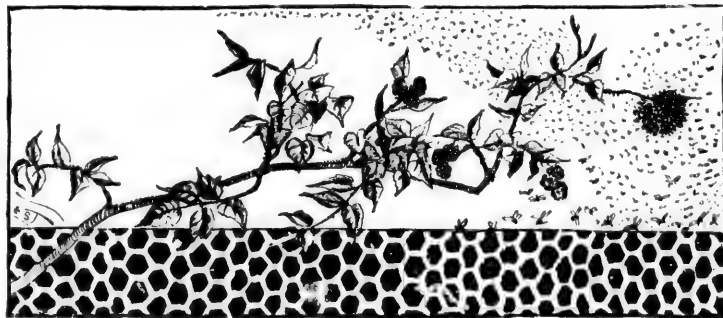
Oh! then, how great for our country to die, in the
 front rank to perish,

Firm with our breast to the foe, victory's shout
 in our ear!

Long they our statues shall crown, in songs our
 memory cherish;

We shall look forth from our heaven, pleased
 the sweet music to hear.

JAMES G. PERCIVAL.



THE CUBAN CRISIS.

RED is the setting sun,
 Redder the Cuban sod;
 Maceo's valiant fight is done
 For freedom and for God.
 The long-leaved pine and the stately palm
 Bend lowly in grief to-night,
 And through the hush of the tropic calm
 There rolls from the sea a mournful psalm,
 A requiem over the right.

Honored with many scars
 Now lies the hero brave;
 Pityingly the southern stars
 Weep o'er the martyr's grave,
 While night winds whisper of deeds so fell
 That nature shudders in sleep,
 And every tree in the crimson dell
 Murmurs a secret most dread to tell
 Of treachery foul and deep.

Every land shall know,
 Heaven and earth shall see;
 The whole world weeps when a traitor's blow
 Strikes at the brave and free.
 But from Havana comes clang of bells,
 Borne gaily across the lea
 From Morro Castle, where Weyler dwells,
 A drunken wassail the clamor swells
 With plaudits and fiendish glee.

Dark seem the midnights there,
 Dark are the crimes they blot;
 But darker still are the dungeons where
 The friends of freedom rot.
 Their chains clank dull on the slimy walls,
 Their festering bones protrude;
 And day after day the death bell tolls
 As the drifting smoke from the slaughter rolls,
 'Mid jeers from the multitude!

Red is the rising sun,
 Red with the wrath of God;
 For Cuba reddens in streams that run
 With blood where her tyrants have trod.
 Still flows to the sea the scarlet tide;
 How long shall it last, O Lord!
 But hell rolls on where the Spaniards ride,
 And frenzied women in terror hide
 From a fate far worse than the sword.

Our skies are obscured with smoke,
 Our seas are stained with blood;
 Our hills still echo the butcher's stroke
 Across the crimson flood.
 Our flag insulted, our brothers slain,
 At last awakens our land;
 Now sweeps a tempest from every plain,
 Our sovereign people have challenged Spain,
 The judgment hour is at hand.

LOUIS S. AMONSON.

THE LITTLE DRUMMER.

AT his post, the little major
 Dropped his drum, that battle day;
 On the field, all stained with crimson,
 Through that battle-night he lay,
 Crying, "Oh, for love of Jesus,
 Grant me but this little boon,
 Can you, friends, refuse me water—
 Can you, when I die so soon!"

There were none to help or save him;
 All his friends had early fled,
 Save the forms outstretched around him
 Of the dying and the dead.
 Hush! they come, there falls a footstep—
 How it makes his heart rejoice;
 They will help, oh, they will save him,
 When they hear his fainting voice.

See, the lights are flourishing round him,
 And he hears a loyal word;
 Strangers they whose lips pronounce it,
 Yet he trusts his voice is heard;
 It was heard—oh, God forgive them,
 They refuse his dying prayer;
 "Nothing but a wounded drummer,"
 So they say, and leave him there.

See, the moon that shone above him
 Veils her face as if in grief,
 And the skies are sadly weeping,
 Shedding tear-drops of relief.
 Oh, to die, by friends forsaken,
 With his last request denied;
 This he frets his keenest anguish,
 When at morn he gasped and died.

THE POOR VOTER ON ELECTION DAY.

THE proudest now is but my peer,
 The highest not more high;
 To-day, of all the weary year,
 A king of men am I.
 To-day, alike are great and small,
 The nameless and the known;
 My palace is the people's hall,
 The ballot-box my throne!

Who serves to-day upon the list
 Beside the served shall stand;
 Alike the brown and wrinkled fist,
 The gloved and dainty hand!
 The rich is level with the poor,
 The weak is strong to-day;
 And sleekest broadcloth counts no more
 Than homespun frock of gray.

To-day let pomp and vain pretence
 My stubborn right abide;
 I set a plain man's common sense
 Against the pedant's pride.

To-day shall simple manhood try
The strength of gold and land;
The wide world has not wealth to buy
The power in my right hand!

While there's a grief to seek redress,
Or balance to adjust
Where weighs our living manhood less
Than Mammon's vilest dust—
While there's a right to need my vote,
A wrong to sweep away,
Up! clouted knee and ragged coat!
A man's a man to-day!

J. G. WHITTIER.

A BRAVE MAN.

NO common object to your sight displays,
But what with pleasure heaven itself surveys,

A brave man struggling in the storm of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state.
While Cato gives his little senate laws,
What bosom beats not in his country's cause?
Who sees him act, but envies every deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?

ALEXANDER POPE.

PATRIOTISM AND FREEDOM.

INSENSIBLE to high heroic deeds,
Is there a spirit clothed in mortal weeds,
Who at the patriot's moving story
Devoted to his country's good,
Devoted to his country's glory,
Shedding for freemen's rights his generous blood—
Listeth not with deep heaved, high,
Quivering nerve, and glistening eye,
Feeling within a spark of heavenly flame,
That with the hero's worth may humble kindred
claim?

If such there be, still let him plod
On the dull foggy paths of care,
Nor raise his eyes from the dank sod
To view creation fair:
What boots to him the wondrous works of God?
His soul with brutal things hath ta'en its earthly
lair.

Oh! who so base as not to feel
The pride of freedom once enjoyed,
Though hostile gold or hostile steel
Have long that bliss destroyed!
The meanest drudge will sometimes vaunt
Of independent sires who bore
Names known to fame in days of yore,
Spite of the smiling stranger's taunt;
But recent freedom lost—what heart
Can bear the humbling thought—the quick'ning
mad'ning smart?

JOANNA BAILLIE.

ROMERO:

A FUGITIVE FROM MEXICO.

WHEN freedom, from the land of Spain,
By Spain's degenerate sons was driven,
Who gave their willing limbs again
To wear the chain so lately riven?
Romero broke the sword he wore—
“Go, faithful band,” the warrior said,
“Go, undishonored, never more
The blood of man shall make thee red:
I grieve for that already shed;
And I am sick at heart to know,
That faithful friend and noble foe
Have only bled to make more strong
The yoke that Spain has worn so long.
Wear it who will, in abject fear—
I wear it not who have been free;
The perjured Ferdinand shall hear
No oath of loyalty from me.”

Then, hunted by the hounds of power,
Romero chose a safe retreat,
Where bleak Nevada's summits tower
Above the beauty at their feet.
There once, when on his cabin lay
The crimson light of setting day,
When even on the mountain's breast
The chainless winds were all at rest,
And he could hear the river's flow
From the calm paradise below;
Warmed with his former fires again,
He framed this rude but solemn strain:

“Here will I make my home—for here at least I
see,
Upon this wild Sierra's side, the steps of liberty;
Where the locust chirps unscared beneath the un-
pruned lime,
And the merry bee doth hide from man the spoil
of the mountain thyme;
Where the pure winds come and go, and the wild
vine gads at will,
An outcast from the haunts of man, she dwells with
nature still.

“I see the valleys, Spain! where thy mighty rivers
run,
And the hills that lift thy harvests and vineyards
to the sun,
And the flocks that drink thy brooks and sprinkle
all the green,
Where lie thy plains, with sheep-walks seamed, and
olive-shades between;
I see thy fig-trees bask, with the fair pomegranate
near,
And the fragrance of thy lemon-groves can almost
reach me here.

“Fair—fair—but fallen Spain! 'tis with a swell-
ing heart,

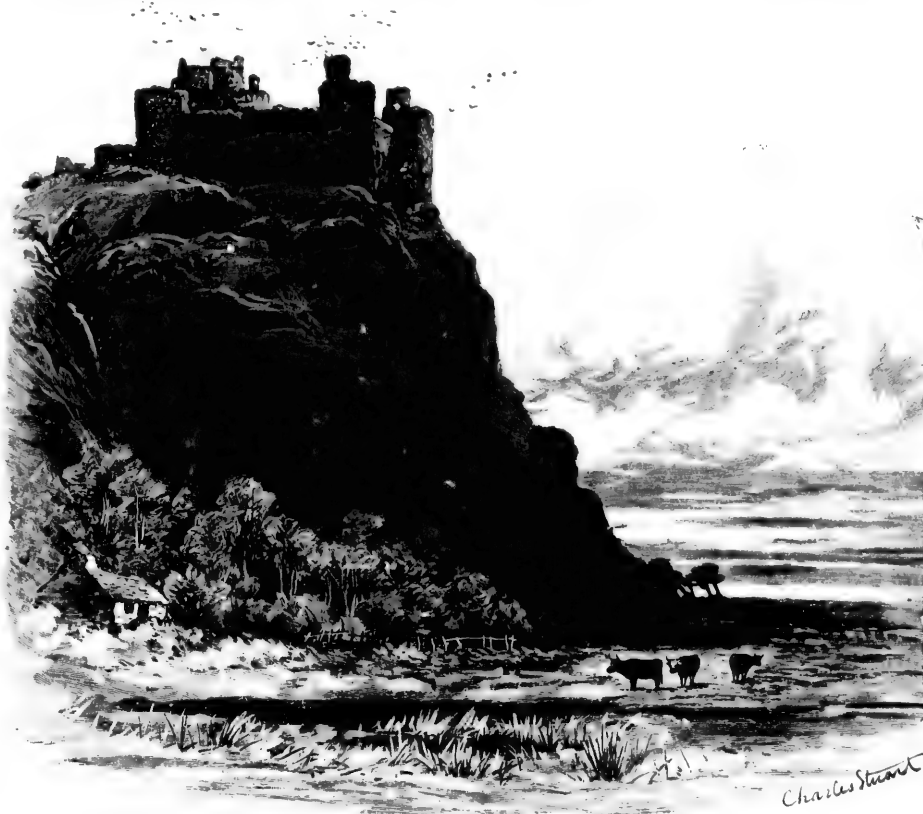
That I think on all thou mightst have been, and
 look at what thou art;
 But the strife is over now, and all the good and
 brave,
 That would have raised thee up, are gone, to exile
 or the grave.
 Thy fleeces are for monks, thy grapes for the con-
 vent feast,
 And the wealth of all thy harvest-fields for the
 pampered lord and priest.

"But I shall see the day, it will come before I die,
 I shall see it in my silver hairs, and with an age-
 dimmed eye;—

When the spirit of the land to liberty shall bound,
 As yonder fountain leaps away from the darkness
 of the ground;

And to my mountain cell, the voices of the free
 Shall rise, as from the beaten shore the thunders
 of the sea."

W. C. BRYANT.



HARLECH CASTLE.

MARCH OF THE MEN OF HARLECH.

The War of the Roses was a disastrous struggle which desolated England during the fifteenth century. It was so called because the two factions into which the country was divided upheld the claims to the throne of the Houses of York and Lancaster, whose badges were the white and the red rose respectively. Harlech is an ancient town of North Wales, situated on the sea coast. On a steep hill overlooking the stream is its massive castle, which held out for the House of Lancaster in the War of the Roses and later for

Charles I. The "March of the Men of Harlech" commemorates its capture by the Yorkists in 1468.

MEN of Harlech! in the hollow,
 Do you hear, like rushing billow,
 Wave on wave that surging follow,
 Battle's distant sound?
 'Tis the tramp of Saxon foeman,
 Saxon spearsmen, Saxon bowmen,

Be they knights, or hinds, or yeomen.
 They shall bite the ground!
 Loose thy folds a-under,
 Flag we conquer under!
 The placid sky now bright on high
 Shall launch its bolts in thunder!
 Onward, 'tis our country needs us,
 He is bravest, he who leads us!
 Honor's self now proudly heads us!
 Freedom, God and Right!
 Cambria, God and Right!
 He is bravest, he who leads us!
 Honor's self now proudly heads us!
 Cambria, God and Right!
 Rocky steepes and passes narrow
 Flash with spear and flight of arrow:
 Who would think of pain or sorrow?

Death is glory now.
 Hurl the reeling horsemen over!
 Let the earth dead foemen cover!
 Fate of friend, of wife, of lover,
 Trembles on a blow!
 Strands of life are riven,
 Blow for blow is given,
 In deadly lock or battle shock,
 And mercy shrieks to heaven!
 Men of Harlech! young or hoary,
 Would you win a name in story?
 Strike for home, for life, for glory!
 Freedom, God and right!
 Cambria, God and Right!
 Would you win a name in story?
 Strike for home, for life, for glory,
 Cambria, God and Right!

BEAUTY OF HEROIC DEEDS.

THE presence of a higher, namely, of the spiritual element is essential to its perfection. The high and divine beauty which can be loved without effeminacy, is that which is found in combination with the human will, and never separate. Beauty is the mark God sets upon virtue. Every natural action is graceful. Every heroic act is also decent, and causes the place and the bystanders to shine. We are taught by great actions that the universe is the property of every individual in it. Every rational creature has all nature for his dowry and estate. It is his, if he will. He may divest himself of it; he may creep into a corner, and abdicate his kingdom, as most men do; but he is entitled to the world by his constitution. In proportion to the energy of his thought and will, he takes up the world into himself.

"All those things for which men plough, build or sail, obey virtue;" said an ancient historian. "The winds and waves," said Gibbon, "are always on the side of the ablest navigators." So are the sun and moon and all the stars of heaven. When a noble act is done—perchance in a scene of great natural beauty; when Leonidas and his three hundred martyrs consume one day in dying, and the sun and moon come each and look at them once in the steep defile of Thermopylæ; when Arnold Winkelried, in the high Alps, under the shadow of the avalanche, gathers in his side a sheaf of Austrian spears to break the line for his comrades; are not these heroes entitled to add the beauty of the scene to the beauty of the deed?

When the bark of Columbus nears the shore of America—before it, the beach lined with savages, fleeing out of all their huts of cane; the sea behind; and the purple mountains of the Indian Archipelago around, can we separate the man from the living picture? Does not the New World clothe his form with her palm-groves and savannahs as fit drapery? Ever does natural beauty steal in like air, and envelop great actions. When Sir Harry Vane was dragged up the Tower-hill, sitting on a sled, to suffer death, as the champion of the English laws, one of the multitude cried out to him, "You never sate on so glorious a seat." Charles II., to intimidate the citizens of London, caused the patriot Lord Russel to be drawn in an open coach through the principal streets of the city on his way to the scaffold. "But," to use the simple narrative of his biographer, "the multitude imagined they saw liberty and virtue sitting by his side."

In private places, among sordid objects, an act of truth or heroism seems at once to draw to itself the sky as its temple, the sun as its candle. Nature stretcheth out her arms to embrace man, only let his thoughts be of equal greatness. Willingly does she follow his steps with the rose and the violet, and bend her lines of grandeur and grace to the decoration of her darling child. Only let his thoughts be of equal scope, and the frame will suit the picture. A virtuous man is in unison with her works, and makes the central figure of the visible sphere.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THE FATHERS OF THE REPUBLIC.

TO be cold and breathless, to feel not and speak not,—this is not the end of existence to the men who have breathed their spirits into the institutions of their country, who have stamped their characters on the pillars of the age,

who have poured their heart's blood into the channels of the public prosperity.

Tell me, ye who tread the sods of yon sacred height, is Warren dead? Can you not still see him—not pale and prostrate, the blood of his

gent heart pouring out of his ghastly wound, but
 rising resplendent over the field of honor, with
 a rose of heaven upon his cheek, and the fire of
 liberty in his eye?

Tell me, ye who make your pious pilgrimage to
 the shades of Vernon, is Washington indeed shut
 in the cold and narrow house? That which
 made these men, and men like these, cannot die.

The hand that traced the charter of Independ-
 ence is, indeed, motionless; the eloquent lips that
 sustained it are hushed; but the lofty spirits that
 conceived, resolved and maintained it, and which
 alone, to such men, make it life to live—these can-
 not expire.

EDWARD EVERETT.

THE INCORRUPTIBLE PATRIOT.

Governor Johnstone, of New Jersey, is said to have offered
 Gen. Joseph Reed fifty thousand dollars if he would try to
 reunite the colonies to the mother country. Said he, "I am
 not worth purchasing; but, such as I am, the King of Great
 Britain is not rich enough to buy me."

I SPURN your gilded bait, oh, King! my faith
 you cannot buy;
 Go, tamper with some craven heart, and dream
 of victory;
 My honor never shall be dimmed by taking such
 a bribe;
 The honest man can look above the mercenary
 tribe.

Carlisle and Eden may consort to bring about a
 peace;
 Our year of jubilee will be the year of our release.
 Until your fleets and armies are all remanded back,
 Freedom's avenging angel will keep upon your
 track.

What said our noble Laurens? What answer did
 he make?
 Did he accept your overtures, and thus our cause
 forsake?
 No! as his country's mouth-piece, he spoke the
 burning words,
 "Off with conciliation's terms—the battle is the
 Lord's!"

Are ye afraid of Bourbon's house? And do ye
 now despair,
 Because to shield the perishing arm of France
 is bare?
 That treaty of alliance, which makes a double strife,
 Has, like the sun, but warmed afresh your viper
 brood to life.

And art thou, Johnstone, art thou, pray, upon this
 mission sent,
 To keep at distance, by thy craft, the throne's dis-
 memberment?
 Dismemberment!—ah, come it must, for union is
 a sin,
 When parents' hands the furnace heat, and thrust
 the children in.

Why, English hearts there are at home, that pul-
 sate with our own;

Voices beyond Atlantic's waves send forth a loving
 tone;

Within the Cabinet are men who would not offer
 gold,

To see our country's liberty, like chattel, bought
 and sold.

You say that office shall be mine if I the traitor
 play;

Can office ever compensate for honesty's decay?
 Ten thousand pounds! ten thousand pounds! Shall

I an Esau prove,
 And for a mess of pottage sell the heritage I love?

If you can blot out Bunker Hill, or Brandywine
 ignore,

Or Valley Forge annihilate, and wipe away its gore:
 If you can make the orphans' tears forget to plead

with God,
 Then you may find a patriot's soul that owns a
 monarch's nod.

The King of England cannot buy the faith which
 fills my heart;

My truth and virtue cannot stand in traffic's servile
 mart;

For till your fleets and armies are all remanded
 back,

Freedom's avenging angel will keep upon your
 track.

EDWARD C. JONES.

REDMOND, IN ROKEBY HALL.

WILFRED has fallen—but o'er him stood
 Young Redmond, soiled with smoke and
 blood

Cheering his mates, with heart and hand
 Still to make good their desperate stand.

"Up, comrades, up! in Rokeby halls

Ne'er be it said our courage falls—

What faint ye for their savage cry,

Or do the smoke-wreaths daunt your eye?

These rafters have returned a shout

As loud at Rokeby's wassail rout;

As thick a smoke these hearths have given

At Hallowtide or Christmas even.

Stand to it yet! renew the fight,

For Rokeby and Matilda's right!

These slaves! they dare not, hand to hand,

Bide buffet from a true man's brand."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

COURAGE ENSURES SUCCESS.

NO, there is a necessity in fate,
 Why still the brave bold man is fortunate;
 He keeps his object ever full in sight,
 And that assurance holds him firm and right;
 True, 'tis a narrow way that leads to bliss,
 But right before there is no precipice;
 Fear makes men look aside, and so their footing
 miss.

JOHN DRYDEN.

DO OR DIE

I DETEST that waiting; though it seems so safe
to fight
Behind high walls, and hurl down foes into
Deep fosses, or behold them sprawl on spikes
Strewed to receive them, still I like it not—
My soul seems lukewarm; but when I set on them
Though they were piled on mountains I would
have
A pluck at them, or perish in hot blood!
Let me then charge!

LORD BYRON.

HYMN OF THE MORAVIAN NUNS OF
BETHLEHEM,

AT THE CONSECRATION OF PULASKI'S BANNER.

Count Pulaski, a celebrated Polish officer, was born of distinguished parentage in 1747. Taking up arms against the Russian invaders, he commanded in many battles and sieges and performed many daring exploits. His fame as a warrior was unrivaled. He went into exile in 1772, and entered the service of the United States five years later. Four days after the battle of Brandywine he was appointed commander of the cavalry with the rank of brigadier-general. He resigned his command and raised a body called Pulaski's Legion, which was ordered to South Carolina early in 1779. He was killed in the autumn of that year at the siege of Savannah. The occasion of presenting to him a banner forms the subject of the following poem:

WHEN the dying flame of day
Through the chancel shot its ray,
Far the glimmering tapers shed
Faint light on the cowed head;
And the censer burning swung,
Where, before the altar, hung
The blood-red banner, that with prayer
Had been consecrated there.

And the nun's sweet hymn was heard the while,
Sung low in the dim, mysterious aisle.

"Take thy banner! May it wave
Proudly o'er the good and brave;
When the battle's distant wail
Breaks the sabbath of our vale,
When the clarion's music thrills
To the hearts of these lone hills,
When the spear in conflict shakes,
And the strong lance shivering breaks.

"Take thy banner! and, beneath
The battle-cloud's encircling wreath,
Guard it!—till our homes are free!
Guard it!—God will prosper thee!
In the dark and trying hour,
In the breaking forth of power,
In the rush of steeds and men,
His right hand will shield thee then.

"Take thy banner! But, when night
Closes round the ghastly fight,
If the vanquished warrior bow,
Spare him!—By our holy vow,

By our prayers and many tears,
By the mercy that endears,
Spare him!—he our love hath shared!
Spare him!—as thou wouldst be spared!

"Take thy banner!—and if e'er
Thou shouldst press the soldier's bier,
And the muffled drum should beat
To the tread of mournful feet,
Then this crimson flag shall be
Martial cloak and shroud for thee."

The warrior took that banner proud,
And it was his martial cloak and shroud!

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

RETURN OF THE HILLSIDE LEGION.

WHAT telegraphed word
The village hath stirred?
Why eagerly gather the people
And why do they wait
At crossing and gate—
Why flutters yon flag on the steeple?

Wall, stranger, do tell—
It's now a smart spell
Since our sogers went marchin' away,
And we calculate now,
To show the boys how
We can welcome the Legion to-day.

Bill Allendale's drum
Will sound when they come,
And there's watchers above on the hill,
To let us all know,
When the big bugles blow,
To hurrah with a hearty good will.

All the women folks wait
By the 'Cademy gate,
With posies all drippin' with dew;
The Legion shan't say
We helped them away,
And forgot them when the service was through.

My Jack's comin', too,
He's served the war through;
Hark! the rattle and roar of the train!
There's the bugle and drum,
Our sogers have come,
Hurrah! for the boys home again.

"Stand aside! stand aside!
Leave a space far and wide
Till the regiment forms on the track."
Two soldiers in blue—
Two men—only two
Stepped off, and the Legion was back.

The hurrah softly died,
In the space far and wide,
As they welcomed the worn, weary men;

The drum on the hill
Grew suddenly still,
And the bugle was silent again.

I asked Farmer Shore
A question no more,
For a sick soldier lay on his breast!
While his hand, hard and brown,
Stroked tenderly down,
The locks of the weary at rest.

ETHEL LYNN.

PATRICK HENRY.

NO individual influenced by his eloquence the cause of the American Revolution more than did Patrick Henry. His great speech before the Virginian Convention has become historic, passages of which have been read and committed to memory by almost every school-boy from that time to the present. He insisted on the necessity of fighting for independence, and closed with the words, "Give me liberty or give me death!"

He was constantly in advance of the most ardent patriots, suggesting and carrying into effect by his immediate personal influence measures that were opposed as premature and violent by all the eminent supporters of the cause of liberty. Although unpromising and shiftless in his early youth, he ripened out into a noble manhood, and, being inspired by the struggle for independence, he used all the resources of his burning eloquence in favor of the colonies, and has left behind him a name as a patriot and an orator which history delights to commemorate and advancing time does not eclipse.

HEROES OF THE MINES.

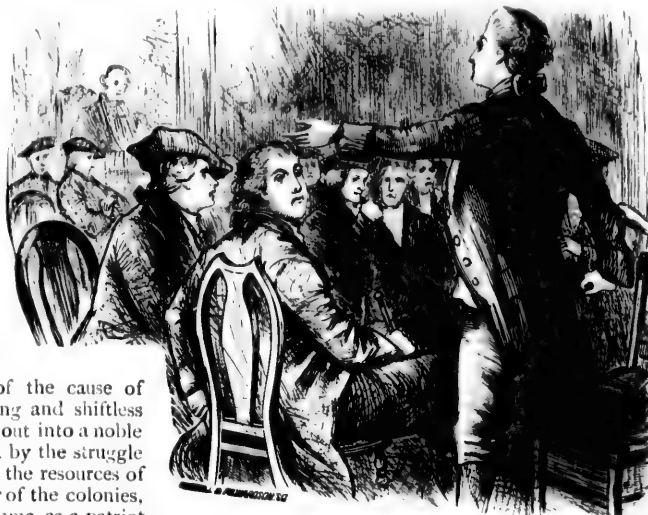
MID many strangely thrilling tales
That time to a wondering world consigns,
Is one from the rock-rent hills of Wales;
Where men, down deep in its dark coal mines,
Were there enclosed by the fire-damp's shock,
Imprisoned fast in the fearful gloom;
While countless tons of the ruptured rock
Confined them there in a living tomb.

Grouped overhead were the weeping wives,
And men with faces stern and still,
Who sadly thought of the hundred lives
That death had claimed in the trembling hill;
Or watched, impatient, the curling smoke
That rose from the burning mine below;

And the roaring flames, that raged and broke
Like the waves of hell in their crimson flow.

Long hours they waited, then work began—
With a fierce desire to seek their dead;
And no one shrunk from the risk he ran,
But hearts were heavy with grief, as lead.
And they vainly hoped that a chosen few,
In the chambers somewhere beneath the ground,
Had refuge sought, and perhaps lived through,
And 'scaped the fate that the rest had found.

They fiercely labored through many days,
Nor paused to rest in the darksome night,
And slowly opened the cumbered ways,
Where many a bloody and ghastly sight



They met, in working and toiling by;
And mangled corpses were sent above,
Where hillsides echoed the anguished cry
Of some poor creature's de-pairing love.

But on they went; for they found not all,
Though hundreds lay in the grasp of death—
And hourly hastened to catch the call
Of some poor wretch with expiring breath,
Who might have lived in a rock-hewn grave,
To hear the rapid but deadened sound
That told him comrades had sought to save,
And wrest its prey from the flinty ground.

When, sudden, a sound the stillness broke,
As the sound of waters far away;
While each arrested his falling stroke,
No frozen statues as still as they
Who looked and listened in rapt surprise
To the shivering echoes, low and long,

While through the caverns fall and rise
The solemn chant of a sacred song.

A song that all, in their native tongue,
Had listened to on their mother's breast.
And heard in trembling accents sung
When friends were laid in the grave to rest ;
A hymn so old, as to form a part
Of the oldest legends the Welshmen knew,
To cling to their inmost soul and heart,
As the old home anthems ever do :

To the Christian's glad, triumphant strain,
That looked with trust to an awful death ;
That proudly conquered despair and pain,
And sang sweet songs with the latest breath,
No higher heroes in ancient days,
Who proudly figure in glorious tales,
Had stronger claims to the hero's praise
Than these rough men in the mines of Wales.

Then the seeking miners bent their powers
Till the sturdy strokes fell thick and fast.



" In the deep and angry billows
None can raise my sinking head
But my fond and faithful Saviour,
Who hath lived and died instead.
Friend of friends in death's dark river,
Firm support upon the wave,
Seeing him I sing contented
Though death's waters round me rave."

Thus distant voices sang the song,
Afaint with fasting, but not with fears ;
For the brave old miners' hearts were strong,
While listening comrades heard with tears
The notes that the prisoned miners sang,
Who knew not yet that help drew nigh,
Till the dismal death-trap's echoes rang
With the fearless faith that dared to die ;

And working bravely a few short hours,
They rescued the little band at last ;
But some were discovered, alas, too late ;
While those surviving the bitter fright
Bore such dread marks of their cruel fate
That strong men wept at the woeful sight

For hunger's clutches had marked each face
With the sign of suffering branded deep,
And the lines that pain's sharp pencils trace
On the forms that such dread vigils keep.
'Tis a simple story, sad but true,
Of the humble heroes, rough and brave,
Who sang a grand old anthem through
In the gloomy depth of a living grave—
One of the sadly simple tales
Of life and death in the mines of Wales.

J. EDGAR JONES.

THE LITTLE MAYFLOWER.

AND now—for the fulness of time is come—
let us go up once more, in imagination, to
yonder hill, and look out upon the Novem-
ber scene. That single dark speck, just discernible
through the perspective glass, on the waste of
waters, is the fated vessel. The storm moans
through her tattered canvas, as she creeps, almost
sinking, to her anchorage in Provincetown harbor;
and there she lies, with all her treasures, not of
silver and gold (for of these she has none), but of
courage, of patience, of zeal, of high spiritual
daring.

So often as I dwell in 'magination on this scene;
when I consider the condition of the Mayflower,
utterly incapable, as she was, of living through
another gale; when I survey the terrible front
presented by our coast to the navigator who, unac-
quainted with its channels and roadsteads, should
approach it in the stormy season, I dare not call it
a mere piece of good fortune, that the general
north and south wall of the shore of New England
should be broken by this extraordinary projection
of the cape, running out into the ocean a hundred
miles, as if on purpose to receive and encircle the
precious vessel.

As I now see her, freighted with the destinies of
a continent, barely escaped from the perils of the
deep, approaching the shore precisely where the
broad sweep of this most remarkable headland
presents almost the only point at which, for hun-
dreds of miles, she could, with any ease, have made
a harbor, and this, perhaps, the very best on the
seaboard, I feel my spirit raised above the sphere
of mere natural agencies.

I see the mountains of New England rising from
their rocky thrones. They rush forward into the
ocean, settling down as they advance; and there
they range themselves, as a mighty bulwark around
the heaven-directed vessel. Yes, the everlasting
God himself stretches out the arm of his mercy
and his power, in substantial manifestation, and
gathers the meek company of his worshippers as
in the hollow of his hand. EDWARD EVERETT.

THE DRUMMER BOY OF SHILOH.

ON Shiloh's dark and bloody ground the dead
and wounded lay;

Among them was a drummer boy who beat
the drum that day;

A wounded soldier held him up, his drum was by
his side;

He clasped his hands and raised his eyes, and
prayed before he died.

"Look down upon the battlefield, O, thou our
Heavenly Friend;

Have mercy on our sinful souls;" the soldiers cried
Amen;

For gathered 'round a little group each brave man
knelt and cried;
They listened to the drummer boy, who prayed
before he died.

"Oh, mother," said the dying boy, "look down
from heaven on me;

Receive me to thy fond embrace, O take me home
to thee;

I've loved my country as my God, to serve them
both I've tried."

He smiled, shook hands; death seized the boy,
who prayed before he died.

Each soldier wept then like a child, stout hearts
were they and brave;

The flag his winding sheet; God's book the key
unto his grave;

They wrote upon a simple board these words:
"This is a guide

To those who'd mourn the drummer boy, who
prayed before he died."

Ye angels 'round the throne of grace, look down
upon the braves

Who fought and died on Shiloh's plain now slum-
bering in their graves;

How many homes made desolate, how many hearts
have sighed,

How many like the drummer boy, who prayed
before he died!

THE MAN WITH THE MUSKET.

SOLDIERS pass on from this rage of renown,
This ant-hill, commotion and strife,
Pass by where the marbles and bronzes look
down

With their fast-frozen gestures of life,
On, out to the nameless who lie 'neath the gloom
Of the pitying cypress and pine;
Your man is the man of the sword and the plume,
But the man of the musket is mine.

I knew him! By all that is noble, I knew

This commonplace hero I name!

I've camped with him, marched with him, fought
with him, too,

In the swirl of the fierce battle-flame!

Laughed with him, cried with him, taken a part

Of his canteen and blanket, and known

That the throb of his chivalrous prairie boy's heart
Was an answering stroke of my own.

I knew him, I tell you! And, also, I knew

When he fell on the battle-swept ridge,

That poor battered body that lay there in blue

Was only a plank in the bridge

Over which some should pass to a fame

That shall shine while the high stars shall shine!

Your hero is known by an echoing name,

But the man with the musket is mine.

I knew him! All through him the good and the
bad

Ran together and equally free;

But I judge as I trust Christ will judge the brave
lad,

For death made him noble to me!

In the cyclone of war, in the battle's eclipse

Life shook off its lingering sands.

And he died with the names that he loved on his
lips,

His musket still grasped in his hands!

So darkly glooms yon thunder-cloud,
That swathes, as with a purple shroud,
Benledi's distant hill.

Is it the thunder's solemn sound
That mutters deep and dread,
Or echoes from the groaning ground
The warrior's measured tread?
Is it the lightning's quivering glance
That on the thicket streams,
Or do they flash on spear and lance
The sun's retiring beams?



Up close to the flag my soldier went down,
In the salient front of the line;
You may take for your heroes the men of renown,
But the man of the musket is mine.

H. S. TAYLOR.

BATTLE OF BEAL' AN' DUINE.

THE Minstrel came once more to view
The eastern ridge of Benvenue,
For ere he parted, he would say
Farewell to lovely Loch Achray.
Where shall he find, in foreign land,
So lone a lake, so sweet a strand?
There is no breeze upon the fern,
No ripple on the lake,
Upon her aerie nods the erne,
The deer has sought the brake,
The small birds will not sing aloud,
The springing trout lies still,

I see the dagger-crest of Mar,
I see the Moray's silver star,
Wave o'er the cloud of Saxon war,
That up the lake comes winding far!
To hero, bound for battle strife,
Or bard of martial lay,
'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life,
One glance at their array!

Their light-armed archers far and near,
Surveyed the tangled ground,
Their center ranks, with pike and spear,
A twilight forest frowned,
Their barbed horsemen, in the rear,
The stern battalia crowned.
No cymbal clashed, no clarion rang,
Still were the pipe and drum;
Save heavy tread, and armor's clang,
The sullen march was dumb.

here breathed no wind their crests to shake,
 Or wave their flags abroad;
 Scarce the frail aspen seemed to quake,
 That shadowed o'er their road:
 Their vanward scouts no tidings bring,
 Can rouse no lurking foe,
 Nor spy a trace of living thing,
 Save when they stirred the roe;
 The host moves like a deep sea-wave,
 Where ride no rocks, its pride to brave,
 High swelling, dark and slow.
 The lake is passed, and now they gain
 A narrow and a broken plain,
 Before the Trosach's rugged jaws:
 And here, the horse and spearmen pause,
 While to explore a dangerous glen,
 Dive through the pass the archer-men.

At once there rose so wild a yell
 Within that dark and narrow dell,
 As all the fiends, from heaven that fell,
 Had pealed the banner-cry of hell!
 Forth from the pass in tumult driven,
 Like chaff before the wind of heaven,
 The archery appear;
 For life! for life! their flight they ply;
 While shriek and shout and battle-cry,
 And plaids and bonnets waving high,
 And broadswords flashing to the sky,
 Are maddening in the rear.

Onward they drive, in dreadful race,
 Pursuers and pursued;
 Before that tide of flight and chase,
 How shall it keep its rooted place,
 The spearmen's twilight wood?
 "Down! down!" cried Mar, "your lances down!
 Bear back both friend and foe!
 Like reeds before the tempest's frown,
 That serried grove of lances brown
 At once lay leveled low;
 And closely shouldering side to side,
 The bristling ranks the onset bide,
 "We'll quell the savage mountaineer
 As their Tinchell cows the game!
 They come as fleet as mountain deer,
 We'll drive them back as tame,"
 Bearing before them in their course
 The relics of the archer force,
 Like wave with crest of sparkling foam,
 Right onward did Clan Alpine come.
 Above their tide, each broadsword bright
 Was brandishing like gleam of light,
 Each target was dark below;
 And with the ocean's mighty swing,
 When heaving to the tempest's wing,
 They hurled them on the foe.

I heard the lance's shivering crash,
 As when the whirlwind rends the ash;

I heard the broadsword's deadly clang,
 As if a hundred anvils rang;
 But Moray wheeled his rearward rank
 Of horse-men on Clan Alpine's flank.
 "My banner-man, advance!
 I see," he cried, "their column shake;
 Now, gallants! for your ladies' sake,
 Upon them with your lance!"

The horsemen dashed among the rout
 As deer break through the broom;
 Their steeds are stout, their swords are out,
 They soon make lightsome room.
 Clan Alpine's best are backward borne,
 Where, where was Roderick then?
 One blast upon his bugle horn
 Were worth a thousand men,
 And reflux through the pass of fear
 The battle's tide was poured.
 Vanished the Saxon's struggling spear,
 Vanished the mountain's sword
 As Bracklin's chasm, so black and steep
 Receives her roaring lin,
 As the dark caverns of the deep
 Suck the wild whirlpool in.
 So did the deep and darksome pass
 Devour the battle's mingled mass:
 None linger now upon the plain,
 Save those who ne'er shall fight again.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

FORGET NOT THE FIELD.

FORGET not the field where they perished,
 The truest, the last of the brave,
 All gone—and the bright hopes we cher-
 ished,
 Gone with them, and quenched in their
 grave!

Oh! could we from death but recover
 Those hearts as they bounded before,
 In the face of high Heaven to fight over
 That combat for freedom once more;—

Could the chain for an instant be riven
 Which tyranny flung round us then,
 No! 'tis not in man, nor in heaven,
 To let tyranny bind it again!

But 'tis past—and though blazoned in story
 The name of our victor may be,
 Accurst is the march of that glory
 Which treads o'er the hearts of the free.

Far dearer the grave or the prison
 Illumed by one patriot name,
 Than the trophies of all who have risen
 On liberty's ruins to fame.

THOMAS MOORE.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

Paul Revere, an American patriot of the Revolution, and one of the earliest American engravers, was born at Boston in 1735. He took an active part in the destruction of the tea in Boston harbor, and was conspicuous for his patriotism in the political movements of the time. His midnight expedition to Concord to give notice of the intended attack of General Gage forms the subject of the following spirited poem:



LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-Five:
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend,—“If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North-Church-tower, as a signal-light,—
One if by land, and two if by sea;

And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country-folk to be up and to arm.”

Then he said good-night, and with muffled gun,
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war:
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon, like a prison-bar,
And a huge, black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack-door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed to the tower of the church,
Up the wooden stairs with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade—
Up the light ladder, slender and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churhyard, lay the dead
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still,
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, “All is well!”
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay—
A line of black, that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride,
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere;
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed on the landscape far and near,
Then impetuous stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely, and spectral, and sombre, and still.

And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height,
A hammer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurrying of hoofs in a village-street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed that flies fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and
the light,

The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his
flight,

Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

It was twelve by the village-clock,
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river-fog,
That rises when the sun goes down.

It was one by the village-clock,
When he rode into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village-clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read
How the British regulars fired and fled—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farm-yard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm—
A cry of defiance, and not of fear—
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the past,
Through all our history to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,

The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beat of that steed,
And the midnight-message of Paul Revere.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

A SONG OF THE NORTH.

Captain Crozier, the second officer of Sir John Franklin's last ill-fated expedition, sailed with Franklin in 1845, in search of a Northwest passage, after which nothing was heard of the party until 1850, when Captain McClintock found on King William's Island a record, dated April 25, 1848, signed by Captain Crozier, stating that the ships Erebus and Terror had been abandoned and that the crews, under command of Crozier, were about to start for Great Fish River. Fitz James was one of the officers in command. All of the expedition perished in the snows of the North, after leaving relics which were discovered by subsequent expeditions.

“**A**WAY! away!” cried the stout Sir John,
“While the blossoms are on the trees;
For the summer is short and the time
speeds on,

As we sail for the northern seas.
Ho! gallant Crozier and brave Fitz James!

We will start the world I trow,
When we find a way to the Northern seas
That never was found till now!

A good stout ship is the Erebus
As ever unfurled a sail,
And the Terror will match with as brave a one,
As ever outrode a gale.”

So they bid farewell to their pleasant homes,
To the hills and valleys green,
With three hearty cheers for their native isle,
And three for the English queen.
They sped them away beyond cape and bay,
Where the day and night are one—
Where the hissing light in the heavens grew
bright

And flamed like a midnight sun.

There was nought below save the fields of snow,
That stretched to the icy pole;
And the Esquimaux in his strange canoe,
Was the only living soul!

Along the coast like a giant host,
The glittering icebergs frowned;
Or they met on the main like a battle plain,
And crashed with a fearful sound!

The seal and the bear, with a curious stare,
Looked down from the frozen heights,
And the stars in the skies with their great wild
eyes,

Peered out from the Northern lights.
The gallant Crozier and the brave Fitz James,
And even the stout Sir John.

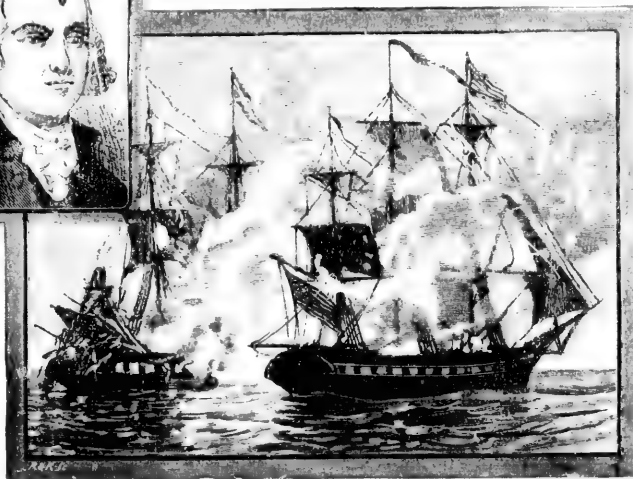
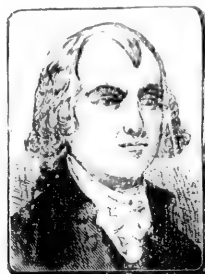
Felt a doubt like a chill through their warm
hearts thrill

As they urged the good ships on.

They sped them away, beyond cape and bay,
Where even the tear-drops freeze;

But no way was found by strait or sou-
 To sail through the Northern seas;
 They sped them away, beyond cape and bay,
 And they sought but they sought in vain!
 But no way was found, through the ice around
 To return to their homes again.
 But the wild waves rose, and the waters froze
 Till they closed like a prison wall;
 And the icebergs stood, in the silent flood
 Like jailers grim and tall.
 O God, O God!—it was hard to die
 In that prison-house of ice!
 For what was fame, or a mighty name,
 When life was the fearful price.

The gallant Crozier and the brave Fitz James,
 And even the stout Sir John,
 Had a secret dread, and the hopes all fled,
 As the weeks and months passed on.



Then the Ice King came, with his eyes of flame,
 And looked on the fated crew;
 His chilling breath was as cold as death,
 And it pierced their warm hearts through.
 A heavy sleep that was dark and deep,
 Came over their weary eyes,
 And they dreamed strange dreams of the hills
 and streams,
 And the blue of their native skies.
 The Christmas chimes of the good old times
 Were heard in each dying ear,
 And the darling feet and the voices sweet
 Of their wives and children dear!
 But it faded away—away—away!
 Like a sound on a distant shore;

And deeper and deeper came the sleep,
 Till they slept to wake no more!

Oh, the sailor's wife and the sailor's child!
 They weep and watch and pray;
 And the Lady Jane, she will hope in vain
 As the long years pass away!
 The gallant Crozier and the brave Fitz James,
 And the good Sir John have found
 An open way to a quiet bay,
 And a port where all are bound.
 Let the waters roar round the ice-bound shore
 That circles the frozen pole,
 But there is no sleep and no grave so deep
 That can hold the human Soul.

ELIZABETH DOUGLASS

THE "CONSTITUTION" AND "GUERRIERE."

DURING the War of 1812 a British squadron sailed from Halifax to cruise off the port of New York. The American frigate "Constitution," Captain Hull, while endeavoring to enter New York harbor, fell in with this squadron, and was chased by it for four days. Her escape was due entirely to the superior skill of her officers and the energy of her crew. The chase was one of the most remarkable in history, and the escape of the American frigate won great credit for Captain Hull. Failing to reach New York, Hull sailed for Boston, and reached that port in safety. Remaining there a few days, he put to sea again, just in time to avoid orders from Washington to remain in port.

The "Constitution" sailed from Boston to the northeast. On the 19th of August, while cruising off the mouth of the St. Lawrence, she fell in with the British frigate "Guerriere," Captain Dacres, one of the vessels that had chased her during the previous month. The "Guerriere" immediately stood towards her, and both vessels prepared for action. The English commander opened his fire at long range, but Captain Hull refused to reply until he had gotten his ship into a favorable position, and for an hour and a half he manoeuvred in silence, under a heavy fire from the British frigate.

At length, having gotten within pistol shot of her adversary, the "Constitution" opened a terrible fire upon her, and poured in her broadsides

with such effect that the "Guerriere" struck her colors within thirty minutes. The "Guerriere" lost seventy-nine men killed and wounded, while the loss of the "Constitution" was but seven men. The "Guerriere" was so much injured in the fight that she could not be brought into port, and Hull had her burned.

The "Constitution" then returned to Boston with her prisoners, and was received with an ovation. It was the first time in half a century that a British frigate had struck her flag in a fair fight, and the victory was hailed with delight in all parts of the country.

THE SHIP OF STATE.

THE Ship of State—above her skies are blue,
But still she rocks a little, it is true,
And there are passengers whose faces white
Show they don't feel as happy as they might.
Yet, on the whole, her crew are quite content,
Since its wild fury the typhoon has spent;
And willing, if her pilot thinks it best,
To head a little nearer south by west.
And this they feel, the ship came too near wreck
In the long quarrel for the quarter deck.

Now, when she glides serenely on her way,
The shallows past, where dread explosives lay,
The stiff obstructives' churlish game to try,
Let sleeping dogs and still torpedoes lie.
And so I give you all "The Ship of State!
Freedom's last venture is her priceless freight.
God speed her, keep her, bless her while she steers
Amid the breakers of unsounded years
Lead her through danger's path with even keel
And guide the honest hand that holds her wheel."

O. W. HOLMES.

THE IMMORTALS.

PATRIOTS have toiled, and in their country's
cause,
Bled nobly, and their deeds, as they de-
serve,
Receive proud recompense. We give in charge
Their names to the sweet lyre. The historic Muse,
Proud of her treasure, marches with it down
To latest times: and Sculpture in her turn
Gives bond, in stone and ever-during brass,
To guard them, and immortalize her trust.

THE BALLOT BOX.

WE have a weapon, firmer set,
And better than the bayonet;
A weapon which comes down as still
As snow-flakes fall upon the sod,
But executes a freeman's will
As lightning does the will of God.
Naught from its force, or bolt, or knocks
Can shield them—'tis the Ballot Box.

JOHN PIERPONT.

PATRIOTISM.



DEFT of patriotism, the heart of
a nation will be cold and cramped
and sordid; the arts will have no
enduring impulse, and commerce
no invigorating soul; society will
degenerate, and the mean and vi-
cious triumph. Patriotism is not
a wild and glittering passion, but a
glorious reality. The virtue that
gave to paganism its dazzling lus-
tre, to barbarism its redeeming trait, to Chris-
tianity its heroic form, is not dead. It still lives
to console, to sanctify humanity. In every clime
it has its altar, its worship and festivities.

On the heathered hill of Scotland the sword of
Wallace is yet a bright tradition. The genius of
France, in the brilliant literature of the day, pays
its high homage to the piety and heroism of the
young Maid of Orleans. In her new Senate-hall,
England bids her sculptor place, among the effigies
of her greatest sons, the images of Hampden and
of Russell. In the gay and graceful capital of
Belgium, the daring hand of Geefs has reared a
monument, full of glorious meaning, to the three
hundred martyrs of the revolution.

By the soft, blue waters of Lake Lucerne stands
the chapel of William Tell. On the anniversary
of his revolt and victory, across those waters, as
they glitter in the July sun, skim the light boats
of the allied cantons. From the prows hang the
banners of the republic, and, as they near the
sacred spot, the daughters of Lucerne chant the
hymns of their old poetic land. Then bursts forth
the glad *Te Deum*, and heaven again hears the
voice of that wild chivalry of the mountains which,
five centuries since, pierced the white eagle of
Vienna, and flung it bleeding on the rocks of Uri.

At Innsbruck, in the black aisle of the old
cathedral, the peasant of the Tyrol kneels before
the statue of Andreas Hofer. In the defiles and
valleys of the Tyrol, who forgets the day on which
he fell within the walls of Mantua? It is a festive
day all through this quiet, noble land. In that
old cathedral his inspiring memory is recalled
amid the pageantries of the altar; his image ap-
pears in every house; his victories and virtues are
proclaimed in the songs of the people: and when
the sun goes down a chain of fires, in the deep red
light of which the eagle spreads his wings and
holds his giddy revelry, proclaims the glory of the
chief whose blood has made his native land a
sainted spot in Europe. Shall not all join in this
glorious worship? Shall not all have the faith, the
duties, the festivities of patriotism? Happy is the
country whose sons and daughters love her sacred
soil, and are ready to consecrate it to freedom with
their blood.

T. F. MEACHER.



THE PRIDE OF BATTERY B.

OUTH Mountain towered upon our right, far off the river lay,
And over on the wooded height we held their lines at bay.
At last the muttering guns were still, the day died slow and
wan;
At last the gunners' pipes did fill, the sergeant's yarns be-
gan;
When, as the wind a moment blew aside the fragrant flood
Our brierwoods raised, within our view a little maiden stood;
A tiny tot of six or seven, from fireside fresh she seemed,
(Of such a little one in heaven one soldier often dreamed).

And as we started, one little hand went to her
curly head
In grave salute. "And who are you?" at length
the sergeant said.
"And where's your home?" he growled again.
She lisped out, "Who is me?"
Why, don't you know? I'm little Jane, the pride
of Battery B.
My home? Why that was burned away, and pa
and ma are dead,
And so I ride the guns all day along with Sergeant
Ned.
And I've a drum that's not a toy, a cap with
feathers too,
And I march beside the drummer boy on Sundays
at review.
But now our 'bacca's all give out, the men can't
have their smoke,
And so they're cross; why even Ned won't play
with me and joke.
And the big colonel said to-day—I hate to hear
him swear—
He'd give a leg for a good pipe like the Yanks had
over there.
And so I thought when beat the drum, and the big
guns were still,
I'd creep beneath the tent and come out here
across the hill,
And beg, good Mister Yankee men, you'd give me
some Lone Jack;
Please do! When we get some again I'll surely
bring it back.

Indeed I will, for Ned, say he, if I do what I
I'll be a general yet, maybe, and ride a pranc-
bay."

We brimmed her tiny apron o'er. You should
have heard her laugh,
As each man from his scanty store shook out a
generous half.
To kiss the little mouth stooped down a score of
grimy men,
Until the sergeant's husky voice said, "'Tention,
squad!" and then
We gave her escort, till good-night the pretty
waif we bid,
And watched her toddle out of sight—or else
'twas tears that hid
Her tiny form—nor turned about a man, nor spoke
a word,
Till after awhile, a far hoarse shout upon the wind
we heard.

We sent it back, and cast sad eyes upon the scene
around,
A baby's hand had touched the tie that brothers
once had bound.
That's all; save when the dawn awoke again the
work of hell,
And through the sullen clouds of smoke the
screaming missiles fell,
Our general often rubbed his glass and marveled
much to see
Not a single shell that whole day fell in the camp
of Battery B. F. H. GASSAWAY.

HARMODIUS AND ARISTOGITON.

FROM THE GREEK.

Harmodius was a young Athenian, who, with his friend
Aristogiton, acquired celebrity by a conspiracy against Hip-
parchus, who held the chief power in Athens
about 525 B. C. Harmodius having received a personal
affront from Hipparchus, the two friends conspired to avenge
this by the death of both the brothers. They first attacked
and killed Hipparchus, whose guards then slew Harmodius
and arrested Aristogiton, who was afterwards put to death by
the order of Hipparchus. The latter having become tyrannical
and unpopular was expelled from the state about three years
after that event. Statues were erected at the public expense
to the memory of the conspirators, who were regarded as
heroes and martyrs of liberty. It is said that when the tyrant
Dionysius asked Antipho which was the finest kind of brass,

he replied, "That of which the statues of Harmodius and
Aristogiton are formed."

I'LL wreath my sword in myrtle bough,
The sword that laid the tyrant low,
When patriots, burning to be free,
To Athens gave equality.

Harmodius, hail! though reft of breath,
Thou ne'er shall feel the stroke of death;
The heroes' happy isles shall be
The bright abode allotted thee.

I'll wreath my sword in myrtle bough,
The sword that laid Hipparchus low,
When at Athena's adverse fane
He knelt, and never rose again.

While freedom's name is understood,
You shall delight the wise and good:
You dared to set your country free,
And gave her laws equality.

LORD DENMAN.



WARREN AND BUNKER HILL.

GENERAL JOSEPH WARREN was one of the most distinguished patriots of the American Revolution. He opposed the plan of fortifying the heights of Charlestown, but the majority of the council of war decided against him, and thus brought on the battle of Bunker Hill before the Americans were fully prepared for it. While both the armies were awaiting the signal for action on the 17th of June, 1775, General Warren joined the ranks as a volunteer, and declined to take the command of the army which was offered to him by General Putnam. He was about to retire from the redoubt, after the ammunition of the Americans had been exhausted, when he was shot in the forehead and instantly killed.

His loss was deeply and universally lamented. His memory is cherished with even warmer regard than that of some others, who, from the greater length of their career and the wider sphere in which they acted, may be supposed to have rendered more important services to the country. He was born at Roxbury, Mass., in 1741, and graduated at Harvard College in 1759. He possessed in high perfection the gift of eloquence.

ANDREAS HOFER.

Hofer was a celebrated Tyrolese patriot. With his army of peasants he signally defeated the French commander after a long and obstinate conflict, but, overpowered at last by the reinforcements sent from France, he took refuge in the mountains. Being soon after betrayed by a former friend, he was tried and shot, February, 1810. At the place of execution he said "he stood before Him who created him; and standing he would yield up his spirit to Him." A coin which had been issued during his administration, he delivered to the corporal, with the charge to bear witness, that in his last hour, he felt himself bound by every tie of constancy to his poor father land. Then he cried "Fire!"

I WILL not kneel to yield my life;
Behold me firmly stand,
As oft I've stood in deadly strife
For my dear father-land;

The cause for which I long have bled,
I cherish to the last—
God's blessing be upon it shed
When my vain life is past!

On nature's ramparts was I born,
And o'er them walked elate,
My retinue the hues of dawn,
The mists my robe of state;
I will not shame my mountain-birth,
Slaves only crouch to die,
Erect I'll take my leave of earth,
With clear and dauntless eye.

Thoughts of the eagle's lofty home,
Of stars that ever shine,
The torrent's crested arch of foam,
The darkly waving pine,
The dizzy crag, eternal snow,
Echoes that wildly roll—
With valor make my bosom glow,
And wing my parting soul.

This coin will make my country's tears,
Fresh cast in freedom's mould,
'Tis dearer to my brave compeers
Than all your despot's gold;
O, let it bear the last farewell
Of one free mountaineer,
And bid the Tyrol peasants swell
Their songs of martial cheer!

I've met ye on a fairer field,
And seen ye tamely bow,
Think not with suppliant knee I'll yield
To craven vengeance now;
Cut short my few and toilsome days,
Set loose a tyrant's thrall,
I'll die with unaverted gaze,
And conquer as I fall.

H. T. TUCKERMAN.

LEXINGTON.

SLOWLY the mist o'er the meadow was creeping,

Bright on the dewy buds glistened the sun,
When from his couch, while his children
were sleeping,

Rose the bold rebel and shouldered his gun,
Waving her golden veil
Over the silent dale,

Blithe looked the morning on cottage and spire,
Hushed was his parting sigh,
While from his noble eye

Flashed the last sparkle of liberty's fire.

On the smooth green where the fresh leaf is springing

Calmly the first-born of glory have met;
Hush! the death-volley around them is ringing!
Look! with their life-blood the young grass is
wet!

Faint is the feeble breath,
Murmuring low in death,
"Tell to our sons how their fathers have died!"
Nerveless the iron hand,
Raised for its native land,
Lies by the weapon that gleams at its side.

Over the hillsides the wild knell is tolling,
From their fair hamlets the yeomanry come—
As through the storm-clouds the thunder-burst
rolling,

Circles the beat of the mustering drum.
Fast on the soldier's path
Darkens the waves of wrath,
Long have they gathered, and loud shall they fall,
Red glares the musket's flash,
Sharp rings the rifle's crash,
Blazing and clanging from thicket and wall.

Snow-girdled crags where the hoarse wind is raving,

Rocks where the weary floods murmur and wail,
Wilds where the fern by the furrow is waving,
Reeled with the echoes that rode on the gale;

Far as the tempest thrills,
Over the darkened hills,
Far as the sunshine streams over the plain,
Roused by the tyrant band,
Woke all the mighty land,
Girded for battle from mountain to main.

Green be the graves where her martyrs are lying!
Shroudless and tombless they sank to their rest,
While o'er their ashes the starry fold flying,

Wraps the proud eagle they roused from his nest,
Borne on her Northern pine,
Long o'er the foamy brine,
Spread her broad banner to storm and to sun!
Heaven keep her ever free,
Wide as o'er land and sea

Floats the fair emblem her heroes have won!

O. W. HOLMES.

THE SWORD OF BUNKER HILL.

HE lay upon his dying bed,
His eyes were growing dim
When with a feeble voice he called
His weeping son to him.

"Weep not, my boy," the veteran said
"I bow to heaven's high will,
But quickly from yon antlers bring
The Sword of Bunker Hill."

The sword was brought; the soldier's eyes
Lit with a sudden flame,
And as he grasped the ancient blade,
He murmured Warren's name.

Then said: "My boy, I leave you gold,
But what is better still,

I leave you, mark me, mark me now,
The Sword of Bunker Hill.

'Twas on that dread immortal day
We dared the British band,
A captain raised this sword on me,
I tore it from his hand.
And as the awful battle raged,
It lighted freedom's wih!
For, boy, the God of freedom blessed
The Sword of Bunker Hill.

"O keep the sword"—his accents broke;
A smile, and he was dead—
But his wrinkled hands still grasped the blade
Upon that dying bed.
The son remains, the sword remains,
Its glory growing still,
And many millions bless the sire
And Sword of Bunker Hill.

THE WOUNDED SOLDIER.

STEADY, boys, steady! Keep your arms
ready,
God only knows whom we may meet here.
Don't let me be taken; I'd rather awaken
To-morrow, in—no matter where,
Than to lie in that foul prison-hole, over there.
Step slowly! Speak lowly! The rocks may have
life!

Lay me down in the hollow; we are out of the
strife.

By heaven! the foeman may track me in blood,
For this hole in my breast is outpouring a flood,
No! No surgeon for me; he can give me no aid;
The surgeon I want is a pick-axe and spade.
What, Morris, a tear? Why, shame on you, man!
I thought you a hero; but since you began
To whimper and cry, like a girl in her teens,
By George! I don't know what the devil it means.

Well! well! I am rough, 'tis a very rough school
This life of a trooper—but yet I'm no fool!
I know a brave man, and a friend from a foe;
And, boys, that you love me I certainly know,

But wasn't it grand,
When they came down the hill over sloughing and
sand?

But we stood—did we not?—like immovable rock,
Unheeding their balls and repelling their shock.
Did you mind the loud cry, when, as turning to fly,
Our men sprang upon them, determined to die?

Oh, wasn't it grand?
God help the poor wretches who fell in the fight;
No time was there given for prayers or for flight.
They fell by the score, in the crash, hand to hand,
And they mingled their blood with the sloughing
and sand.

Great heavens! This bullet-hole gaps like a
grave;

A curse on the aim of the traitorous knave!
Is there never a one of you knows how to pray,

Or speak for a man as his life ebbs away?

Pray! Pray!

Our Father! Our Father!—why don't you pro-
ceed?

Can't you see I am dying? Great God, how I
bleed!

Our Father in heaven—boys, tell me the rest,
While I stanch the hot blood from the hole in my
breast.

There's something about the forgiveness of sin;
Put that in! put that in!—and then
I'll follow your words and say an "Amen."

Here, Morris, old fellow, get hold of my hand,
And Wilson, my comrade—oh! wasn't it grand
When they came down the hill like a thunder-
charged cloud,

And were scattered like mist by our brave little
crowd?—

Where's Wilson, my comrade? Here stoop down
your head,

Can't you say a short prayer for the dying and
dead?

--Christ-God, who died for sinners all,
Hear Thou this suppliant wanderer's cry;

Let not e'en this poor sparrow fall

Unheeded by Thy gracious eye;

Throw wide Thy gates to let him in,

And take him, pleading, to Thine arms;

Forgive, O Lord, his lifelong sin,

And quiet all his fierce alarms."

God bless you, my comrade, for singing that hymn,
It is light to my path, now my sight has grown
dim.

I am dying! Bend down, till I touch you once
more;

Don't forget me, old fellow—God prosper this
war!

Confusion to enemies!—keep hold of my hand—
And float our dear flag o'er a prosperous land!

J. W. WATSON.

THE OLD GRENADIER'S STORY.

TWAS the day beside the Pyramids,
It seems but an hour ago,
That Kleber's Foot stood firm in squares,
Returning blow for blow.
The Mamelukes were tossing
Their standards to the sky,
When I heard a child's voice say, "My men,
Teach me the way to die!"

'Twas a little drummer, with his side

Torn terribly with shot;

But still he feebly beat his drum,

As though the wound were not.

And when the Mameluke's wild horse

Burst with a scream and cry,

He said, "O men of the Forty-third,

Teach me the way to die!"

"My mother has got other sons,
With stouter hearts than mine,
But none more ready blood for France
To pour out free as wine.
Yet still life's sweet," the brave lad moaned.
"Fair are this earth and sky;
Then, comrades of the Forty-third,
Teach me the way to die!"

I saw Salenche, of the granite heart,
Wiping his burning eyes—
It was by far more pitiful
Than mere loud sobs and cries.
One bit his cartridge till his lip
Grew black as winter sky,
But still the boy moaned, "Forty-third,
Teach me the way to die!"

O never saw I sight like that!
The sergeant flung down flag,
Even the fifer bound his brow
With a wet and bloody rag;
Then looked at locks, and fixed their steel,
But never made reply,
Until he sobbed out once again,
"Teach me the way to die?"

Then, with a shout that flew to God,
They strode into the fray;
I saw their red plumes join and wave,
But slowly melt away.
The last who went—a wounded man—
Bade the poor boy good-by,
And said, "We men of the Forty-third
Teach you the way to die!"

I never saw so sad a look
As the poor youngster cast,
When the hot smoke of cannon
In cloud and whirlwind passed.
Earth shook and heaven answered:
I watched his eagle eye,
As he faintly moaned, "The Forty-third
Teach me the way to die!"

Then, with a musket for a crutch,
He limped unto the fight;
I, with a bullet in my hip,
Had neither strength nor might.
But, proudly beating on his drum,
A fever in his eye,
I heard him moan, "The Forty-third
Taught me the way to die!"

They found him on the morrow,
Stretched on a heap of dead;
His hand was in the grenadier's
Who at his bidding bled.
They hung a medal round his neck,
And closed his dauntless eye;
On the stone they cut, "The Forty-third
Taught him the way to die!"

'Tis forty years from then till now—
The grave gapes at my feet—
Yet, when I think of such a boy,
I feel my old heart beat.
And from my sleep I sometimes wake,
Hearing a feeble cry,
And a voice that says, "Now, Forty-third,
Teach me the way to die!"

G. W. THORNBURY.

THE HOMES OF FREEDOM.

I HAVE seen my countrymen, and have been with them a fellow-wanderer, in other lands; and little did I see or feel to warrant the apprehension, sometimes expressed, that foreign travel would weaken our patriotic attachments. One sigh for home—home, arose from all hearts. And why, from palaces and courts—why, from galleries of the arts, where the marble softens into life, and painting sheds an almost living presence of beauty around it—why, from the mountain's awful brow, and the lovely valleys and lakes touched with the sunset hues of old romance—why, from those venerable and touching ruins to which our very heart grows—why, from all these scenes, were they looking beyond the swellings of the Atlantic wave, to a dearer and holier spot of earth—their own, own country? Doubtless it was, in part, because it is their country.

But it was also, as every one's experience will testify, because they knew that *there* was no oppression, no pitiful exaction of petty tyranny; because that *there*, they knew, was no accredited and irre-

sistible religious domination; because that *there*, they knew, they should not meet the odious soldier at every corner, nor swarms of imploring beggars, the victims of misrule; that *there*, no curse causeless did fall, and no blight, worse than plague and pestilence, did descend amidst the pure dews of heaven; because, in fine, that *there*, they knew, was liberty—upon all the green hills, and amidst all the peaceful valleys—liberty, the wall of fire around the humblest home; the crown of glory, studded with her ever-blazing stars upon the proudest mansion!

My friends, upon our own homes that blessing rests, that guardian care and glorious crown; and when we return to those homes, and so long as we dwell in them—so long as no oppressor's foot invades their thresholds, let us bless them, and hallow them as the homes of freedom! Let us make them, too, the homes of a nobler freedom—of freedom from vice, from evil, from passion—from every corrupting bondage of the soul.

ORVILLE DEWEY.

THE SWORD AND THE PLOW:

OR

THE VICTORIES OF WAR AND OF PEACE.

A DESERTER.



DESERTER!" Well, Captain, the world's about right,
And it's uncommon queer I should run from a fight,
Or the chance of a fight; I, raised in a land
Where boys, you may say, are born rifle in hand,
And who've fought all my life for the right of my ranch,
With the wily Apache and the cruel Comanche.

But it's true, and I'll own it, I did run away.
"Drunk?" No, sir; I'd not tasted a drop all day;
But—smile if you will—I'd a dream in the night,
And I woke in a fever of sorrow and fright
And went for my horse; 'twas up and away;
And I rode like the wind, till the break of the day.

"What was it I dreamt?" I dreamed of my wife—
The true little woman that's better than life—
I dreamt of my boys—I have three—one is ten,
The youngest is four—all brave little men—
Of my one baby girl, my pretty white dove,
The star of my home, the rose of its love.

I saw the log house on the clear San Antoine,
And I knew that around it the grass had been
mown,

For I felt in my dream, the sweet breath of the
hay,

I was there, for I lifted a jessamine spray;
And the dog that I loved heard my whispered
command,

And whimpered and put his big head in my
hand.

The place was so still; all the boys were at rest;
And the mother lay dreaming, the babe at her
breast

I saw the fair scene for a moment; then stood
In a circle of flame, amid shrieking and blood.
The Comanche had the place—Captain, spare me
the rest;

You know what that means, for you come from
the West.

I woke with a shout, and I had but one aim—
To save or revenge them—my head was aflame,
And my heart had stood still; I was mad, I dare
say,

For my horse fell dead at the dawn of the day;

Then I knew what I'd done, and with heart-
broken breath,
When the boys found me out I was praying for
death.

"A pardon?" No, Captain, I did run away.
And the wrong to the flag it is right I should
pay

With my life. It's not hard to be brave
When one's children and wife have gone to the
grave.

Boys, take a good aim! When I turn to the
west

Put a ball through my heart; it's kindest and best.

He lifted his hat to the flag—bent his head
And the prayer of his childhood solemnly said—
Shouted, "Comrades, adieu!"—spread his arms
to the west—

And a rifle ball instantly granted him rest,
But o'er that sad grave by the Mexican sea,
Wives and mothers have planted a blossoming
tree,

And maidens bring roses, and tenderly say:

"It was love—sweetest love—led the soldier
away."

MARY A. BARR.

SONG OF THE GREEK AMAZON.

I BUCKLE to my slender side
The pistol and the scimitar,
And in my maiden flower and pride
Am come to share the tasks of war.
And yonder stands my fiery steed,
That paws the ground and neighs to go,
My charger of the Arab breed—
I took him from the routed foe.

My mirror is the mountain spring,
At which I dress my ruffled hair;
My dimmed and dusty arms I bring,
And wash away the blood-stain there.
Why should I guard from wind and sun
This cheek, whose virgin rose is fied?
It was for one—oh, only one—
I kept its bloom, and he is dead.

But they who slew him—unaware
Of coward murderers lurking nigh—
And left him to the fowls of air,
Are yet alive—and they must die.
They slew him and my virgin years
Are vowed to Greece and vengeance now,
And many an Othman dame, in tears,
Shall rule the Grecian maiden's vow.

I touched the lute in the better days,
I led in dance the joyous band;
Ah! they may move to mirthful lays
Whose hands can touch a lover's hand.
The march of hosts that haste to meet
Seems gayer than the dance to me;
The lute's sweet tones are not so sweet
As the fierce shout of victory.

W. C. BRYANT.

THE SOLDIER'S WIDOW.

W O for my vine-clad home!
That it should ever be so dark to
me,
With its bright threshold, and its whispering tree!
That I should ever come,
Fearing the lonely echo of a tread
Beneath the roof-tree of my glorious dead!

Lead on, my orphan boy!
Thy home is not so desolate to thee—
And the low shiver in the linden tree
May bring to thee a joy;
But oh, how dark is the bright home before thee,
To her who with a joyous spirit bore thee!

Lead on! for thou art now
My sole remaining hel, er. God hath spoken,
And the strong heart I leaned upon is broken;
And I have seen his brow—
The forehead of my upright one, and just—
Trod by the hoof of battle in the dust.

He will not meet thee there
Who blest thee at the eventide, my son!
And when the shadows of the night steal on,
He will not call to prayer.
The lips that melted, giving thee to God,
Are in the icy keeping of the sod!

Ay, my own boy! thy sire
Is with the sleepers of the valley cast,
And the proud glory of my life hath passed
With his high glance of fire.
Wo that the linden and the vine should bloom,
And a just man be gathered to the tomb!

Why—bear them proudly, boy!
It is the sword he girded to his thigh—
It is the helm he wore in victory—
And shall we have no joy?
For thy green vales, oh Switzerland, he died!—
I will forget my sorrow in my pride!

N. P. WILLIS.

HOME FROM THE WAR.

M ARCH! nor heed those arms that hold thee,
Though so fondly close they come:
Closer still will they enfold thee,
When thou bring'st fresh laurels home.
Dost thou dote on woman's brow?
Dost thou live but in her breath?
March!—one hour of victory now
Wins thee woman's smile till death.

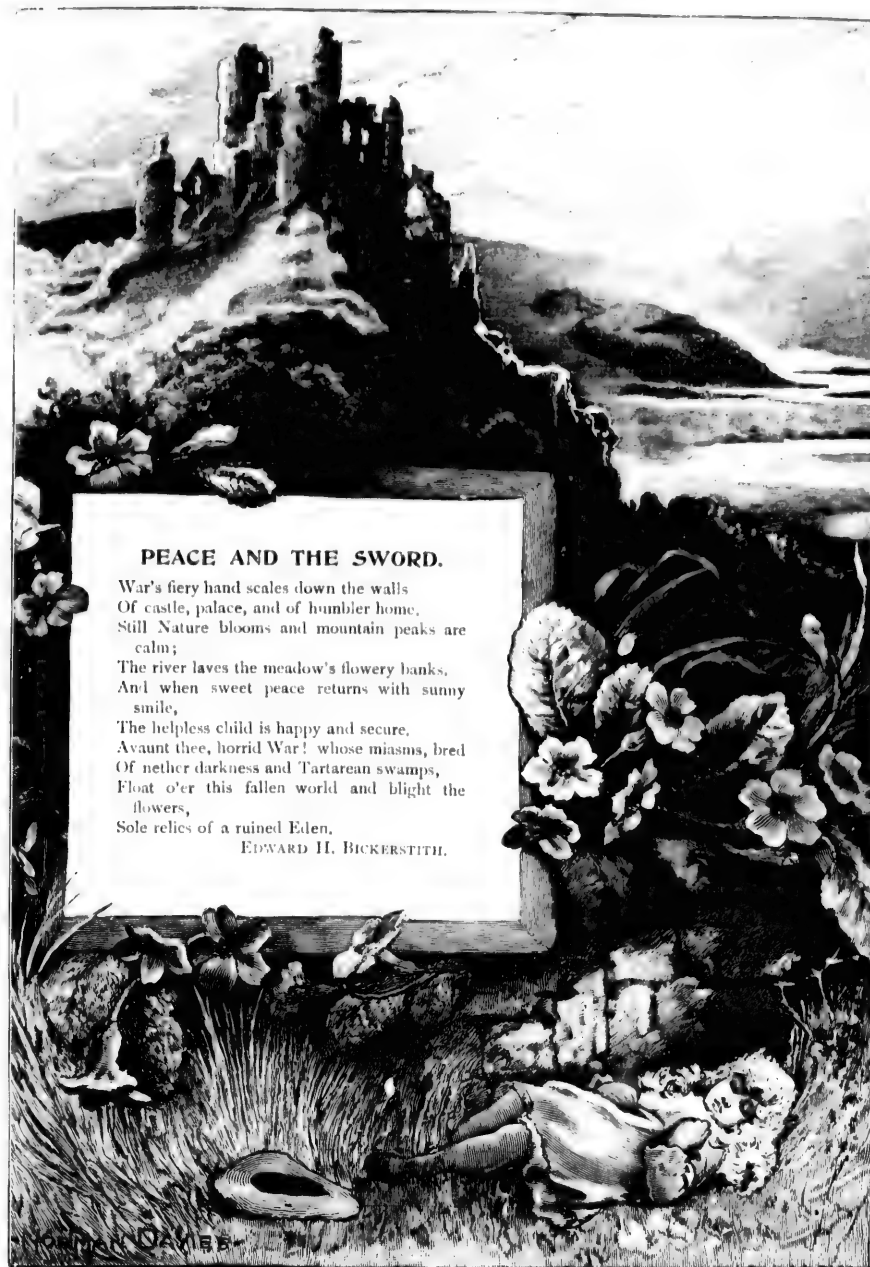
Oh, what bliss, when war is over,
Beauty's long-missed smile to meet,
And, when wreaths our temples cover,
Lay them shining at her feet!
Who would not, that hour to reach,
Breathe out life's expiring sigh—
Proud as waves that on the beach
Lay their war-crests down, and die?

There! I see thy soul is burning;
She herself, who clasps thee so,
Paints, ev'n now, thy glad returning,
And, while clasping, bids thee go.
One deep sigh, to passion given,
One last glowing tear, and then—
March!—nor rest thy sword, till Heaven
Brings thee to those arms again.

THOMAS MOORE.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

F OR lo! the days are hastening on;
By prophet bards foretold,
When, with the ever circling years,
Comes round the age of gold!
When peace shall over all the earth
Its final splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing!



PEACE AND THE SWORD.

War's fiery hand scales down the walls
Of castle, palace, and of humbler home.
Still Nature blooms and mountain peaks are
calm;
The river laves the meadow's flowery banks,
And when sweet peace returns with sunny
smile,
The helpless child is happy and secure.
Avaunt thee, horrid War! whose miasms, bred
Of nether darkness and Tartarean swamps,
Float o'er this fallen world and blight the
flowers,
Sole relics of a ruined Eden.

EDWARD H. BICKERSTITH.

THE SWORD.

OVER the mantel hangs the sword,
Sheathed in scabbard, dented and old;
Red scarf, tasseled and faded there,
Clings to the hilt, never a word.

All the battles are left untold—
Fighting and blood, or when and where,
The sword speaks not; the sword is great;
Silence is gold when acts are fate.

Blood, did you say? Ay, death on death!
Who knows? Where is the wearer now—
He whose right arm wielded it then?

Dust, with the host that breathed the breath
Of the battle years, when the nation's vow
Freedomed the lives of a million men.
Silent? Ah, yes! The man who led
With horse and yonder sword, is dead.

Who can tell of its flashing blade?
Who confess the valor it taught?
Where are the ranks that followed its lead?
Where are the fields of carnage laid?
Where the hearts that back of it fought?
On what page is written their meed?
Silent the men and their battle-cry,
They who challenged their fate—to die!

Powerless now on the panelled wall—
Nevertheless—smitten like its master's hand;
Flash gone out of its tempered steel
Since it lay on its master's pall;
Bound no more by the red scarf band
Near the heart that it once could feel;
Never again to mix in the din
Or in the van to lose or to win!

Peace is carved on the rusty sword,
Peace is wrought in the silent stone,
Memory crowned by love's true art;
Battle and victory speak no word;
Sword art thou of the spirit of one
Whom death enshrines in the reverent heart;
Love and honor gleam from thy blade—
Battle and victory fade and fade!

STEPHEN H. THAYER.

LOVE AND PEACE.

THERE is a story told
In Eastern tents, when autumn nights grow
cold,
And round the fire the Mongol shepherds sit
With grave responses listening unto it:
Once, on the errands of his mercy bent,
Buddha, the holy and benevolent,
Met a fell monster, huge and fierce of look,
Whose awful voice the hills and forests shook.
"O son of peace!" the giant cried, "thy fate
Is sealed at last, and love shall yield to hate."
The unarmed Buddha looking, with no trace
Of fear or anger, in the monster's face,
With pity said: "Poor fiend, even thee I love."

Lo! as he spake, the sky-tall terror sank
To handbreadth size; the huge abhorrence
Into the form and fashion of a dove;
And where the thunder of its rage was heard
Brooding above him sweetly sang the bird.
"Hate hath no harm for love," so ran the
"And peace unweaponed conquers every war."
J. G. WHITE.

THE RAVAGES OF WAR.

I NEED not dwell now on the waste and
of war. These stare us wildly in the face
like lurid meteor lights, as we travel
of history. We see the desolation and death
pursue its demoniac footsteps. We look
sacked towns, upon ravaged territories, upon
luted homes; we behold all the sweets char-
life changed to wormwood and gall. Our
is penetrated by the sharp moan of mother
ters and daughters—of fathers, brothers and
who, in the bitterness of their bereavement,
to be comforted. Our eyes rest at last upon
of those fair fields, where nature in her abundance
spreads her cloth of gold, spacious and apt
the entertainment of mighty multitudes; or, per-
haps, from the curious subtlety of its position, like
the carpet in the Arabian tale, seeming to contract
so as to be covered by a few only, or to dilate
as to receive an innumerable host.

Here, under a bright sun, such as shone at Aus-
terlitz or Buena Vista amidst the peaceful har-
monies of nature—on the Sabbath of peace—we
behold bands of brothers, children of a common
Father, heirs to a common happiness, struggling
together in the deadly fight, with the madness of
fallen spirits, seeking with murderous weapons the
lives of brothers who have never injured them or
their kindred. The havoc rages. The ground
is soaked with their commingling blood. The air
is rent by their commingling cries. Horse and
rider are stretched together on the earth.

More revolting than the mangled victims, than
the gashed limbs, than the lifeless trunks, than the
spattering brains, are the lawless passions which
sweep, tempest-like, through the fiendish tumult.

Nearer comes the storm, and nearer, rolling fast
and frightful on.
Speak, Ximena, speak and tell us, who has lost
and who has won?
"Alas! alas! I know not; friend and foe to-
gether fall,
O'er the dying rush the living; pray, my sister,
for them all!"

Horror-struck, we asked, wherefore this hateful
contest? The melancholy, but truthful answer
comes, that this is the *established* method of deter-
mining justice between nations!

CHARLES SUMNER.

THE TURKISH CAMP.

BEFORE CORINTH.

THIS midnight: on the mountains brown
The cold round moon shines deeply down,
Blue roll the waters, blue the sky
Spreads like an ocean hung on high,
Bespangled with those isles of light,
So wildly, spiritually bright;

And echo answered from the hill,
And the wide hum of that wild host
Rustled like leaves from coast to coast,
As rose the Muezzin's voice in air
In midnight call to wonted prayer;
It rose, that chanted mournful strain,



Who ever gazed upon them shining,
And turned to earth without repining
Nor wished for wings to flee away,
And mix with their eternal ray?
The waves on either shore lay there,
Calm, clear, and azure as the air:
And scarce their foam the pebbles shook,
But murmured meekly as the brook.

The winds were pillowd on the waves;
The banners drooped along their staves,
And, as they fell around them furling,
Above them shone the crescent curling;
And that deep silence was unbroke,
Save where the watch his signal spoke,
Save where the steed neighed oft and
shrill,

Like some lone spirit's o'er the plain:
'Twas musical, but sadly sweet,
Such as when winds and harp-strings meet,
And take a long unmeasured tone,
To mortal minstrelsy unknown.

It seemed to those within the wall
A cry prophetic of their fall;
It struck even the besieger's ear
With something ominous and drear,
An undefined and sudden thrill,
Which makes the heart a moment still,
Then beat with quicker pulse, ashamed
Of that strange sense its silence framed;
Such as a sudden passing-bell
Wakes, though but for a stranger's knell.

LORD BYRON.

THE BATTLE-FIELD.

This striking poem is an American c'a-sic. Two lines alone, if there were no others, are enough to give it immortal fame:

"Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers."

ONCE this soft turf, this rivulet's sands,
Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,
And fiery hearts and armed hands
Encountered in the battle cloud.

Ah! never shall the land forget
How gushed the life-blood of her brave,
Gushed, warm with hope and courage yet,
Upon the soil they fought to save.

Now all is calm, and fresh, and still,
Alone the chirp of flitting bird,
And talk of children on the hill,
And bell of wandering kine are heard.

No solemn host goes trailing by
The black-mouthed gun and staggering wain;
Men start not at the battle-cry,
Oh, be it never heard again!

Soon rested those who fought; but thou
Who minglest in the harder strife
For truths which men receive not now,
Thy warfare only ends with life.

A friendless warfare! lingering long
Through weary day and weary year.
A wild and many-weaponed throng
Hang on thy front, and flank, and rear.

Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,
And blench not at thy chosen lot.
The timid good may stand aloof,
The sage may frown—yet faint thou not.

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,
The foul and hissing bolt of scorn;
For with thy side shall dwell, at last,
The victory of endurance born.

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,
And dies among his worshippers.

Yea, though thou lie upon the dust,
When they who helped thee flee in fear,
Die full of hope and manly trust,
Like those who fell in battle here.

Another hand thy sword shall wield,
Another hand the standard wave,
Till from the trumpet's mouth is pealed
The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.

W. C. BRYANT.

THE REGIMENT'S RETURN.

HE is coming, he is coming, my true-love comes
home to-day;
All the city throngs to meet him as he
lingers by the way.

He is coming from the battle, with his knapsack
and his gun—
He, a hundred times my darling, for the dangers
he hath run.

Twice they said that he was dead, but I would not
believe the lie;
While my faithful heart kept loving him I knew he
could not die.

All in white will I array me, with a rosebud in my
hair,
And his ring upon my finger—he shall see it shin-
ing there.

He will kiss me, he will kiss me with the kiss of
long ago;
He will fold his arms around me close, and I shall
cry, I know.

Oh the years that I have waited—rather lives they
seemed to be—

For the dawning of the happy day that brings him
back to me.

But the worthy cause has triumphed. Oh, joy!
the war is over.

He is coming, he is coming, my gallant soldier
lover.

Men are shouting all around me, women weep and
laugh for joy,

Wives behold again their husbands, and the mother
clasps her boy;

All the city throbs with passion; 'tis a day of
jubilee;

But the happiness of thousands brings not happi-
ness to me;

I remember, I remember, when the soldiers went
away,

There was one among the noblest who has not re-
turned to-day.

Oh, I loved him, how I loved him, and I never
can forget

That he kissed me as we parted, for the kiss is
burning yet!

'Tis his picture in my bosom, where his head will
never lie;

'Tis his ring upon my finger—I will wear it till I
die.

Oh, his comrades say that dying he looked up and
breathed my name;

They have come to those that loved them but my
darling never came.

Oh, they said he died a hero—but I knew how
that would be;

And they say the cause has triumphed—will that
bring him back to me? E. J. CUTLER.

WAR'S DESTRUCTION.

CONCEIVE, but for a moment, the consternation which the approach of an invading army would impress on the peaceful villages in our own neighborhood. When you have placed yourselves for an instant in that situation, you will learn to sympathize with those unhappy countries which have sustained the ravages of arms. But how is it possible to give you an idea of these horrors?

Here you behold rich harvests, the bounty of heaven, and the reward of industry, consumed in a moment, or trampled under foot, while famine and pestilence follow the steps of desolation. There the cottages of peasants given up to the flames, mothers expiring through fear, not for themselves, but their infants; the inhabitants flying with their helpless babes in all directions, miserable fugitives on their native soil.

In another part you witness opulent cities taken by storm; the streets, where no sounds were heard but those of peaceful industry, filled on a sudden with slaughter and blood, resounding with the cries of the pursuing and the pursued; the palaces of nobles demolished; the houses of the rich pillaged, and every age, sex and rank, mingled in promiscuous massacre and ruin.

ROBERT HALL.

THE BATTLE-SONG OF GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

FROM THE GERMAN.

FEAR not, O little flock! the foe
Who madly seeks your overthrow,
Dread not his rage and power;
What though your courage sometimes faints?
His seeming triumph o'er God's saints
Lasts but a little hour.

Be of good cheer; your cause belongs
To him who can avenge your wrongs,
Leave it to him, our Lord.
Though hidden now from all our eyes,
He sees the Gideon who shall rise
To save us, and his word.

As true as God's own word is true,
Not earth or hell with all their crew
Against us shall prevail.
A jest and by-word are they grown;
God is with us, we are his own,
Our victory cannot fail.

Amen, Lord Jesus, grant our prayer;
Great Captain, now thine arm make bare;
Fight for us once again.
So shall the saints and martyrs raise
A mighty chorus to thy praise,
World without end. Amen.

MICHAEL ALTENBURG.

OLD IRONSIDES.

The frigate "Constitution," whose glorious record is known to all familiar with our naval history, was saved from destruction by the following beautiful lines of Dr. Holmes, which caused the people to pause, and reconsider their determination of breaking up the nation's favorite.

AY, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout
And burst the cannon's roar:
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, once red with hero's blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee:
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea.

Oh, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave—
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave.
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning, and the gale.

O. W. HOLMES.

FESTIVE PEACE.

NOW are our brows bound with victorious
wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarums changed to merry meet-
ing,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visaged war has smoothed his wrinkled front;
And now—instead of mounting barbed steeds,
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries—
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

A BRIGHTER DAY.

LET us reckon upon the future. A time will come when the science of destruction shall bend before the arts of peace; when the genius which multiplies our powers—which creates new products—which diffuses comfort and happiness among the great mass of the people—shall occupy in the general estimation of mankind that rank which reason and common sense now assign to it.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

HOW sweet it was to breathe that cooler air,
And take possession of my father's chair!
Beneath my elbow, on the solid frame,
Appeared the rough initials of my name,
Cut forty years before! The same old clock
Struck the same bell, and gave my heart a shock
I never can forget. A short breeze sprung,
And while a sigh was trembling on my tongue,
Caught the old dangling almanacs behind,

While thus I mused, still gazing, gazing still
On beds of moss that spread the window-sill
I deemed no moss my eye had ever seen
Had been so lovely, brilliant, fresh and green,
And guessed some infant hand had placed it there,
And prized its hue, so exquisite, so rare.
Feelings on feelings mingling, doubling rose,
My heart felt anything but calm repose;
I could not reckon minutes, hours, nor years.



And up they flew like banners in the wind;
Then gently, singly, down, down, down they went,
And told of twenty years that I had spent
Far from my native land. That instant came
A robin on the threshold; though so tame,
At first he looked distrustful, almost shy,
And cast on me his coal-black steadfast eye,
And seemed to say—past friendship to renew—
“Ah ha! old worn-out soldier, is it you?”

But rose at once, and found relief in tears;
Then, like a fool, confused, sat down again,
And thought upon the past with shame and pain;
I raved at war and all its horrid cost,
And glory's quagmire, where the brave are lost.
On carnage, fire, and plunder long I mused,
And cursed the murdering weapons I had used.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

SOLDIER, REST! THY WARFARE O'ER.

FROM "THE LADY OF THE LAKE."

SOLDIER, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of battled fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking;
In our isle's enchanted hall,
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing;
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more;
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.
No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
Armor's clang, or war-steed champing,
Triumph nor pibroch summon here
Mustering, or squadron tramping.
Yet the lark's shrill fife may come
Att he daybreak from the fallow,

And the bittern sound his drum,
Booming from the sedgy shallow.
Ruder sounds shall none be near,
Guards nor warders challenge here;
Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
Shouting clans or squadrons stamping.
Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,
While our slumberous spells assail ye,
Dream not, with the rising sun,
Bugles here shall sound reveillé.
Sleep! the deer is in his den;
Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying;
Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen
How thy gallant steed lay dying.
Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,
Think not of the rising sun,
For, at dawning to assail ye,
Here no bugles sound reveillé.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

ODE TO PEACE.

DAUGHTER of God! that sit'st on high
 Amid the dances of the sky,
 And guidest with thy gentle sway
 Thy planets on their tuneful way;
 Sweet Peace! shall ne'er again
 The smile of thy most holy face,
 From thine ethereal dwelling-place,
 Rejoice the wretched, weary race
 Of discord-breathing men?

Then come from thy serene abode,
 Thou gladness-giving child of God!
 And cease the world's ensanguined strife,
 And reconcile my soul to life;
 For much I long to see,
 Ere I shall to the grave descend,
 Thy hand its blessed branch extend,
 And to the world's remotest end
 Wave love and harmony!

WILLIAM TENNENT.



Too long, O gladness-giving queen!
 Thy tarrying in heaven has been;
 Too long o'er this fair blooming world
 The flag of blood has been unfurled,
 Polluting God's pure day;
 Whilst, as each maddening people reels,
 War onward drives his scythed wheels,
 And at his horses' bloody heels
 Shriek murder and dismay.

Oft have I wept to hear the cry
 Of widow wailing bitterly;
 To see the parent's silent tear
 For children fallen beneath the spear;
 And I have felt so sore
 The sense of human guilt and woe,
 That I, in virtue's passion glow,
 Have cursed (my soul was wounded so)
 The shape of man I bore!

WHEN BANNERS ARE WAVING.

WHEN banners are waving,
 And lances a-pushing;
 When captains are shouting,
 And war-horses rushing;
 When cannon are roaring,
 And hot bullets flying,
 He that would honor win,
 Must not fear dying.

Though shafts fly so thick
 That it seems to be snowing;
 Though streamlets with blood
 More than water are flowing;
 Though with sabre and bullet
 Our bravest are dying,
 We speak of revenge, but
 We ne'er speak of flying.

Come, stand to it, heroes !
The heathen are coming ;
Horsemen are round the walls,
Riding and running ;
Maidens and matrons all
Arm ! arm ! are crying,
From petards the wildfire's
Flashing and flying.

The trumpets from turrets high
Loudly are braying ;
The steeds for the onset
Are snorting and neighing ;
As waves in the ocean,
The dark plumes are dancing ;
As stars in the blue sky,
The helmets are glancing.

Their ladders are planting,
Their sabres are sweeping ;
Now swords from our sheaths
By the thousand are leaping ;
Like the flash of the lightning
Ere men hearken thunder,
Swords gleam, and the steel caps
Are cloven asunder.

The shouting has ceased,
And the flashing of cannon !
I looked from the turret
For crescent and pennon :
As flax touched by fire,
As hail in the river,
They were smote, they were fallen,
And had melted for ever.

BEFORE THE BATTLE.

BY the hope within us springing,
Herald of to-morrow's strife ;
By that sun, whose light is bringing
Chains or freedom, death or life—
Oh ! remember life can be
No charm for him, who lives not free !
Like the day-star in the wave,
Sinks a hero in his grave,
Midst the dew-fall of a nation's tears.
Happy is he o'er whose decline
The smiles of home may soothing shine,
And light him down the steep of years ;
But oh, how blest they sink to rest,
Who close their eyes on victory's breast !
O'er his watch-fire's fading embers
Now the foeman's cheek turns white,
When his heart that field remembers,
Where we tamed his tyrant might.
Never let him bind again
A chain, like that we broke from then.
Hark ! the horn of combat calls—
Ere the golden evening falls,
May we pledge that horn in triumph round !
Many a heart that now beats high,

In slumber cold at night shall lie,
Nor waken even at victory's sound.—
But oh, how blest that hero's sleep,
O'er whom a wond'ring world shall weep !
THOMAS MOORE.

THE BROADSWORDS OF SCOTLAND.

NOW there's peace on the shore, now there's
calm on the sea,
Fill a glass to the heroes whose swords kept
us free,
Right descendants of Wallace, Montrose and
Dundee.

O the broadswords of old Scotland !
Anc. O the old Scottish broadswords !

Old Sir Ralph Abercromby, the good and the
brave—

Let him flee from our board, let him sleep with
the slave,

Whose libation comes slow while we honor his
grave.

Though he died not, like him, amid victory's
roar,

Though disaster and gloom wove his shroud on
the shore.

Not the less we remember the spirit of Moore.

Yea, a place with the fallen the living shall claim ;
We'll intwine in one wreath every glorious name,
The Gordon, the Ramsay, the Hope, and the
Graham.

Count the rocks of the Spey, count the groves of
the Forth,

Count the stars in the clear, cloudless heaven of
the north ;

Then go blazon their numbers, their names, and
their worth.

The highest in splendor, the humblest in place,
Stand united in glory, as kindred in race,
For the private is brother in blood to his Grace.

Then sacred to each and to all let it be,
Fill a glass to the heroes whose swords kept us
free,

Right descendants of Wallace, Montrose and
Dundee.

O the broadswords of old Scotland !
And O the old Scottish broadswords !

JOHN G. LOCKHART.

LET THE SWORD RUST.

WERE half the power that fills the world
with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camp
and courts,

Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals and forts !

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE ANGELS OF BUENA VISTA.

"SPEAK, and tell us, our Ximena, looking
northward far away,
O'er the camp of the invaders, o'er the
Mexican array,
Who is losing? who is winning?—are they far,
or come they near?
Look abroad, and tell us, sister, whither rolls
the storm we hear?

"Down the hills of Angostura still the
storm of battle rolls;
Blood is flowing, men are dying; God,
have mercy on their souls!"

"Who is losing? who is winning!"—
"Over hill and over plain,
I see but smoke of cannon clouding
through the mountain rain."

"Holy mother! keep our brothers! Look
Ximena, look once more!"

"Still I see the fearful whirlwind rolling
darkly as before,
Bearing on in strange confusion, friend
and foe, foot and horse,
Like some wild and troubled torrent
sweeping down its mountain course."

"Look forth once more, Ximena!" "Ah!
the smoke has rolled away;
And I see the northern rifles gleaming
down the ranks of grey.
Hark! that sudden blast of bugles!
there the troop of Minon wheels;
There the northern horses thunder,
with the cannon at their heels."

"Jesus, pity! how it thickens! now re-
treat and now advance!
Right against the blazing cannon shivers
Puebla's charging lance!
Down they go, the brave young riders;
horse and foot together fall;
Like a ploughshare in the fallow, through
their ploughs the northern ball."

Nearer came the storm, and nearer, roll-
ing fast and frightful on:

"Speak, Ximena, speak and tell us, who
has lost and who has won?"

"Alas! alas! I know not; friend and
foe together fall,
O'er the dying rush the living: pray, my
sisters, for them all!

"Lo! the wind the smoke is lifting: Blessed
Mother, save my brain!
I can see the wounded crawling slowly out from
heaps of slain.
Now they stagger, blind and bleeding; now
they fall and strive to rise;
Hasten, sisters, haste and save them, lest they
die before our eyes!

"Oh, my heart's love! oh, my dear one! lay thy
poor head on my knee;
Dost thou know the lips that kiss thee? canst
thou hear me? canst thou see?
Oh, my husband, brave and gentle! oh, my
Bernal, look once more
On the blessed cross before thee! Mercy!
mercy! all is o'er!"



NEWS FROM THE BATTLE FIELD.

Dry thy tears, my poor Ximena; lay thy dear
one down to rest;
Let his hands be meekly folded; lay the cross
upon his breast;
Let his dirge be sung hereafter, and his funeral
masses said;
To-day, thou poor bereaved one! the living ask
thy aid.

Close beside her, faintly moaning, fair and young,
 a soldier lay,
 Torn with shot, and pierced with lances, bleed-
 ing slow his life away;
 But, as tenderly before him the lorn Ximena
 knelt,
 She saw the northern eagle shining on his pistol
 belt.

With a stifled cry of horror straight she turned
 away her head;
 With a sad and bitter feeling looked she back
 upon her dead;
 But she heard the youth's low moaning, and his
 struggling breath of pain,
 And she raised the cooling water to his parched
 lips again.

Whispered low the dying soldier, pressed her
 hand, and faintly smiled:
 Was that pitying face his mother's? did she
 watch beside her child?
 All his stranger words with meaning her woman's
 heart supplied;
 With her kiss upon his forehead, "Mother!"
 murmured he, and died!

"A bitter curse upon them, poor boy, who led
 thee forth,
 From some gentle, sad-eyed mother, weeping
 lonely in the North!"
 Spoke the mournful Mexic woman, as she laid
 him with her dead,
 And turned to soothe the living, and bind the
 wounds which bled.

"Look forth once more, Ximena!" "Like a
 cloud before the wind
 Rolls the battle down the mountains, leaving
 blood and death behind;
 Ah! they plead in vain for mercy; in the dust
 the wounded strive;
 Hide your faces, holy angels! oh, thou Christ
 of God, forgive!"

Sink, oh night, among thy mountains! let the
 cool grey shadows fall;
 Dying brothers, fighting demons, drop thy cur-
 tain over all!
 Through the thickening winter twilight, wide
 apart the battle rolled.
 In its sheath the sabre rested, and the cannon's
 lips grew cold.

But the noble Mexic women still their holy task
 pursued,
 Through that long, dark night of sorrow, worn
 and faint, and lacking food;
 Over weak and suffering brothers, with a tender
 care they hung,
 And the dying foemen blessed them in a strange
 and northern tongue.

Not wholly lost, O Father! is this evil world of
 ours:

Upward through its blood and ashes, spring
 afresh the Eden flowers;
 From its smoking hell of battle, love and pity
 send their prayer,
 And still thy white-winged angels hover dimly
 in our air.

J. G. WHITTIER.

A PICTURE OF PEACE.

FROM "EVANGELINE."

PEACE seemed to reign upon the earth, and
 the restless heart of the ocean
 Was for a moment consoled. All sounds
 were in harmony blended.

Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks
 in the farm-yard,

Whirr of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing
 of pigeons,

All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love,
 and the great sun

Looked with eye of peace through the golden
 vapors around him.

H. W. LONGFELLOW

THE TYRANT'S SCOURGE.

AH! whence yon glare,
 That fires the arch of heaven?—that dark
 red smoke
 Blotting the silver moon? The stars are quenched
 In darkness, and pure and spangling snow
 Gleams faintly through the gloom that gathers
 round!

Hark to that roar, whose swift and deafening peals
 In countless echoes through the mountains ring,
 Startling pale midnight on her starry throne!
 Now swells the intermingling din; the jar
 Frequent and frightful of the bursting bomb;
 The falling beam, the shriek, the groan, the shout,
 The ceaseless clangor, and the rush of men
 Inebriate with rage;—loud, and more loud
 The discord grows; till pale death shuts the scene,
 And o'er the conqueror and the conquered draws
 His cold and bloody shroud. Of all the men
 Whom day's departing beam saw blooming there,
 In proud and vigorous health; of all the hearts
 That beat with anxious life at sunset there,
 How few survive, how few are beating now!
 All is deep silence, like the fearful calm
 That slumbers in the storm's portentous pause;
 Save when the frantic wail of widowed love
 Comes shuddering on the blast, or the faint moan
 With which some soul burst from the frame of clay
 Wrapt round its struggling powers.

The gray morn
 Dawns on the mournful scene; the sulphurous
 smoke
 Before the icy winds slow rolls away,

And the bright beams of frosty morning dance
Along the spangling snow. There tracks of blood
Even to the forest's depth, and scattered arms,
And lifeless warriors, whose hard lineaments
Death's self could change not, mark the dreadful
path

Of the outsallying victors; far behind,
Black ashes note where their proud city stood.
Within yon forest is a gloomy glen—
Each tree which guards its darkness from the day
Waves o'er a warrior's tomb.

War is the statesman's game, the priest's delight,
The lawyer's jest, the hired assassin's trade,
And to those royal murderers whose mean thrones
Are bought by crimes of treachery and gore,
The bread they eat, the staff on which they lean.
Guards, garbed in blood red livery, surround
Their palaces, participate the crimes
That force defends, and from a nation's rage
Secure the crown, which all the curses reach
That famine, frenzy, woe and penury breathe.
These are the hired bravos who defend
The tyrant's throne. PERCY P. SHELLEY.

THE DEATH OF THE WARRIOR KING.

THERE are noble heads bowed down and pale,
Deep sounds of woe arise,
And tears flow fast around the couch
Where a wounded warrior lies;
The hue of death is gathering dark
Upon his lofty brow,
And the arm of might and valor falls,
Weak as an infant's now.

I saw him 'mid the battling hosts,
Like a bright and leading star,
Where banner, helm and falchion gleamed,
And flew the bolts of war.
When, in his plentitude of power,
He trod the Holy Land,
I saw the routed Saracens
Flee from his blood-dark brand.

I saw him in the banquet hour
Forsake the festive throng,
To seek his favorite minstrel's haunt,
And give his soul to song;
For dearly as he loved renown,
He loved that spell-wrought strain
Which bade the braves of perished days
Light conquest's torch again.

Then seemed the bard to cope with time,
And triumph o'er his doom—
Another world in freshness burst
Oblivion's mighty tomb!
Again the hardy Britons rushed
Like lions to the fight,
While horse and foot—helm, shield and lance,
Swept by his visioned sight!

But battle shout and waving plume,
The drum's heart-stirring beat,
The glittering pomp of prosperous war,
The rush of million feet,
The magic of the minstrel's song,
Which told of victories o'er,
Are sights and sounds the dying king
Shall see—shall hear no more!

It was the hour of deep midnight,
In the dim and quiet sky,
When, with sable clock and 'broidered pall,
A funeral-train swept by;
Dull and sad fell the torches' glare
On many a stately crest—
They bore the noble warrior king
To his last dark home of rest.

CHARLES SWAIN.

THE FLIGHT OF XERXES.

I SAW him on the battlement—
When like a king he bore him—
Proud hosts in glittering helm and greave,
And prouder chiefs before him;
The warrior, and the warrior's deeds,
The morrow, and the morrow's meeds,
No daunting thoughts came o'er him;
He looked around him, and his eye
Defiance flashed to earth and sky.

He looked on ocean—its broad breast
Was covered with his fleet;
On earth—and saw from east to west
His bannered millions meet;
While rock and glen and cave and coast
Shook with the war-cry of that host,
The thunder of their feet!
He heard the imperial echoes ring—
He heard, and felt himself a king.

I saw him next alone: nor camp
Nor chief his steps attended;
Nor banner blazed, nor courser's tramp
With war-cries proudly blended.
He stood alone, whom fortune high
So lately seemed to deify;
He who with heaven contended
Fled like a fugitive and slave!
Behind, the foe; before, the wave.

He stood—fleet, army, treasure, gone—
Alone, and in despair!
But wave and wind swept ruthless on,
For they were monarchs there;
And Xerxes, in a single bark,
Where late his thousand ships were dark,
Must all their fury dare.
What a revenge—a trophy, this—
For thee, immortal Salamis!

MARIA J. JEWSBURY.

AFTER THE TEMPEST.

IT was a scene of peace—and, like a spell,
Did that serene and golden sunlight fall
Upon the motionless wood that clothed the
fell,

And precipice upspringing like a wall,
And glassy river and white waterfall,
And happy living things that trod the bright
And beauteous scene; while far beyond them all,
On many a lovely valley, out of sight,

Was poured from the blue heavens the same soft
golden light.

I looked, and thought the quiet of the scene
An emblem of the peace that yet shall be,
When o'er earth's continents, and isles between,
The noise of war shall cease from sea to sea,
And married nations dwell in harmony;
When millions, crouching in the dust to one,
No more shall beg their lives on bended knee,
Nor the black stake be dressed, nor in the sun
The o'erlabored captive toil, and wish his life
were done.

Too long, at clash of arms amid her bowers
And pools of blood, the earth has stood aghast,
The fair earth, that should only blush with flowers
And ruddy fruits; but not for aye can last
The storm, and sweet the sunshine when 'tis past.
Lo, the clouds roll away—they break—they fly,
And, like the glorious light of summer cast
O'er the wide landscape from the embracing sky,
On all the peaceful world the smile of heaven
shall lie. W. C. BRYANT.

LEFT ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

WHAT, was it a dream? am I all alone
In the dreary night and the driz-
zling rain?

Hist!—ah, it was only the river's moan;
They have left me behind with the mangled
slain.

Yes, now I remember it all too well!

We met from the battling ranks apart;
Together our weapons flashed and fell,
And mine was sheathed in his quivering
heart.

In the cypress gloom, where the deed was done,
It was all too dark to see his face;
But I heard his death-groans, one by one,
And he holds me still in a cold embrace.

He spoke but once and I could not hear
The words he said, for the cannon's roar;
But my heart grew cold with a deadly fear—
O God! I had heard that voice before!

Had heard it before at our mother's knee,
When we lisped the words of our evening
prayer!

My brother! would I had died for thee—

This burden is more that my soul can bear!

I pressed my lips to his death-cold cheek,
And begged him to show me, by word or sign,
That he knew and forgave me: he could not
speak,

But he nestled his poor cold face to mine.

The blood flowed fast from my wounded side,
And then for a while I forgot my pain,
And over the lakelet we seemed to glide
In our little boat, two boys again.

And then, in my dream, we stood alone
On a forest path where the shadows fall;
And I heard again the tremulous tone,
And the tender words of his last farewell.

But that parting was years, long years ago,
He wandered away to a foreign land;
And our dear old mother will never know
That he died to-night by his brother's hand.

The soldiers who buried the dead away
Disturbed not the clasp of that last embrace,
But laid them to sleep till the judgment-day,
Heart folded to heart, and face to face.

SARAH T. BOLTON.

HORRORS OF WAR.

AVAUNT thee, horrid war: whose miasms,
bred
Of nether darkness and tartarean swamps,
Float o'er this fallen world, and blight the
flowers,

Sole relics of a ruined Eden! Hence,
With all thy cruel ravages! fair homes
Rifted for thee of husband, brother, son;
Wild passions slipped like hell-hounds in the
heart,

And baying in full cry for blood; the shock
Of battle: the quick throes of dying men;
The ghastly stillness of the mangled dead;
The crumbling ramparts breached, the city
stormed,

The shrieks of violated innocence,
And bloom, almost too delicate for the print
Of bridal kisses and the touch of love,
Ruthlessly trampled underneath the heel
Of armed lust; and, pitiful to see,
The mother's womb ripped by the pitiless sword,
And life—her unborn offspring's, and her own—
Shed in short mortal travail; lurid flames,
Wrapping the toils of arduous centuries
And hopes of ages in one funeral pyre;
Gaunt famine after, and remorseless plague,
Reaping their myriads where the warrior's scythe
Had been content with thousands; leaving scars
Upon a nation's heart, which never time
Wholly can heal: hence horrid, horrid war!

EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH.

THE INDIAN BRAVE.

I AM fresh from the conflict—I'm drunk with
the blood
Of the white men, who chased me o'er prairie
and flood,
Till I trapped them at last, and exultingly swore
That my fearless red warriors should revel in
gore!
I have well kept my oath, O Manitou, the Just!

AFTER THE BATTLE.

NIGHT closed around the conqueror's way,
And lightnings showed the distant hill,
Where those who lost that dreadful day,
Stood few and faint, but fearless still.
The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal,
For ever dimmed, for ever crost—
Oh! who shall say what heroes feel,
When all but life and honor's lost?



Three hundred white hirelings are low in the dust.
The unequal conflict was bloody and brief,
And they weep for their men and their golden-
haired chief.

I hate the pale-faces! I'll fight to the death
While the prairies are mine, and a warrior has
breath!

By the bones of our fathers, whose ruin they
wrought,

When they first trod our land, and for sympathy
sought—

By the souls of our slain, when our villages
burned—

By all the black vices our people have learned,
No season of rest shall my enemies see,
Till the earth drinks my blood, or my people are
free.

FRANCIS S. SMITH.

The last sad hour of freedom's dream,
And valor's task, moved slowly by,
While mute they watched, till morning's beam
Should rise and give them light to die.
There's yet a world, where souls are free,
Where tyrants taint not nature's bliss;—
If death that world's bright opening be,
Oh! who would live a slave in this?

THOMAS MOORE.

COMING PEACE.

DRUMS and battle cries
Go out in music of the morning star;
And soon we shall have thinkers in the
place
Of fighters; each found able as a man
To strike electric influence through a race.
Unstayed by city-wall and barbican.

ELIZABETH B. BROWNING.

THE LEGEND OF SIR JOSEPH WAGSTAFF.

A WARWICKSHIRE BALLAD.

FROM Salisbury Church the bells rang out,
Right sharp their notes and stern;
Within the town were rabble and rout,
Like tow did the houses burn,
And the prisoners freed were all about
Wherever a man might turn.

Till the roar and the clash and the battle
flash

Burst in on their intent.

"Now hang them all!" Sir Joseph cried,
And sternly flashed his eye;
'The craven cowards that dare to doom
And do not dare to die!
If my neck's in the other end of the rope,
Quoth Wagstaff, "'What care I?'"



"I CHARGE THEE, BOY, LET GO!"

For its hey, ho! boot and saddle!
And up with the sceptre and crown!
The day of the great Assizes
Like a storm swept Wagstaff down,
With his men and his arms and his drums and alarms
To the gates of Salisbury town.

The Judges sat in their grave sad state
That the rebel Commons sent,
And many a loyal man and true
To a felon's prison went;

Now Cromwell has taken him to horse
And gathered a goodly band
To fight with Sir Joseph Wagstaff's force
In the swelling Devon land,
And cut down their ranks like new-mown grass
Till never a man mote stand.

"Ho, lead the flight, Sir Arthur Knight!
For one must head the race,
But to turn his back on a stricken fight
Is not a Wagstaff's place,

And the hills of Devon are as near to heaven
As Charicote's sheltered chace.

"My little page, why dost thou stand
And view thy master so?
Poor little lad, let go my hand,
I charge thee, boy, let go!
What have I ever done for thee
That thou shouldst love me so?

"If thou escap'st this bloody day
Hie thee to Tachbrook Hall,
And tell Dame Alice it is our way
In battle-field to fall,
There were twenty Wagstaffs to my day
And they fell in battle all!

"Would they had slain me where I stood
'Neath the blue and open sky,
For this foul dank prison taints my blood
And a dog's death I must die.
Was never a Wagstaff died like this
Without his good sword nigh!

"Farewell, farewell, to Tachbrook Hall
Where the noble park-lands sweep!
Farewell to the lush sweet meadows all
Where the peaceful cattle sleep!
Farewell, broad oaks and elm trees tall
By the quiet river deep!

"Farewell, my babe, thou child of care,
Heir of thy father's fame!
Thou tiny tender prop to bear
Old Wagstaff's honored name!
God grant thee strength that name to wear
Unsullied as it came!

"But woe and curse and endless shame
And vain remorse's sting
Be his, the first of Wagstaff's name
That turns from Church and King!
God blight the ripe fruit of his age
The blossoms of his spring!

"And his be every foul disgrace
And every bitter pain,
May he go mourning all his days
Where once he used to reign!
May all his strength be spent for naught
And all his toil in vain!

"Farewell, farewell, my gentle wife,
Now widowed ere thy prime—
How differently I planned thy life
The last sweet summer-time,
When we trod the path from the gray church
tower
That rang our wedding chime.

"Farewell, farewell, my own right hand,
My nervous arm and true!
Poor body, on the scaffold's sand
I take my leave of you!

I would 'twere 'mid an armed band
With a good pike piercing through!"

In Tachbrook's ancient, solemn church
Are Wagstaff tombs enow;
Twenty knights and twenty dames
In sculptured marble show,
But Sir Joseph's head with blood-clots red
Rots where the Thames doth flow.

A stranger rules in Tachbrook Hall—
A stranger still shall reign!
"Away!" he cries, "ye King's men all,
Ye ne'er shall come again!"
Thus cruel he cried e'er tears were dried
That marked the widow's pain.

Yet still they say at Tachbrook Hall
They hear a bugle horn
Full cheerly to the hunter's call
At early break of morn,
The silver notes on the breeze that floats
In the valleys far upborne.

And still when summer clothes the land
With soft enamelled green,
A figure on the terrace old
At even oft is seen.
With pensive brow and locks of gold,
And a grave and knightly mien.

But the startled reaper drops his hook
And shrinks with a ghastly fear,
When he sees 'mid the line of the golden grain
The shrivelled and blasted ear—
For the mildew black marks Sir Joseph's track,
And he knows that his step is here.

And when the hard rime clasps the trees,
And biting north winds blow,
He keeps his watch by the mouldering arch,
As in days of long ago.
And at morn they say 'twas no mortal tread
Made that footprint on the snow.

And still on the storm round Tachbrook Hall
A shadowy phantom flies,
And ever he looks through the casements tall
With sad, reproachful eyes:
While through shutter and bar they know afar
That without a spirit cries!

They say Sir Joseph's restless sprite
For twice seven lives must wait,
Till the lands shall pass to a lady bright,
Who shall take a Wagstaff mate;
The old, old wounds of hate.

Till then there hangs o'er Tachbrook Hall
A shadow dim and gray,
And sad with tears of other years
That time should sweep away,
And it may not lift for griefs or fears
Till dawns that distant day. J. M. WAGSTAFF.

THE TIME OF WAR.

THE flags of war like storm-birds fly,
The charging trumpets blow;
Yet rolls no thunder in the sky,
No earthquake strives below.

And, calm and patient, nature keeps
Her ancient promise well,
Though o'er her bloom and greenness sweeps
The battle's breath of hell.

And still she walks in golden hours
Through harvest-happy farms,
And still she wears her fruits and flowers
Like jewels on her arms.

What mean the gladness of the plain,
This joy of eve and morn,
The mirth that shakes the beard of grain
And yellow locks of corn?

Ah! eyes may well be full of tears,
And hearts with hate are hot;
But even-paced come round the years,
And nature changes not.

She meets with smiles our bitter grief,
With songs our groans of pain;
She mocks with tint of flower and leaf
The war field's crimson stain.

Still, in the cannon's pause we hear
Her sweet thanksgiving psalm;
Too near to God for doubt or fear,
She shares the eternal calm.

She knows the seed lies safe below
The fires that blast and burn;
For all the tears of blood we sow
She waits the rich return.

She sees with clearer eye than ours
The good of suffering born—
The hearts that blossom like her flowers,
And ripen like her corn.

J. G. WHITTIER.

CIVIL WAR.

"RIFLEMAN, shoot me a fancy shot
Straight at the heart of yon prowling
vidette;
Ring me a ball in the glittering spot
That shines on his breast like an amulet!"

"Ah, captain! here goes for a fine-drawn bead
There's music around when my barrel's in
tune!"

Crack! went the rattle, the messenger sped,
And dead from his horse fell the ringing
dragoon.

"Now, rifleman, steal through the bushes, and
snatch
From your victim some trinket to handseel first
blood,
A button, a loop, or that luminous patch
That gleams in the moon like a diamond stud!"

"O captain! I staggered, and sunk on my track,
When I gazed on the face of that fallen vidette,
For he looked so like you, as he lay on his
back,
That my heart rose upon me, and masters me
yet.

"But I snatched off the trinket—this locket of
gold;
An inch from the centre my lead broke its
way,
Scarce grazing the picture, so fair to behold,
Of a beautiful lady in bridal array."

"Ha! rifleman, fling me the locket!—'t is she,
My brother's young bride—and the fallen
dragoon
Was her husband—Hush! soldier, 't was Heaven's
decree,
We must bury him there, by the light of the
moon!"

"But, hark! the far bugles their warnings unite;
War is a virtue—weakness a sin;
There's a lurking and loping around us to-night;
Load again, rifleman, keep your hand in!"

FAIR PEACE.

O H first of human blessings! and supreme!
Fair peace! how lovely, how delightful
thou!

By whose wide tie the kindred sons of men
Live brothers like, in amity combined,
And unsuspecting faith; while honest toil
Gives every joy, and to those joys a right,
Which idle, barbarous rapine but usurps.

JAMES THOMSON.

RURAL SCENES:

OR

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF COUNTRY LIFE.



FARMER JOHN.

COME from his journey Farmer John
Arrived this morning safe and sound;
His black coat off and his old clothes on,
"Now I'm myself," says Farmer John;
And he thinks, "I'll look around."

Up leaps the dog: "Get down, you pup!
Are you so glad you would eat me up?"
The old cow lows at the gate to greet him,
The horses prick up their ears to meet him:
"Well, well, old Bay!

Ha, ha, old Gray!
Do you get good food when I'm away?

"You haven't a rib," says Farmer John;
"The cattle are looking round and sleek;
The colt is going to be a roan,

And a beauty too; how he has grown!
We'll wean the calf next week."

Says Farmer John, "When I've been off,
To call you again about the trough,
And watch you and pet you while you drink,
Is a greater comfort than you can think!"

And he pats old Bay,
And he slaps old Gray.

"Ah, this is the comfort of going away!

"For after all," says Farmer John,
"The best of a journey is getting home.
I've seen great sights, but would I give
This spot, and the peaceful life I live,
For all their Paris and Rome?

"These hills for the city's stifled air,
And big hotels, all bustle and glare;
Land all houses, and roads all stones
That deafen your ears and batter your bones?

Would you, old Bay?

Would you, old Gray?

That's what one gets by going away.

"I've found this out," says Farmer John,
"That happiness is not bought and sold,
And clutched in a life of waste and hurry,
In nights of pleasure and days of worry;
And wealth isn't all in gold,
Mortgages, stocks, and ten per cent.,
But in simple ways and sweet content;

Few wants, pure hope, and noble ends,
Some land to till, and a few good friends
Like you, old Bay,
And you, old Gray:

That's what I learned by going away."

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

THE VILLAGE BOY.

FREE from the village corner, see how wild
The village boy along the pasture hies,
With every smell, and sound, and sight be-
guiled,

That round the prospect meets his wondering
eyes;

Now, stooping, eager for the cowslip peeps,
As though he'd get them all,—now tired of these,
Across the flaggy brook he eager leaps,
For some new flower his happy rapture sees;—

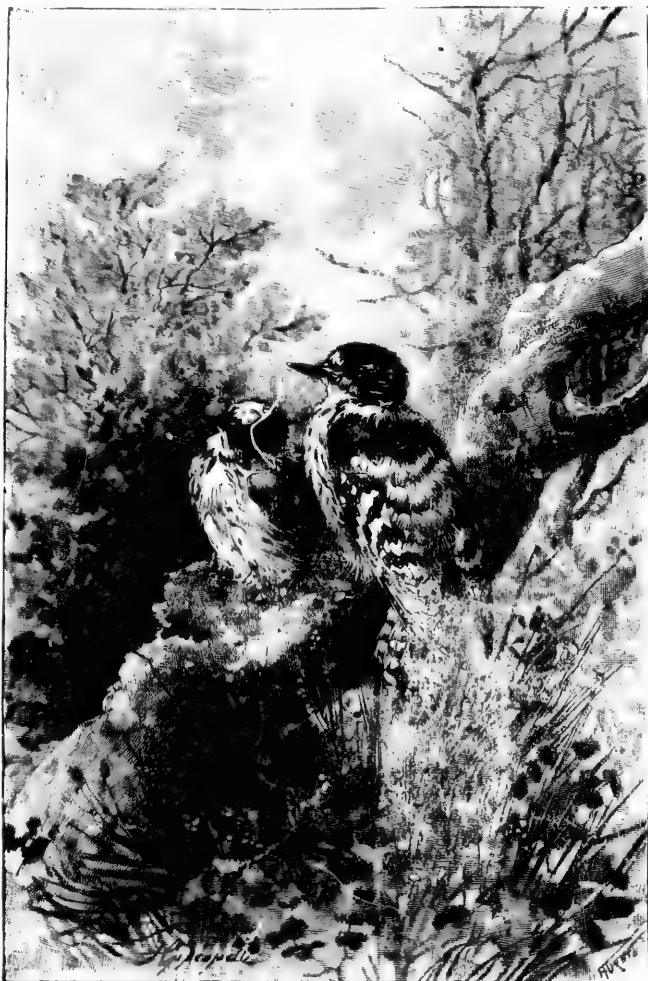
Now, leering 'mid the bushes on his knees
On woodland banks, for blue-bell flowers he
creeps;—

And now, while looking up among the trees,
He spies a nest, and down he throws his flowers,
And up he climbs with new-fed ecstasies;
The happiest object in the summer hours.

J. G. CLARKE.

HOMESICK FOR THE COUNTRY.

I 'D kind o' like to have a cot
Fixed on some sunny slope; a spot
Five acres more or less,



With maples, cedars, cherry-trees,
And poplars whitening in the breeze.

'T would suit my taste, I guess,
To have the porch with vines o'erhung,
With bells of pendant woodbine swung,
In every bell a bee:
And round my latticed window spread
A clump of roses, white and red.

To solace mine and me,
I kind o' think I should desire
To hear around the lawn a choir
Of wood-birds singing sweet;
And in a dell I'd have a brook,
Where I might sit and read my book.

Such should be my retreat,
Far from the city's crowd and noise;
There would I rear the girls and boys,
(I have some two or three,
And if kind Heaven should bless my store
With five or six or seven more,
How happy I would be!

SUMMER WOODS.

THE ceaseless hum of men,
The dusty streets,
Crowded with multitudinous life; the din
Of toil and traffic, and the woe and sin,
The dweller in the populous city meets;
These have I left to seek the cool retreats
Of the untrodden forest, where, in bowers
Built by nature's hand, and laid with flowers,
And roofed with ivy, on the mossy seats
Reclining, I can while away the hours
In sweetest converse with old books, or give
My thoughts to God; or anxieties fugitive
Indulge, while over me their radiant showers
Of rarest blossoms the old trees shake down,
And thanks to Him my meditations crown!

WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.

DEATH IN THE COUNTRY.

FROM "THE DUTCHMAN'S FIRESIDE."

THERE is to my mind and to my early recollections something exquisitely touching in the tolling of a church-bell amid the silence of the country. It communicates for miles around the message of mortality. The ploughman stops his horses to listen to the solemn tidings; the

housewife remits her domestic occupations, and sits with her needle idle in her fingers, to ponder who it is that is going to the long home; and even the little thoughtless children, playing and laughing their way from school, are arrested for a moment in their evening gambols by these sounds of melancholy import, and cover their heads when they go to rest.

JAMES K. PAULDING.

THAT CALF.

TO the yard, by the barn, came the farmer one morn,

And, calling the cattle, he said,
While they trembled with fright: "Now which of you, last night,
Shut the barn door while I was abed?"
Each one of them all shook his head.

Now the little calf Spot, she was down in the lot,
And the way the rest talked was a shame;
For no one, night before, saw her shut up the door;

But they said that she did, all the same,
For they always made her take the blame.

Said the horse (dapple gray), "I was not up that way

Last night, as I now recollect;"
And the bull, passing by, tossed his horns very high,
And said, "Let who may here object,
I say this, that calf I suspect."

Then out spoke the cow, "It is terrible now,
To accuse honest folks of such tricks."

Said the cock in the tree, "I'm sure 'twasn't me;"
And the sheep all cried, "Bah! (there were six)

Now that calf's got herself in a fix."

"Why, of course we all knew 'twas the wrong thing to do,"

Said the chickens. "Of course," said the cat.
"I suppose," cried the mule, "some folks think me a fool,

But I'm not quite so simple as that;
The poor calf never knows what she's at."

Just that moment, the calf, who was always the laugh

And the jest of the yard, came in sight.
"Did you shut my barn door?" asked the farmer once more.

"I did, sir, I closed it last night,"

Said the calf; "and I thought that was right."

Then each one shook his head. "She will catch it," they cried,

"Serves her right for her meddlesome ways."
Said the farmer, "Come here, little bossy, my dear,

You have done what I cannot repay,
And your fortune is made from to-day.

"For a wonder, last night, I forgot the door quite,
And if you had not shut it so neat,
All my colts had slipped in, and gone right to the bin.

And got what they ought not to eat,
They'd have foundered themselves upon wheat."

Then each hoof of them all began loudly to bawl,
The very mule smiled, the cock crew:

"Little Spotty, my dear, you're a favorite here,"
They cried, "we all said it was you,
We were so glad to give you your due."
And the calf answered knowingly, "Boo!"

THEOBALD CARY.

SLEIGH SONG.

JINGLE, jingle, clear the way,
'Tis the merry, merry sleigh;
As it swiftly scuds along
Hear the burst of happy song,
See the gleam of glances bright,
Flashing o'er the pathway white.

Jingle, jingle, past it flies,
Sending shafts from hooded eyes,—
Roguish archers, I'll be bound,
Little heeding whom they wound;
See them, with capricious pranks,
Ploughing now the drifted banks.

Jingle, jingle, mid the glee
Who among them cares for me?
Jingle, jingle, on they go.
Capes and bonnets white with snow,
Not a single robe they fold
To protect them from the cold.

Jingle, jingle, mid the storm,
Fun and frolic keep them warm;
Jingle, jingle, down the hills,
O'er the meadows, past the mills.
Now 't is slow, and now 't is fast;
Winter will not always last.
Jingle, jingle, clear the way,
'Tis the merry, merry sleigh.

G. W. PETTEE.

A CHARMING PROSPECT.

GROVES, fields, and meadows are at any season of the year pleasant to look upon, but never so much as in the opening of the spring, when they are all new and fresh, with their first glow upon them, and not yet too much accustomed and familiar to the eye. For this reason there is nothing that more enlivens a prospect than rivers, jetteaus, or falls of water, where the scene is perpetually shifting, and entertaining the sight every moment with something that is new.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

NIGHTFALL: A PICTURE.

LOW bays the summer afternoon;
A mellow lustre lights the scene;
And from its smiling beauty soon
The purpling shade will chase the sheen.

The old, quaint homestead's windows blaze;
The cedars long black pictures show;

The harness, bridle, saddle dart
Gleam from the lower, rough expanse;
At either side the stooping cart,
Pitchfork, and plow cast looks askance.

White Dobbin through the stable doors
Shows his round shape; faint color coats
The manger, where the farmer pours,
With rustling rush, the glancing oats.



And broadly slopes one path of rays
Within the barn, and makes it glow.

The loft stares out—the cat intent,
Like carving, on some gnawing rat—
With sun-bathed hay and rafters bent,
Nooked, cobwebbed homes of wasp and bat.

A sun haze streaks the dusty shed;
Makes spears of seams and gems of chinks;
In mottled gloss the straw is spread;
And the grey grindstone dully blinks.

The sun salutes the lowest west
With gorgeous tints around it drawn;

A beacon on the mountain's breast,
A crescent, shred, a star—and gone.

The landscape now prepares for night;
A gauzy mist slow settles round;
Eve shows her hues in every sight,
And blends her voice with every sound.

The sheep stream rippling down the dell.
Their smooth, sharp faces pointed straight;
The pacing kine, with tinkling bell,
Come grazing through the pasture gate.

The ducks are grouped, and talk in fits;
One yawns with stretch of leg and wing;
One rears and fans, then, settling, sits;
One at a moth makes awkward spring.

The geese march grave in Indian file,
The ragged patriarch at the head;
Then, screaming, flutter off awhile,
Fold up, and once more stately tread.

Brave chanticleer shows haughtiest air;
Hurls his shrill vaunt with lofty bend;
Lifts foot, glares round, then follows where
His scratching, picking partlets wend.

Staid Towser scents the glittering ground;
Then, yawning, draws a crescent deep,
Wheels his head-drooping frame around
And sinks with forepaws stretched for sleep.

The oxen, loosened from the plow,
Rest by the pear tree's crooked trunk;
Tim, standing with yoke-burdened brow,
Trim, in a mound beside him sunk.

One of the kine upon the bank,
Heaves her face-lifting, wheezy roar;
One smooths, with lapping tongue, her flank;
With ponderous droop one finds the floor.

Freed Dobbin through the soft, clear dark
Glimmers across the pillared scene,
With the grouped geese—a pallid mark—
And scattered bushes black between.

The fire-flies freckle every spot
With fickle light that gleams and dies;
The bat, a wavering, soundless blot,
The cat, a pair of prowling eyes

Still the sweet, fragrant dark o'erflows
The deepening air and darkening ground,
By its rich scent I trace the rose,
The viewless beetle by its sound.

The cricket scrapes its rib-like bars;
The tree-toad purrs in whirring tone;
And now the heavens are set with stars,
And night and quiet reign alone.

ALFRED B. STREET.

THE HOUSE ON THE HILL.

FROM the weather-worn house on the brow of
the hill
We are dwelling afar, in our manhood, to-
day;

But we see the old gables and hollyhocks still,
As they looked long ago, ere we wandered
away;
We can see the tall well-sweep that stands by the
door,
And the sunshine that gleams on the old oaken
floor.

We can hear the low hum of the hard-working
bees
At their toil in our father's old orchard, once
more,
In the broad, trembling tops of the bright-bloom-
ing trees,
As they busily gather their sweet winter store;
And the murmuring brook, the delightful old
horn,
And the cawing black crows that are pulling the
corn.

We can hear the sharp creak of the farm-gate
again,
And the loud, cackling hens in the gray barn
near by,
With its broad sagging floor and its scaffolds of
grain,
And its rafters that once seemed to reach to the
sky;
We behold the great beams, and the bottomless
bay
Where the farm-boys once joyfully jumped on the
hay.

We can see the low hog-pen, just over the way,
And the long-ruined shed by the side of the
road.

Where the sleds in the summer were hidden away
And the wagons and plows in the winter were
stowed;

And the cider-mill, down in the hollow below,
With a long, creaking sweep, the old horse used
to draw,

Where we learned by the homely old tub long ago,
What a world of sweet rapture there was in a
straw.

From the cider-casks there, loosely lying around,
More leaked from the bung-holes than dripped on
the ground.

We beheld the bleak hillsides still bristling with
rocks,
Where the mountain streams murmured with
musical sound,
Where we hunted and fished, where we chased the
red fox,

With lazy old house-dog or loud-baying hound;

And the cold, cheerless woods we delighted to tramp

For the shy, whirring partridge, in snow to our knees,

Where, with neck-yoke and pails, in the old sugar-camp,

We gathered the sap from the tall maple-trees;
And the fields where our plows danced a furious jig,

While we wearily followed the furrow all day,
Where we stumbled and bounded o'er boulders so big

That it took twenty oxen to draw them away;

Where we sowed, where we hoed, where we cradled and mowed,

Where we scattered the swaths that were heavy with dew,

Where we tumbled, we pitched, and behind the tall load

The broken old bull-rake reluctantly drew.

How we grasped the old "Sheepskin" with feelings of scorn

As we straddled the back of the old sorrel mare,
And rode up and down through the green rows of corn,

Like a pin on a clothes line that sways in the air;
We can hear our stern fathers reproving us still,
As the careless old creature "comes down on a hill."

We are far from the home of our boyhood to-day,
In the battle of life we are struggling alone;
The weather-worn farmhouse has gone to decay,
The chimney has fallen, its swallows have flown.

But fancy yet brings, on her bright golden wings,
Her beautiful pictures again from the past,

And memory fondly and tenderly clings
To pleasures and pastimes too lovely to last.

We wander again by the river to-day;

We sit in the school-room, o'erflowing with fun,
We whisper, we play, and we scamper away
When our lessons are learned and the spelling is done.

We see the old cellar where apples were kept,

The garret where all the old rubbish was thrown,
The little back chamber where snugly we slept,

The homely old kitchen, the broad hearth of stone,
Where apples were roasted in many a row,
Where our grandmothers nodded and knit long ago.

Our grandmothers long have reposed in the tomb;
With a strong, healthy race they have peopled the land;

They worked with the spindle, they toiled at the loom,

Nor lazily brought up their babies by hand.

The old flint-lock musket, whose awful recoil

Made many a Nimrod with agony cry.

Once hung on the chimney, a part of the sport
Our gallant old grandfathers captured at "Fort"

Brave men were our grandfathers, sturdy and strong;

The kings of the forest they plucked from their lands;

They were stern in their virtues, they hated all wrong,

And they fought for the right with their hearts and their hands.

Down, down from the hillsides they swept in their might,

And up from the valleys they went on their way,
To fight and to fall upon Hubbardton's height.

To struggle and conquer in Bennington's fray.

Oh! fresh be their memory, cherished the sod
That long has grown green o'er their sacred remains.

And grateful our hearts to a generous God
For the blood and the spirit that flows in our veins.

Our Allens, our Starks, and our Warrens are gone,
But our mountains remain with their evergreen crown.

The souls of our heroes are yet marching on.
The structure they founded shall never go down.

From the weather-worn house on the brow of the hill
We are dwelling afar, in our manhood to-day;

But we see the old gables and hollyhocks still,
As they looked when we left them to wander away.

But the dear ones we loved in the sweet long ago
In the old village churchyard sleep under the snow.

Farewell to the friends of our bright boyhood days,
To the beautiful vales once delightful to roam,

To the fathers, the mothers, now gone from our gaze,
From the weather-worn house to their heavenly home,

Where they wait, where they watch, and will welcome us still,

As they waited and watched in the house on the hill.

EUGENE J. HALL.

AGRICULTURE.

IN ancient times, the sacred plough employed
The kings, and awful fathers of mankind;

And some, with whom compared your insect tribes

Are but the beings of a summer's day,
Have held the scale of empire, ruled the storm

Of mighty war, then, with unwearied hand,
Disdaining little delicacies, seized

The plough, and greatly independent lived.

JAMES THOMSON.



THE HARVEST SHEAF.

WHERE'S a lonely sheaf on the harvest field

That weary hands have bound,
And left for many a day and night
Alone on the stony ground.
Some tired heart must have vainly looked
For a harvest of peace and love ;
To gather at last but the hopes that died
'Neath the clouds which gathered above.

All over the world there are harvest fields,
And in some the reapers are gay ;
In others the sowers with tear-blind eyes
Turn empty-handed away.
Oh ! Summer, why scatter thy sunbeams
bright

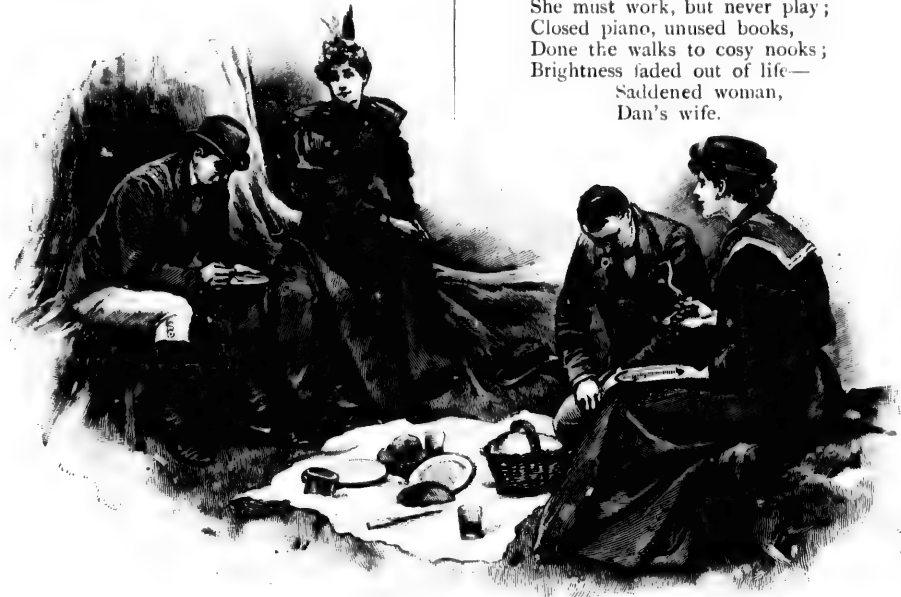
Only for *some* who sow,
While there are hearts where the grains of
joy
Are struggling thro' clouds to grow ?

But the lonely sheaf in the harvest field,
That some weary hand has bound,
Will stand thro' shadow, and cloud, and
rain,

Alone on the rugged ground,
Till the patient worker himself grows ripe
For the harvest of heaven above,
And is gathered home by the Father's
hand,
And saved by the Father's love.

DAN'S WIFE.

UP in early morning light,
 Sweeping, dusting, "setting aright,"
 Ciling all the household springs,
 Sewing buttons, tying strings,
 Telling Bridget what to do,
 Mending rips in Johnny's shoe,
 Running up and down the stair,
 Tying baby in her chair,
 Cutting meat, and spreading bread,
 Dishing out so much per head,
 Eating as she can, by chance,



Giving husband kindly glance,
 Toiling, working, busy life—
 "Smart woman,
 Dan's wife."

Dan comes home at fall of night,
 Home so cheerful, neat and bright,
 Children meet him at the door,
 Pull him in and look him o'er,
 Wife asks how the work has gone,
 "Busy times with us at home!"
 Supper done—Dan reads with ease;
 Happy Dan, but one to please.
 Children must be put to bed—
 All the little prayers are said,
 Little shoes are placed in rows,

Bedclothes tucked o'er little toes,
 Busy, noisy, wearing life—
 Tired woman,
 Dan's wife.

Dan reads on and falls asleep—
 See the woman softly creep;
 Baby rests at last, poor dear,
 Not a word her heart to cheer;
 Mending basket full to top,
 Stockings, shirt, and little frock;
 Tired eyes, and weary brain,
 Side with darting, ugly pain;
 "Never mind, 'twill pass away,"
 She must work, but never play;
 Closed piano, unused books,
 Done the walks to cosy nooks;
 Brightness faded out of life—
 Saddened woman,
 Dan's wife.

Upstairs, tossing to and fro.
 Fever holds the woman low;
 Children wander, free to play
 When and where they will to-day;
 Bridget loiters—dinner's cold,
 Dan looks anxious, cross, and old;
 Household screws are out of place,
 Lacking one dear, patient face;
 Steady hands, so weak, but true,
 Hands that knew just what to do,
 Never knowing rest or play,
 Folded now and laid away;
 Work of six in one short life—
 Shattered woman,
 Dan's wife.

KATE T. WOODS.

THE ROBIN.

THOUGH the snow is falling fast
 Specking o'er his coat with white—
 Though loud roars the chilly blast,
 And the evening's lost in night—

Yet from out the darkness dreary
 Cometh still that cheeriul
 note ;
 Praiseful aye, and never
 weary,
 Is that little warbling throat.

Thank him for his lesson's
 sake,
 Thank God's gentle minstrel
 there,
 Who, when storms make others
 quake,
 Sings of days that brighter
 were.

HARRISON WEIR.

A LAY OF OLD TIME.

ONE morning of the first
 sad fall,
 Poor Adam and his
 bride

Sat in the shade of Eden's
 wall—

But on the outer side.

She, blushing in her fig-leaf
 suit

For the chaste garb of old ;
 He, sighing o'er his bitter
 fruit

For Eden's drupes of gold.

Behind them, smiling in the
 morn,

Their forfeit garden lay,
 Before them, wild with rock
 and thorn,

The desert stretched away.

They heard the air above them
 fanned,

A light step on the sward.
 And lo ! they saw before them
 stand

The angel of the Lord !

"Arise," he said, "why look behind,
 When hope is all before,
 And patient hand and willirg mind,
 Your loss may yet restore ?

"I leave with you a spell whose power
 Can make the desert glad,

20

And call around you fruit and flower
 As fair as Eden had.

"I clothe your hands with power to lift
 The curse from off your soil ;



Your very doom shall seem a gift,
 Your loss a gain through toil.

"Go, cheerful as yon humming-bees,
 To labor as to play."

White glimmering over Eden's trees
 The angel passed away.

The pilgrims of the world went forth
Obedient to the word,
And found wher'er they tilled the earth
A garden of the Lord!

The thorn-tree cast its evil fruit
And blushed with plum and pear;
And seeded grass and trodden root
Grew sweet beneath their care.



We share our primal parents' fate,
And in our turn and day,
Look back on Eden's sworded gate
As sad and lost as they.

But still for us his native skies
The pitying Angel leaves,
And leads through toil to Paradise
New Adams and new Eves!

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

A LITTLE SONG.

SING a song of summer time
Coming by and by,
Four-and-twenty blackbirds
Sailing through the sky;
When the season opens
They'll all begin to sing,
And make the finest concert
Ever heard upon the wing.
Blackbirds, yellowbirds,
Robins and the wrens,
All coming home again
When the winter ends.

Sing a song of summer-time,
Coming very soon,
With the beauty of the May,
The glory of the June.

Now the busy farmer toils,
Intent on crops and money,
Now the velvet bees are out
Hunting after honey.
Well they know the flowery
nooks
Bathed in sunshine mellow,
Where the morning-glories are,
And roses pink and yellow.

OUR SKATER BELLE.

A LONG the frozen lake
she comes
In linking crescents,
light and fleet;
The ice-imprisoned Undine
hums
A welcome to her little feet.
I see the jaunty hat, the plume
Swerve bird-like in the joy-
ous gale—

The cheeks lit up to burning bloom,
The young eyes sparkling through the veil.
The quick breath parts her laughing lips,
The white neck shines through tossing curls;
Her vesture gently sways and dips,
As on she speeds in shell-like whorls.
Men stop and smile to see her go;
They gaze, they smile in pleased surprise:
They ask her name; they long to show
Some silent friendship in their eyes.
She glances not; she passes on;
Her steely footfall quicker rings;
She guesses not the benison
Which follows her on noiseless wings.
Smooth be her ways, secure her tread
Along the devious lines of life,
From grace to grace successive led—
A noble maiden, nobler wife!

THE HOMESTEAD.

FROM the old squire's dwelling, gloomy and grand,
stretching away on either hand,
lie fields of broad and fertile land.

Acres on acres everywhere,
The look of smiling plenty wear,
That tells of the master's thoughtful care.

Here blossoms the clover, white and red,
Here the heavy oats in a tangle spread,
And the millet lifts her golden head;

And, ripening, closely neighbored by
Fields of barley and pale white rye,
The yellow wheat grows strong and high.

There, miles away, like a faint blue line,
Whenever the day is clear and fine,
You can see the track of a river shine.

Near it a city hides unseen,
Shut close the verdant hills between.
As an acorn set in its cup of green.

And right beneath, at the foot of the hill,
The little creek flows swift and still,
That turns the wheel of Dovecote mill.

Nearer the grand old house one sees
Fair rows of thrifty apple-trees,
And tall straight pears o'ertopping these.



And near, untried through the summer days,
Lifting their spears in the sun's fierce blaze,
Stand the bearded ranks of the maize.

Straying over the side of the hill,
The sheep run to and fro at will,
Nibbling of short green grass their fill.

Sleek cows down the pasture take their ways,
Or lie in the shade through the sultry days,
Idle, and too full-fed to graze.

Ah! you might wander far and wide,
Nor find a spot in the country's side
So fair to see as our valley's pride!

How, just beyond, if it will not tire
Your feet to climb this green knoll higher,
We can see the pretty village spire;

And, mystic haunt of the whip-poor-wills,
The wood, that all the background fills,
Crowning the tops to the mill-creek hills.

And down at the foot of the garden, low,
On a rustic bench, a pretty show,
White bee-hives, standing in a row.

Here trimmed in sprigs, with blossoms, each
Of the little bees in easy reach,
Hang the boughs of the plum and peach.

At the garden's head are poplars tall,
And peacocks, making their harsh, loud call,
Sun themselves all day on the wall.

And here you will find on every hand
Walks and fountains and statues grand,
And trees from many a foreign land.

And flowers, that only the learned can name,
Here glow and burn like a gorgeous flame,
Putting the poor man's blooms to shame.

Far away from their native air
The Norway pines their green dress wear;
And larches swing their long, loose hair

Near the porch grows the broad catalpa tree,
And o'er it the grand wisteria
Born to the purple of royalty.

There looking the same for a weary while—
'Twas built in this heavy, gloomy style—
Stands the mansion, a grand old pile.

Always closed, as it is to-day,
And the proud squire, so the neighbors say,
Frowns each unwelcome guest away.

Who will make the delicious sketches,
Which I'll place in my Theodore's desk.

"Then how pleasant to study the habits
Of the creatures we meet as we roam;
And perhaps keep a couple of rabbits,
Or some fish and a bullfinch at home!
The larks, when the summer has brought 'em,
Will sing overtures quite like Mozart's,
And the blackberries, dear, in the autumn
Will make the most exquisite tarts.



Though some, who knew him long ago,
If you ask, will shake their heads of snow,
And tell you he was not always so,
Though grave and quiet at any time,
But that now, his head in manhood's prime
Is growing white as the winter's rime.

PHOEBE CARY.

A LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.

"O H! a life in the country how joyous—
How ineffably charming it is;
With no ill-mannered crowds to annoy us

Nor odious neighbors to quiz!"

So murmured the beautiful Harriet
To the fondly affectionate Brown,
As they rolled in the flame-colored chariot
From the nasty detestable town:

Singing, "Oh, a life in the country how joyous,
How ineffably charming it is!"

"I shall take a portfolio quite full
Of the sweetest conceivable glees:

And at times manufacture delightful

Little odes to the doves on the trees.

There'll be dear little stockingless wretches

In those hats that are so picturesque,

"The bells of the sheep will be ringing
All day amid sweet-scented showers,
As we sit by some rivulet singing
About May and her beautiful bowers.
We'll take intellectual rambles
In those halm-laden evenings of June,
And say it reminds one of Campbell's
(Or somebody's) lines to the moon."

But these charms began shortly to pall on
The taste of the gay Mrs. Brown;
She hadn't a body to call on,
Nor a soul that could make up a gown.
She was yearning to see her relations,
And besides had a troublesome cough;
And in fact she was losing all patience,
And exclaimed, "We must really be off.
Though a life in the country so joyous,
So ineffably charming it is.

"But this morning I noticed a beetle
Crawl along on the dining-room floor,
If we stay till the summer, the heat'll
Infallibly bring out some more.
Now few have a greater objection
To beetles than Harriet Brown:

And, my dear, I think, on reflection—
I should like to go back to the town."

C. S. CALVERTLEY.

A RURAL PICTURE.

EVEN now methinks
 Each little cottage of my native vale
 Swells out its earthen sides, upheaves its
 roof,
 Like to a hillock moved by laboring mole,
 And with green trail-weeds clambering up its
 walls,

Of 'nighted travelers, who shall gladly bend
 Their doubtful footsteps towards the cheering
 din.

Solemn, and grave, and cloistered, and demure
 We shall not be. Will this content ye, damsels?

Every season
 Shall have its suited pastime; even winter,
 In its deep noon, when mountains piled with snow



Roses and every gay and fragrant plant
 Before my fancy stands, a fairy bower,
 Ay, and within it, too, do fairies dwell,
 Peep through its wreathed window, if indeed
 The flowers grow not too close; and there within
 Thou'lt see some half-a-dozen rosy brats,
 Eating from wooden bowls their dainty milk.
 Those are my mountain elves. Seest thou not
 Their very forms distinctly?

I'll gather round my board
 All that Heaven sends to me of way-worn folks,
 And noble travelers, and neighboring friends,
 Both young and old. Within my ample hall,
 The worn-out man of arms shall o' tiptoe tread,
 Tossing his grey locks from his wrinkled brow
 With cheerful freedom, as he boasts his feats
 Of days gone by. Music we'll have: and oft
 The bickering dance upon our oaken floors
 Shall, thundering loud, strike on the distant ear

And choked-up valleys from our mansion bar
 All entrance, and nor guest nor traveler
 Sounds at our gate; the empty hall forsaken,
 In some warm chamber, by the crackling fire,
 We'll hold our little, snug, domestic court,
 Plying our work with song and tale between.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

PEACEFUL ENJOYMENT.

TAKE the case of a common English land-
 landscape;—green meadows with fat cattle;
 canals, or navigable rivers; well-fenced,
 well-cultivated fields; neat, clean, scattered cot-
 tages; humble antique church, with church-yard
 elms; and crossing hedge-rows, all seen under
 bright skies, and in good weather; there is much
 beauty, as every one will acknowledge, in such a
 scene.

But in what does the beauty consist? Not, certainly, in the mere mixture of colors and forms; for colors more pleasing, and lines more graceful (according to any theory of grace that may be preferred), might be spread upon a board, or a painter's pallet, without engaging the eye to a second glance, or raising the least emotion in the mind; but in the picture of human happiness that



is presented to our imaginations and affections—and in the visible and unequivocal signs of comfort, and cheerful and peaceful enjoyment—and of that secure and successful industry that insures its continuance—and of the piety by which it is exalted—and of the simplicity by which it is contrasted with the guilt and the fever of a city life—in the images of health and temperance and plenty which it exhibits to every eye, and in the glimpses which it affords to warmer imaginations of those primitive or fabulous times when man was uncorrupted by luxury and ambition; and of those humble retreats in which we still delight to imagine that love and philosophy may find an unpolluted asylum.

LORD JEFFREY.

A HARVEST HYMN

GREAT GOD! our heart-felt thanks to Thee,
We feel thy presence everywhere;
And pray, that we may ever be
Thy objects of thy guardian care.

We sowed!—by Thee our work was seen,
And blessed; and instantly went forth
Thy mandate; and in living green
Soon smiled the fair and fruitful earth.

We toiled!—and Thou didst note our toil;
And gav'st the sunshine and the rain,
Till ripened on the teeming soil
The fragrant grass, and golden grain.

And now, we reap!—and oh, our God!
From this, the earth's unbounded floor,
We send our song of thanks abroad,
And pray Thee, bless our hoarded store!

W. D. GALLAGHER.

MY LITTLE BROOK.

ALITTLE brook half hidden
under trees—
It gives me peace and rest the
whole day through,
Having this little brook to wander to,
So cool, so clear, with grassy banks
and these
Sweet miracles of violets 'neath the
trees.

There is a rock where I can sit and
see
The crystal ripples dancing down and
racing,
Like children round the stones each
other chasing,

Then for a moment pausing seriously
In a dark mimic pond that I can see.

The rock is rough and broken on its edge
With jutting corners, but there come away
The merry ripples with their tiny spray,
To press it ere they flow on by the sedge,
They never fail the old rock's broken edge.

I sit here by the stream in full content,
It is so constant, and I lay my hand
Down through its waters on the golden sand,
And watch the sunshine with its shallows blent
Watch it with ever-growing, sweet content.

And yet the waves they come I know not
whence,
And they flow on from me I know not whither.

Sometimes my fancy pines to follow thither;
But I can only see the forest dense—
Still the brook flows I know not where nor
whence.

Who knows from what far hills it threads its
way,
What mysteries of cliffs and pines and skies
Perhang the spot where its first fountains rise,
What shy wild deer may stoop to taste its spray,
Through what rare regions my brook threads
its way.

I only see the trees above, below,
Who knows through what fair lands the stream
may run,
What children play, what homes are built thereon,
Through what great cities broadening it may
go?—
I only see the trees above, below.

What do I care? I pause with full content,
My little brook beside the rock to see,
What it has been or what it yet may be,
Naught matters, I but know that it is sent
Flowing my way, and I am well content.

MARY B. BRANCH.

CONRAD IN THE CITY.

FROM "TWIN SOULS: A PSYCHIC ROMANCE."

BACK in the noisy, man-made town,
Walls high and blank, smoke-fouled
and brown.

A factory whose clattering wheels
With rattling speed are crazed and
hot,

Where life its best and worst reveals,
Where money *is* and man is *not*—
There was but little to impart
Content to Conrad's harassed heart.
He missed the ocean, missed the hills,
Woods, meadows, vales and romping rills.

A man within the city pent,
Whose mornings, noons and nights are spent
As if in prison serving time
To expiate some flagrant crime,
Is blind to nature's changing scene,
Earth, sky and clouds that intervene,
And all the rich and floral blooms
That dress the fields and breathe perfumes.

His landscape is the dusty street,
The back yard is his cool retreat,
His trees are poles with wires strung,
His birds are poultry, old and young,
His bower where twilight lovers hide
Is in an alley five feet wide,
His charming rest in shaded gullies
Is under awnings worked with pulleys.

His brook, whose waters leap and sputter,
Is found in every city gutter,
And all his wide and open heaven
Is in a room ten feet by seven.

There in the country prospects fair,
Here in the city smudgy air;
There, grand old hills that prop the sky,
Here, buildings thirteen stories high;
There, purling streams that sing and prattle,
Here, draymen's carts that jolt and rattle;
There nature's hues of green and gold,
Here, whitewash, stucco, paint and mould;
There, growing shrubs with blossoms bright,
Here, iron lamp-posts bolt upright;
There, waving tops of elm and oak,
Here, chimneys tops begrimed with smoke;
There, gurgling fountains on the lawn,
Here, draughts from rusty faucets drawn;
There, bird-songs heard on mossy banks,
Here, music played by organ cranks;
There, odors of the pink and rose,
Here, odors—different from those;
There, valleys, slopes and verdant plains,
Rare berries, vines and billowy grains;
Here, markets, shops and dirty stables,
Wheelbarrows, trolleys and car-cables!

Strange contrast now the seething town
To mountain glen with mossy down;
Yet where is marked the path of duty,
There all things wear the garb of beauty.
Where noble aims employ the hour,
Dull workshops turn to floral bowers,
Life's routine has its sanctities,
And labor's blows are symphonies.

Now to the anvil!—Conrad thought—
Life is a thing that must be wrought,
Must be hard hammered, must be moulded,
Its new and living shapes unfolded.
We cannot choose our fields, our sky,
Nor swerve the fate that shall deny
Our wish to find unvexed content,
And build our own environment.
I think, I guess—but do not know:
Child-like, I trust the winds that blow,
And if I'm blown to unknown strand,
It will be wiser than I planned:
The harbor waits, I know not where—
My home-bound bark will anchor there,
And gain, through harmless storms or calms,
The isles of spices and of palms.

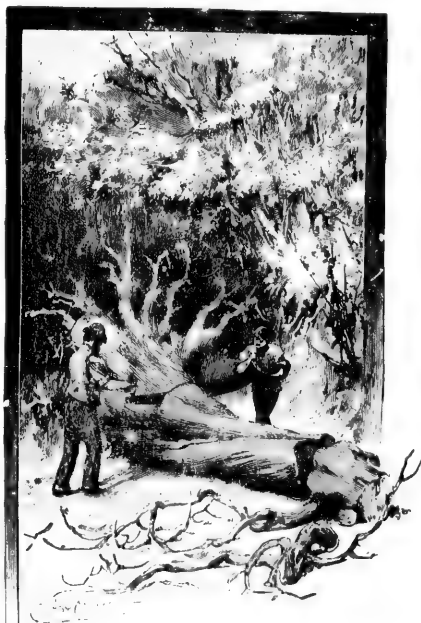
HENRY DAVENPORT.

THE REAPERS.

I SIGH for the time
When the reapers at morn
Come down from the hill
At the sound of the horn;
Or when dragging the rake,
I followed them out

While they tossed the light sheaves
 With their laughter about;
 Through the field, with boy-daring,
 Barefooted I ran;
 But the stubbles toreshadowed
 The path of the man.
 Now the uplands of life
 Lie all barren of sheaves—
 While my footsteps are loud
 In the withering leaves.

T. BUCHANAN READ.



THE DRUDGE.

POOOR drudge of the city!
 How happy he feels,
 With burrs on his legs
 And the grass at his heels;
 No *dodger* behind,
 His bandannas to share.
 No constable grumbling—
 "You cannot go there!"

O. W. HOLMES.

THE HAYMAKER'S ROUNDELAY.

DRIFTED snow no more is seen,
 Blust ring winter passes by;
 Merry spring comes clad in green,
 While woodlands pour their melody:
 I hear him! hark!
 The merry lark

Calls us to the new-mown hay,
 Piping to our roundelay.

When the golden sun appears,
 On the mountain's surly brow,
 When his jolly beams he rears,
 Darting joy, behold them now:
 Then, then, oh hark!
 The merry lark
 Calls us to the new-mown hay,
 Piping to our roundelay.

What are honors? What's a court?
 Calm content is worth them all;
 Our honor is to drive the cart,
 Our brightest court the harvest hall:
 But now—oh hark!
 The merry lark
 Calls us to the new-mown hay,
 Piping to our roundelay.

TRUE RICHES.

THANKS to my humble nature, while I've
 limbs,
 Tastes, senses, I'm determined to be rich;
 So long as that fine alchymist, the sun,
 Can transmute into gold whate'er I like
 On earth, in air, or water! while a banquet
 Is ever spread before me, in a hall
 Of heaven's own building, perfumed with the
 breath
 Of nature's self, and ringing to the sounds
 Of her own choristers.

J. N. BARKER.

THE COUNTRY MAID.

OH fairest of the rural maids!
 Thy birth was in the forest shades;
 Green boughs, and glimpses of the sky,
 Were all that met thy infant eye.

Thy sports, thy wanderings, when a child,
 Were ever in the sylvan wild;
 And all the beauty of the place
 Is in thy heart and on thy face.

The twilight of the trees and rocks
 Is in the light shade of thy locks;
 Thy step is as the wind that weaves
 Its playful way among the leaves.

Thine eyes are springs, in whose serene
 And silent waters heaven is seen;
 Their lashes are the herbs that look
 On their young figures in the brook

The forest depths by foot unpressed,
 Are not more sinless than thy breast;
 The holy peace, that fills the air
 Of those calm solitudes, is there.

W. C. BRYANT.



THE RURAL MAID.

SELLING THE FARM.

WELL, why don't you say it, husband? I know what you want to say;
 You want to talk about selling the farm,
 for the mortgage we cannot pay.
 I know that we cannot pay it; I have thought of
 it o'er and o'er;
 For the wheat has failed on the corner lot, where
 wheat never failed before.

And everything here's gone backward since Willie
 went off to sea

I thought that the merciful Father would soon show
 care for the lad,
 Because he was trying to better the past, and be-
 cause he was all we had.
 But now I am well-nigh hopeless, since the hope
 for my boy has fled,
 For selling the farm means giving him up, and
 knowing for sure he's dead.

O Thomas! how can we leave it, the home we
 have always known?



To pay the mortgage and save the farm, the home-
 stead, for you and me.
 I know it was best to give it; it was right that the
 debts be paid—
 The debts that our thoughtless Willie, in the hours
 of his weakness, made;

And Will would have paid it fairly, you know it as
 well as I,
 If the ship had not gone down that night, when
 no other ship was nigh.
 But, somehow, I didn't quit hoping, and ever I've
 tried to pray—
 (But I know if our Will was alive on earth, he'd
 surely been here to-day).

We won it away from the forest, and made it so
 much our own.
 First day we kept house together was the day that
 you brought me here;
 And no other place in the wide, wide world will
 ever be half so dear.

Of course you remember it, Thomas—I need not
 ask you, I know,
 For this is the month, and this is the day—it was
 twenty-six years ago.
 And don't you remember it, Thomas, the winter
 the barn was made,
 How we were so proud and happy, for all our
 debts were paid?

The crops were good that summer, and everything worked like a charm,
And we felt so rich and contented, to think we had paid for the farm.
And now to think we must leave it, when here I was hoping to die;
It seems as if it was breaking my heart, but the fount of my tears is dry.

There's a man up there in the village that's wanting to buy, you say;
Well, Thomas, he'll have to have it; but why does he come to day?
But there, it is wrong to grieve you, for you have enough to bear,
And in all of our petty trouble, you always have borne your share;
I am but a sorry helpmeet since I have so childish grown;
There, there, go on to the village; let me have it out alone.

Poor Thomas, he's growing feeble, he steps so weary and slow;
There is not much in his looks to-day like twenty-six years ago.
But I know that his heart is youthful as it was when we first were wed,
And his love is as strong as ever for me, and for Willie, our boy that's dead.
Oh, Willie, my baby Willie! I shall never see him more;
I never shall hear his footsteps as he comes through the open door.

"How are you, dear little mother?" were always the words he'd say;
It seems as if I would give the world to hear it again to-day.
I knew when my boy was coming, be it ever so early or late,
He was always a whistling "Home, Sweet Home," as he opened the garden gate.

And many and many a moment, since the night that the ship went down,
Have I started up at a whistle like his, out there on the road from town;
And in many a night of sorrow, in the silence, early and late,
Have I held my breath at a footstep that seemed to pause at the gate.

I hope that he cannot see us, wherever his soul may be;
It would grieve him to know the trouble that's come to father and me.
Out there is the tree he planted the day he was twelve years old;
The sunlight is glinting through it, and turning its leaves to gold;

And often, when I was lonely, and no one near at hand,
I have talked to it hours together, as if it could understand;
And sometimes I used to fancy, whenever I spoke of my boy,
It was waving its leaves together, like clapping its hands for joy.

It may be the man that will own it, that's coming to buy to-day,
Will be chopping it down, or digging it up, and burning it out of the way.
And there are the pansies yonder, and the roses he helped to tend;
Why, every bush on the dear old place is as dear as a tried old friend.

And now we must go and leave them—but there they come from town;
I haven't had time to smooth my hair, or even to change my gown.
I can see them both quite plainly, although it is getting late,
And the stranger's a whistling "Home, Sweet Home," as he comes up from the gate.
I'll go out into the kitchen now, for I don't want to look on his face:
What right has he to be whistling that, unless he has bought the place?

Why, can that be Thomas coming? He usually steps so slow;
There's something come into his footsteps like twenty-six years ago;
There's something that sounds like gladness, and the man that he used to be
Before our Willie went out from home to die on the stormy sea.

What, Thomas! Why are you smiling and holding my hands so tight?
And why don't you tell me quickly—must we go from the farm to-night?
What's that? "You bring me tidings, and tidings of wonderful joy?"
It cannot be very joyous, unless it is news of my boy.
O, Thomas! You cannot mean it! Here, let me look in your face;
Now, tell me again—it is Willie that's wanting to buy the place?"

BETH DAY.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

God made the country and man made the town;
What wonder then, that health and virtue, gifts
That can alone make sweet the bitter draught
That life holds out to all, should most abound
And least be threatened in the fields and groves?
WILLIAM COWPER.



THE harvest dawn is near,
The year delays not long;
And he who sows with many a tear
Shall reap with many a song.

Sad to his toil he goes,
His seed with weeping leaves;
But he shall come at twilight's close,
And bring his golden sheaves.

THE PUMPKIN.

OGREENLY and fair in the lands of the sun,
The vines of the gourds and the rich melon
run.

And the rock and the tree and the cottage enfold,
With broad leaves all greenness and blossoms all
gold,

Like that which o'er Nineveh's prophet once grew,
While he waited to know that his warning was true,
And longed for the storm-cloud, and listened in
vain

For the rush of the whirlwind and red-fire rain.

On the banks of the Xenil, the dark Spanish maiden
Comes up with the fruit of the tangled vine laden;
And the Creole of Cuba laughs out to behold
Through orange-leaves shining the broad spheres
of gold;

Yet with dearer delight from his home in the
North.

On the fields of his harvest the Yankee looks forth,
Where crook-necks are coiling and yellow fruit
shines.

And the sun of September melts down on his vines.

Ah! on Thanksgiving Day, when from East and
from West.

From North and from South come the pilgrim and
guest,

When the grey-haired New Englander sees round
his board

The old broken links of affection restored.

When the care-wearied man seeks his mother once
more,

And the worn matron smiles where the girl smiled
before,

What moistens the lip, and what brightens the eye?
What calls back the past, like the rich pumpkin pie?

O, fruit loved of boyhood! the old days recalling;
When wood-grapes were purpling and brown nuts
were falling!

When wild, ugly faces we carved in its skin,
Glaring out through the dark with a candle within!
When we laughed round the corn heap, with hearts
all in tune,

Our chair a broad pumpkin, our lantern the moon.
Telling tales of the fairy who traveled like steam;
In a pumpkin-shell coach, with two rats for her
team!

Then thanks for thy present!—none sweeter or
better

E'er smoked from an oven or circled a platter!
Fairer hands never wrought at a pastry more fine,
Brighter eyes never watched o'er its baking than
thine!

And the prayer, which my mouth is too full to express,
 Swells my heart that thy shadow may never be less,
 That the days of thy lot may be lengthened below,

And the fame of thy worth like a pumpkin-vine grow,
 And thy life be as sweet, and its last sunset sky
 Gold-tinted and fair as thine own pumpkin-pie!
 J. G. WHITTIER.

BLOSSOM-TIME.

THERE'S a wedding in the orchard, dear,
 I know it by the flowers;
 They're wreathed on every bough and branch,
 Or falling down in showers.

The air is in a mist, I think,
 And scarce knows which to be—
 Whether all fragrance, clinging close,
 Or bird-song, wild and free.

And though I saw no wedding-guest,
 Nor groom, nor gentle bride,
 I know that holy things were asked,
 And holy love replied.



And something through the sunlight said:
 "Let all who love be blest!
 The earth is wedded to the spring—
 And God, He knoweth best!"

MARY E. DODGE.

And countless wedding-jewels shine,
 And golden gifts of grace;
 I never saw such wealth of sun
 In any shady place.

It seemed I heard the flutt'ring robes
 Of maidens clad in white,
 The clasp of a thousand hands
 In tenderest delight:

While whispers rang among the boughs
 Of promises and praise;
 And playful, loving messages
 Sped through the leaf-lit ways.

And just beyond the wreathed aisles
 That end against the blue,
 The raiment of the wedding-choir
 And priest came shining through.

COUNTRY LIFE.

THE merchant tempts me with his gold,
 The gold he worships night and day;
 He bids me leave this dreary world,
 And come into the city gay.
 I will not go; I won't be sold;
 I scorn his pleasures and array;
 I'll rather bear the country's cold,
 Than from its freedom walk away.

What is to me the city's pride?
 The haunt of luxury and pleasure;
 Those fields and hills, this wild brookside,
 To me are better beyond measure.
 'Mid country scenes I'll still abide;
 With country life and country leisure,
 Content, whatever may betide,
 With common good instead of treasure.

THE OLD MILL.

BESIDE the stream the grist-mill stands
 With bending roof and leaning wall;
 So old, that when the winds are wild,
 The miller trembles lest it fall;
 And yet it baffles wind and rain,
 Our brave old mill, and will again.

Its dam is steep, and hung with weeds,
 The gates are up, the waters pour,
 And tread the old wheels slippery round,
 The lowest step forever o'er.
 Methinks they fume, and chafe with ire,
 Because they cannot climb it higher.

From morn to night in autumn time,
 When harvests fill the neighboring plains,
 Up to the mill the farmers drive,
 And back anon with loaded wains;
 And when the children come from school
 They stop and watch its foamy pool.

The mill inside is small and dark;
 But peeping in the open door
 You see the miller flitting round,
 The dusty bags along the floor,
 The whirling shaft, the clattering spout,
 And the yellow meal a-pouring out!

All day the meal is floating there,
 Rising and falling in the breeze;
 And when the sunlight strikes its mist
 It glitters like a swarm of bees;
 Or like the cloud of smoke and light
 Above a blacksmith's forge at night.

I love our pleasant, quaint old mill,
 It still recalls my boyish prime;
 'Tis changed since then, and so am I,
 We both have known the touch of time;
 The mill is crumbling in decay,
 And I—my hair is early gray.

I stand beside the stream of life,
 And watch the current sweep along;
 And when the flood-gates of my heart
 Are raised, it turns the wheel of song;
 But scant, as yet, the harvest brought
 From out the golden fields of thought.

R. H. STODDARD.

BACK TO THE FARM.

BACK to the farm these autumn days,
 A-swinging and a-swinging,
 A fellow's brooding fancy strays,
 A-swinging and a-swinging!
 The frost that makes the pumpkin sweet—
 You feel it in the city street;

The cobwebs hanging o'er the way
 Are spiders' poems to the day;
 The cricket's palpitating song
 Is but the echo of a gong
 The Liliputians might have beat
 In sounding some ill-starred retreat;
 The ripened cymblings, round and fair,
 Seem fairies' skulls a-bleaching there;
 And where the apples to the gaze
 Make pimples on the orchard's face,
 A haws hangs in the upper sea—
 A loosened skiff that lazily
 Is swinging and a-swinging.

Back to the old plantation days,
 A-swinging and a-swinging,
 O'er hazy hills and browning braes,
 A-swinging and a-swinging!
 The geese file through the pasture slow,
 Like mimic cotton drays that go
 Up city streets to where are furled
 In bales the comforts of a world!
 The old folks putter round the house—
 The father turning in the cows
 To graze where rye among the stalks
 Is green as Gul's enamored walks;
 And mother sings an old-time hymn
 In rooms where hang on walls the dim
 And pictured faces of the loved,
 Who've died or from the home nest roved,
 And dear old folks! there's one at least
 Who through the years has never ceased
 To long to be with you again,
 Where dear old days through autumn's reign
 Go swinging and a-swinging!

WILL T. HALE.

GREEN RIVER.

WHEN breezes are soft and skies are fair,
 I steal an hour from study and care,
 And hie me away to the woodland scene,
 Where wanders the stream with waters of green,
 As if the bright fringe of herbs on its brink
 Had given their stain to the wave they drink;
 And they, whose meadows it murmurs through,
 Have named the stream from its own fair hue.

Though forced to drudge for the dregs of men,
 And scrawl strange words with the barbarous pen,
 And mingle among the jostling crowd,
 Where the sons of strife are subtle and loud—
 I often come to this quiet place,
 To breathe the airs that ruffle thy face,
 And gaze upon thee in silent dream,
 For in thy lonely and lovely stream
 An image of that calm life appears
 That won my heart in my greener years.

W. C. BRYANT.

THE HAYMAKERS.

DOWN on the Merrimac River,
While the autumn grass is green,
Oh, there the jolly hay men
In their gundalows are seen ;
Floating down, as ebbs the current,
And the dawn leads on the day,
With their scythes and rakes all ready,
To gather in the hay.

The good wife, up the river,
Has made the oven hot,
And with plenty of pandowdy
Has filled her earthen pot.
Their long oars sweep them onward,
As the ripples round them play,
And the jolly hay men drift along
To make the meadow hay.



At the bank-side then they moor her,
Where the sluggish waters run,
By the shallow creek's low edges,
Beneath the fervid sun—
And all day long the toilers
Mow their swaths, and day by day,
You can see their scythe blades flashing
At the cutting of the hay.

When the meadow-birds are flying,
Then down go scythe and rake,
And right and left their scattering shots
The sleeping echoes wake—
For silent spreads the broad expanse,
To the sand-hills far away,
And thus they change their work for sport,
At making of the hay.

When the gundalows are loaded—
Gunwales to the water's brim—
With their little square-sails set atop,
Up the river how they swim !
At home, beside the fire, by night,
While the children round them play,
What tales the jolly hay-men tell
Of getting in the hay !

GEORGE LUNT.

THE SONG OF THE MOWERS.

WE are up and away, ere the sunrise hath
kissed
In the valley below us, that ocean of
mist,

Ere the tops of the hills have grown bright in its
ray,
With our scythes on our shoulders, we're up and
away.

The freshness and beauty of morning are ours,
The music of birds and the fragrance of flowers ;
And our trail is the first that is seen in the dew,
As our pathway through orchards and lanes we
pursue.

Hurrah ! here we are ! now together, as one,
Give your scythes to the sward, and press steadily
on ;

All together, as one, o'er the stubble we pass,
With a swing and a ring of the steel through the
grass.

Before us the clover stands thickly and tall,
At our left it is piled in a verdurous wall ;
And never breathed monarch more fragrant per-
fumes

Than the sunshine distills from its leaves and its
blooms.

Invisible censers around us are swung,
And anthems exultant from tree-tops are flung ;
And 'mid fragrance and music and beauty we share
The jubilant life of the earth and the air.

Let the priest and the lawyer grow pale in their
shades,

And the slender young clerk keep his skin like a
maid's ;

We care not, though dear Mother Nature may
bronze

Our cheeks with the kiss that she gives to her sons.

Then cheerly, boys, cheerly ! together, as one,
Give your scythes to the sward, and press steadily on ;
All together, as one, o'er the stubble we pass,
With a swing and a ring of the steel through the
grass.

W. H. BURLEIGH

THE COUNTRY LIFE.



N

OT what we would, but what we must,
 Makes up the sum of living;
 Heaven is both more and less than just
 In taking and in giving.
 Swords cleave to hands that sought the plough,
 And laurels miss the soldier's brow.
 Me, whom the city holds, whose feet
 Have worn its stony highways,
 Familiar with its loneliest street—
 Its ways were never my ways.
 My cradle was beside the sea,
 And there, I hope, my grave will be.
 Old homestead! In that old gray town,
 Thy vane is seaward blowing,
 The slip of garden stretches down
 To where the tide is flowing;
 Below they lie, their sails all furled,
 The ships that go about the world.
 Dearer that little country house,
 Inland, with pines beside it;

Some peach-trees, with unfruitful boughs,
 A well, with weeds to hide it;
 No flowers, or only such as rise
 Self-sown, poor things, which all despise.

Dear country home! Can I forget
 The least of thy sweet trifles?
 The window-vines that clamber yet,
 Whose bloom the bee still riles?
 The roadside blackberries, growing ripe,
 And in the woods the Indian Pipe?

Happy the man who tills his field,
 Content with rustic labor;
 Earth does to him her fulness yield,
 Hap what may to his neighbor,

Well days, sound nights, oh, can there be
 A life more rational and free?
 Dear country life of child and man!
 For both the best, the strongest,
 That with the earliest race began,
 And hast outlived the longest;
 Their cities perished long ago;
 Who the first farmers were we know.
 Perhaps our Babels, too, will fall;
 If so, no lamentations.
 For Mother Earth will shelter all,
 And feed the unborn nations;
 Yes, and the swords that menace now,
 Will then be beaten to the plough

R. H. STODDARD.

THE PLOUGH.

FAR back in the ages,
 The plough with wreaths was crowned;
 The hands of kings and sages
 Entwined the chaplet round;
 Till men of spoil disdained the toil
 By which the world was nourished,
 And dews of blood enriched the soil
 Where green their laurels flourished;
 Now the world her fault repairs—
 The guilt that stains her story;
 And weeps her crimes amid the cares
 That formed her earliest glory.

The proud throne shall crumble,
 The diadem shall wane,
 The tribes of earth shall humble
 The pride of those who reign;
 And war shall lay his pomp away;—
 The fame that heroes cherish,
 The glory earned in deadly fray
 Shall fade, decay, and perish.
 Honor waits, o'er all the earth,
 Through endless generations,
 The art that calls her harvests forth,
 And feeds the expectant nations.

W. C. BRYANT.

THE SACRED WOODS.

WHEN I am safe in my sylvan home,
 I mock at the pride of Greece and Rome!
 And when I am stretched beneath the
 pines
 When the evening star so holy shines,

I laugh at the lore and pride of man,
 At the Sophist's schools, and the learned clan;
 For what are they all in their high conceit,
 When man in the bush with God may meet?

R. W. EMERSON.

THE MOWERS.

WHERE mountains round a lonely dale
 Our cottage-roof enclose,
 Come night or morn, the hissing pail
 With yellow cream o'erflows ;
 And roused at break of day from sleep,
 And cheerly trudging hither—
 A scythe-sweep, and a scythe-sweep,
 We mow the grass together.

The fog drawn up the mountain-side
 And scattered flake by flake,
 The chasm of blue above grows wide,
 And richer blue the lake ;
 Gay sunlights o'er the hillocks creep,
 And join for golden weather—
 A scythe-sweep, and a scythe-sweep,
 We mow the dale together.

To-morrow's sky may laugh or weep,
 To Heaven we leave it, whether—
 A scythe-sweep, and a scythe-sweep,
 We've done our task together.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

THE CORNFIELD.

SOON as the morning trembles o'er the sky,
 And, unperceived, unfolds the spreading day,
 Before the ripened field the reapers stand,
 At once they stoop and swell the lusty sheaves.

While through their cheerful band the rural talk,
 The rural scandal, and the rural jest,
 Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time,
 And steal unfelt the sunny hours away.

JAMES THOMSON.



The good-wife stirs at five, we know,
 And master soon comes round,
 And many swaths must lie a-row
 Ere breakfast-horn shall sound ;
 The clover and the florin deep,
 The grass of silvery feather—
 A scythe-sweep and a scythe-sweep
 We mow the dale together.

The noon-tide brings its welcome rest
 Our toil-wet brows to dry ;
 Anew with merry stave and jest
 The shrieking hone we ply.
 White falls the brook from steep to steep
 Among the purple heather—
 A scythe-sweep, and a scythe-sweep,
 We mow the dale together.

For dial, see, our shadows turn ;
 Low lies the stately mead ;
 A scythe, an hour-glass, and an urn—
 All flesh is grass, we read.

21

MY HEAVEN.

RICH, though poor !
 My low-roofed cottage is this hour a heaven,
 Music is in it—and the song she sings,
 That sweet-voiced wife of mine, arrests the ear
 Of my young child awake upon her knee
 And with his calm eye on his master's face
 My noble hound lies couchant.

N. P. WILLIS.

CHILDREN AND FLOWERS.

THE birds begin to sing—they utter a few
 rapturous notes, and then wait for an answer
 in the silent woods. Those green-coated
 musicians, the frogs, make holiday in the
 neighboring marshes. They, too, belong to the
 orchestra of nature ; whose vast theatre is again
 opened, though the doors have been so long
 bolted with icicles, and the scenery hung with
 snow and frost, like cobwebs. This is the pre-

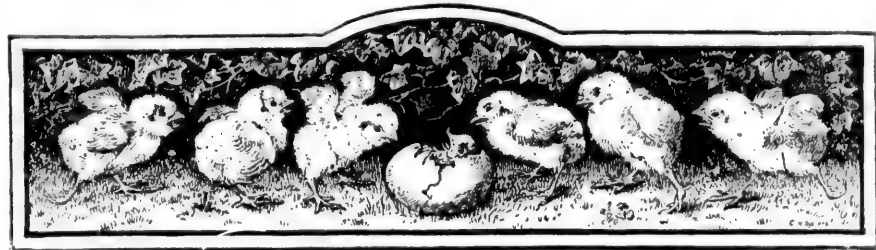
lude, which announces the rising of the broad green curtain. Already the grass shoots forth. The waters leap with thrilling pulse through the veins of the earth; the sap through the veins of the plants and trees; and the blood through the veins of man.

What a thrill of delight in springtime! What a joy in being and moving! Men are at work in gardens; and in the air there is an odor of the fresh earth. The leaf-buds begin to swell and blush. The white blossoms of the cherry hang upon the boughs like snow-flakes, and ere long our next-door neighbors will be completely hidden from us by the dense green foliage. The May flowers open their soft blue eyes. Children are let loose in the fields and gardens. They hold butter-cups under each other's chins, to see if they love butter. And the little girls adorn themselves

with chains and curls of dandelions; pull out the yellow leaves to see if the schoolboy loves them, and blow the down from the leafless stalk, to find out if their mothers want them at home.

And at night so cloudless and so still! Not a voice of living thing—not a whisper of leaf or waving bough—not a breath of wind—not a sound upon the earth nor in the air! And overhead bends the blue sky, dewy and soft, and radiant with innumerable stars, like the inverted bell of some blue flower, sprinkled with golden dust and breathing fragrance. Or if the heavens are overcast, it is no wild storm of wind and rain; but clouds that melt and fall in showers. One does not wish to sleep; but lies awake to hear the pleasant sound of the dropping rain.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.



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THE WORLD'S WORKERS:

OR

THE NOBILITY OF LABOR.

THE DREAMER.



NOT in the laughing bowers,
Where by green swinging elms a pleasant shade
At summer's noon is made,
And where swift-footed hours
Steal the rich breath of enamored flowers,
Dream I. Nor where the golden glories be,
At sunset, laving o'er the flowing sea;
And to pure eyes the faculty is given
To trace a smooth ascent from earth to heaven!

Not on a couch of ease,
With all the appliances of joy at hand—
Soft light, sweet fragrance, beauty at command;
Viands that might a godlike palate please,
And music's soul-creative ecstasies,
Dream I. Nor gloating o'er a wide estate,
Till the full, self-complacent heart elate,
Well satisfied with bliss of mortal birth,
Sighs for an immortality on earth!

But where the incessant din
Of iron hands, and roars of brazen throats,
Join their unmingled notes,
While the long summer day is pouring in,
Till day is gone, and darkness doth begin,
Dream I—as in the corner where I lie,
On wintry nights, just covered from the sky!—
Such is my fate—and, barren though it seem,
Yet, thou blind, soulless scorners, yet I dream!

And yet I dream—
Dream of a sleep where dreams no more shall
come,
My last, my first, my only welcome home!
Rest, unbeheld since life's beginning stage,
Sole remnant of my glorious heritage,
Unalienable, I shall find thee yet,
And in thy soft embrace the past forget.
Thus do I dream!

PRESS ON.

PRESS on! there's no such word as fail;
Press nobly on! the goal is near;
Ascend the mountain! breast the gale!
Look upward, onward—never fear!
Why shouldst thou faint? Heaven smiles above
Though storm and vapor intervene;
That sun shines on, whose name is love,
Serenely o'er life's shadowed scene.

Press on! surmount the rocky steeps,
Climb boldly o'er the torrents' arch;
He fails alone who feebly creeps;
He wins who dares the hero's march.
Be thou a hero! let thy might
Tramp on eternal snows its way,
And through the ebon walls of night,
Hew down a passage unto day.

Press on! if once, and twice thy feet
Slip back and stumble, harder try;
From him who never dreads to meet
Danger and death, they're sure to fly.
To coward ranks the bullet speeds;
While on *their* breasts who never quail,
Gleams, guardian of chivalric deeds,
Bright courage, like a coat of mail.

Press on! if fortune play thee false
To-day, to-morrow she'll be true;
Whom now she sinks, she now exalts,
Taking old gifts and granting new.
The wisdom of the present hour
Makes up for follies past and gone;
To weakness strength succeeds, and power
From frailty springs;—*Press on!* PRESS ON!

Press on! what though upon the ground
Thy love has been poured out like rain?
That happiness is always found
The sweetest that is born of pain.
Oft mid the forest's deepest glooms,
A bird sings from some blighted tree;
And in the dreariest desert blooms
A never-dying rose for thee.

Therefore, press on! and reach the goal,
And gain the prize, and wear the crown;
Faint not! for to the steadfast soul,
Come wealth and honor and renown.
To thine own self be true, and keep
Thy mind from sloth, thy heart from soil;
Press on! and thou shalt surely reap
A heavenly harvest for thy toil.

PARK BENJAMIN.

DO SOMETHING.

IF the world seems cold to you,
Kindle fires to warm it!
Let their comfort hide from you
Winters that deform it.

Hearts as frozen as your own
To that radiance gather;
You will soon forget to moan.
"Ah! the cheerless weather."

If the world's a vale of tears,
Smile till rainbows span it;
Breathe the love that life endears—
Clear from clouds to fan it.

Of our gladness lend a gleam
Unto souls that shiver;
Show them how dark sorrow's stream
Blends with hope's bright river!

HOW CYRUS LAID THE CABLE.

COME, listen to my song, it is no silly fable,
'Tis all about the mighty cord they call the
Atlantic Cable.

Bold Cyrus Field, said he, "I have a pretty notion
That I could run a telegraph across the Atlantic
Ocean."

And all the people laughed and said they'd like to
see him do it;
He might get "half seas over," but never would
go through it.

To carry out his foolish plan he never would be
able;
He might as well go hang himself with his Atlan-
tic Cable.

But Cyrus was a valiant man, a fellow of decision,
And heeded not their careless words, their laughter
and derision.

Twice did his bravest efforts fail, yet his mind was
stable;
He wasn't the man to break his heart because he
broke his cable.

"Once more, my gallant boys," said he, "three
times,"—you know the fable.
"I'll make it thirty," muttered he, "but what I'll
lay the cable."

Hurrah! hurrah! again hurrah! what means this
great commotion?

Hurrah! hurrah! The cable's laid across the At-
lantic Ocean.

Loud ring the bells, for flashing through ten
thousand leagues of water.

Old Mother England's benison salutes her eldest
daughter.

O'er all the land the tidings spread, and soon in
every nation,

They'll hear about the cable with profoundest ad-
miration.

Long live the gallant souls who helped our noble
Cyrus;

And may their courage, faith, and zeal, with emu-
lation fire us.

And may we honor, evermore, the manly, bold
and stable.

And tell our sons, to make them brave, how Cyrus
laid the Cable.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

ONE step and then another, and the longest
walk is ended;

One stitch and then another, and the
widest rent is mended;

One brick upon another, and the highest wall is
made;

One flake upon another, and the deepest snow is
laid.

Then do not frown nor murmur at the work you
have to do,

Or say that such a mighty task you never can get
through;

But just endeavor, day by day, another point to
gain,

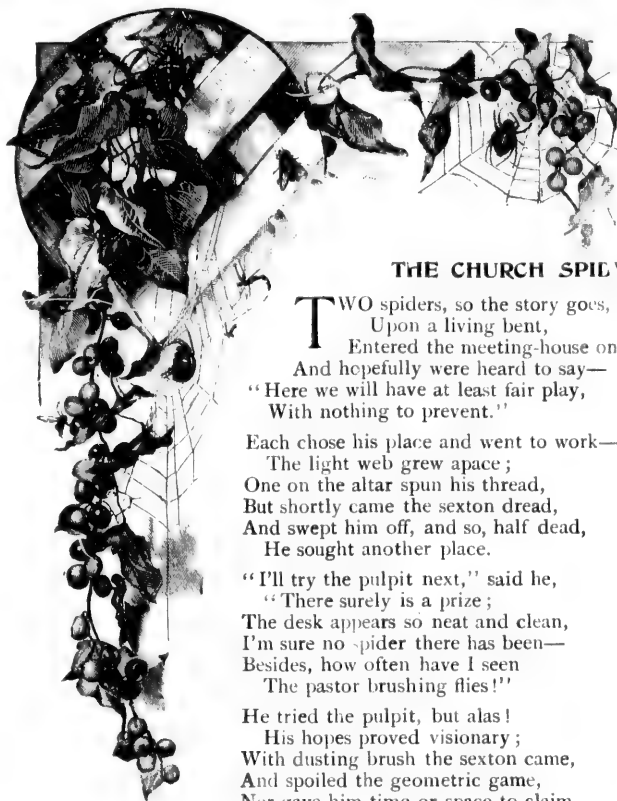
And soon the mountain that you feared will prove
to be a plain.

THE WAY TO WIN.

THERE'S always a river to cross,
Always an effort to make,
If there's anything good to win,
Any rich prize to take;
Yonder's the fruit we crave,
Yonder the charming scene;
But deep and wide, with a troubled tide,
Is the river that lies between.



HOME EMPLOYMENTS.



THE CHURCH SPIDER.

TWO spiders, so the story goes,
Upon a living bent,
Entered the meeting-house one day,
And hopefully were heard to say—
“Here we will have at least fair play,
With nothing to prevent.”

Each chose his place and went to work—
The light web grew apace;
One on the altar spun his thread,
But shortly came the sexton dread,
And swept him off, and so, half dead,
He sought another place.

“I’ll try the pulpit next,” said he,
“There surely is a prize;
The desk appears so neat and clean,
I’m sure no spider there has been—
Besides, how often have I seen
The pastor brushing flies!”

He tried the pulpit, but alas!
His hopes proved visionary;
With dusting brush the sexton came,
And spoiled the geometric game,
Nor gave him time or space to claim
The right of sanctuary.

At length, half starved, and weak and lean,
He sought his former neighbor,
Who now had grown so sleek and round,
He weighed a fraction of a pound,
And looked as if the art he’d found
Of living without labor.

“How is it, friend,” he asked, “that I
Endured such thumps and knocks,
While you have grown so very gross?”
“’Tis plain,” he answered—“not a loss
I’ve met, since first I spun across
The contribution box.”

GILES AND MARY.

FORTH comes the maid, and like the morn-
ing smiles;
The mistress, too, and followed close by
Giles.

A friendly tripod forms their humble seat,
With pails bright scoured and delicately sweet.
Where shadowing elms obstruct the morning ray
Begins the work, begins the simple lay;
The full-charged udder yields its willing stream
While Mary sings some lover’s amorous dream;
And crouching Giles beneath a neighboring tree
Tugs o’er his pail, and chants with equal glee;

Whose hat with battered brim, of nap so bare,
From the cow’s side purloins a coat of hair—
A mottled ensign of his harmless trade,
An unambitious, peaceable cockade.

As unambitious, too, that cheerful aid
The mistress yields beside her rosy maid;
With joy she views her plenteous reeking store,
And bears a brimmer to the dairy door.
Her cows dismissed, the luscious mead to roam,
Till eve again recalls them loaded home.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD

THE SHIP-BUILDERS.

THE sky is ruddy in the east,
The earth is gray below,
And spectral in the river-mist,
The ship's white timbers show.
Then let the sounds of measured stroke
And grating saw begin ;
The broad-axe to the gnarled oak,
The mallet to the pin !

Hark !—roars the bellows, blast on blast,
The sooty smithy jars,
And fire-sparks, rising far and fast,
Are fading with the stars.
All day for us the smith shall stand
Beside that flashing forge ;
All day for us his heavy hand
The groaning anvil scourge.

From far-off hills, the panting team
For us is toiling near ;
For us the raftsmen down the stream
Their island barges steer.
Rings out for us the axe-man's stroke
In forests old and still—
For us the century-circled oak
Falls crashing down his hill.

Up!—up!—in nobler toil than ours
No craftsmen bear a part ;
We make of nature's giant powers
The slaves of human art.
Lay rib to rib and beam to beam,
And drive the treenails free ;
Nor faithless joint nor yawning seam
Shall tempt the searching sea !

Where'er the keel of our good ship
The sea's rough field shall plough—
Where'er her tossing spars shall drip
With salt-spray caught below—
That ship must heed her master's beck,
Her helm obey his hand,
And seamen tread her reeling deck
As if they trod the land.

Her oaken ribs the vulture-beak
Of northern ice may peel ;
The sunken rock and coral peak
May grate along her keel ;
And know we well the painted shell
We give to wind and wave,
Must float, the sailor's citadel,
Or sink, the sailor's grave !

Ho!—strike away the bars and blocks,
And set the good ship free !
Why lingers on these dusty rocks
The young bride of the sea ?

Look ! how she moves adown the grooves,
In graceful beauty now !
How lowly on the breast she loves
Sinks down her virgin prow !

God bless her ! wheresoe'er the breeze
Her snowy wings shall fan,
Aside the frozen Hebrides,
Or sultry Hindostan !
Where'er, in mart or on the main,
With peaceful flag unfurled,
She helps to wind the silken chain
Of commerce round the world !

Speed on the ship !—But let her bear
No merchandise of sin,
No groaning cargo of despair
Her roomy hold within.
No Lethean drug for eastern lands,
Nor poison-draught for ours ;
But honest fruits of toiling hands
And nature's sun and showers.

Be hers the prairie's golden grain,
The desert's golden sand,
The clustered fruits of sunny Spain,
The spice of morning-land !
Her pathway on the open main
May blessings follow free,
And glad hearts welcome back again
Her white sails from the sea !

J. G. WHITTIER.

THE SHOEMAKERS.

HO! workers of the old time styled
The gentle craft of leather !
Young brothers of the ancient guild,
Stand forth once more together !
Call out again your long array,
In the olden merry manner !
Once more, on gay St. Crispin's day,
Fling out your blazoned banner.

Rap, rap ! upon the well-worn stone
How falls the polished hammer !
Rap, rap ! the measured sound has grown
A quick and merry clamor.
Now shape the sole ! now deftly curl
The glossy vamp around it,
And bless the while the bright-eyed girl
Whose gentle fingers bound it !

For you, along the Spanish main
A hundred keels are ploughing ;
For you, the Indian on the plain
His lasso-coil is throwing ;
For you, deep glens with hemlock dark
The woodman's fire is lighting ;
For you, upon the oak's gray bark,
The woodman's axe is smiting.

For you, from Carolina's pine
The rosin-gum is stealing;
For you, the dark-eyed Florentine
Her silken skein is reeling;
For you, the dizzy goat-herd roams
His rugged Alpine ledges;
For you, round all her shepherd homes,
Bloom England's thorny hedges.

The foremost still, by day or night,
On moated mound or heather,
Where'er the need of trampled right
Brought toiling men together;
Where the free burghers from the wall
Defied the mail-clad master.
Than yours, at freedom's trumpet-call,
No craftsmen rallied faster.

Let foplings sneer, let fools deride—
Ye heed no idle scorner;
Free hands and hearts are still your pride,
And duty done, your honor.
Ye dare to trust, for honest fame,
The jury time empanels,
And leave to truth each noble name
Which glorifies your annals.

Thy songs, Hans Sachs, are living yet,
In strong and hearty German;
And Bloomfield's lay, and Gifford's wit,
And patriot fame of Sherman;
Still from his book, a mystic seer,
The soul of Behmen teaches.
And England's priestcraft shakes to hear
Of Fox's leathern breeches.

The foot is yours; where'er it falls,
It treads your well-wrought leather,
On earthen floor, in marble halls,
On carpet or on heather.
Still there the sweetest charm is found
Of matron grace or vestal's.
As Hebe's foot bore nectar round
Among the old celestials!

Rap! rap! your stout and bluff brogan,
With footsteps slow and weary,
May wander where the sky's blue span
Shuts down upon the prairie.
On beauty's foot your slippers glance,
By Saratoga's fountains,
Or twinkle down the summer dance
Beneath the Crystal Mountains!

The red brick to the mason's hand,
The brown earth to the tiller's.
The shoe in yours shall wealth command,
Like fairy Cinderella's!
As they who shunned the household maid
Beheld the crown upon her,
So all shall see your toil repaid
With hearth and home and honor.

Then let the toast be freely quaffed,
In water cool and brimming—
"All honor to the good old craft,
Its merry men and women!"
Call out again your long array,
In the old time's pleasant manner;
Once more, on gay St. Crispin's day,
Fling out his blazoned banner!

J. G. WHITTIER

MORAL COSMETICS.

YE who would have your features florid,
Lithe limbs, bright eyes, unwrinkled
head,
From age's devastation horrid,
Adopt this plan—
"T will make, in climate cold or torrid,
A hale old man.

Avoid in youth luxurious diet.
Restrain the passions' lawless riot;
Devoted to domestic quiet,
Be wisely gay;
So shall ye, spite of age's fiat,
Resist decay.

Seek not in Mammon's worship pleasure,
But find your richest, dearest treasure
In God, his word, his work, not leisure:
The mind, not sense,
Is the sole scale by which to measure
Ye . . . opulence.

This is the solace, this the science,
Life's purest, sweetest, best appliance,
That disappoints not man's reliance,
Whate'er his state;
But challenges, with calm defiance,
Time, fortune, fate.

HORACE SMITH.

ADVICE.

TAKE the open air,
The more you take the better:
Follow nature's laws
To the very letter.
Let the doctors go
To the Bay of Biscay.
Let alone the gin,
The brandy, and the whiskey.
Freely exercise,
Keep your spirits cheerful;
Let no dread of sickness
Make you ever fearful.
Eat the simplest food,
Drink the pure, cold water
Then you will be well,
Or at least you oughter.

A WORK-SONG.

WHO murmurs that his heart is sick
 With toil from day to day,
 That brows are wrinkled ere their
 time
 And locks of youth are grey?
 'Twas not in such a craven mood
 Our fathers won the lands,
 But by the might of toiling brain,
 The stroke of resolute hands:

For true love's fruits are noble acts,
 And fruitless love must die;
 And if thy fervency be spurned,
 Go, set to work again—
 'Twill help to quench the burning woe,
 To ease the bitter pain;
 For hard work is strength, boy,
 Whatever the fiend may say,
 And after storm and cloud and rain
 Comes up the cheerier day.



WINNOWER RICE IN JAPAN.

For hard work is strength, boy;
 And, whether in house or field,
 Ho! for the men that mind and arm
 In righteous labor wield!

If trouble clings about thy path
 Ere yet thy days are old;
 If dear friends sink in death, and leave
 Thy world all void and cold;
 Wilt thou lie down in aimless woe
 And waste thy life away?
 Nay, grieving's but a sluggish game
 That coward spirits play;
 But hard work is strength, boy,
 And when the stout heart bleeds,
 There's ne'er a balm that heals it
 Like the doing of great deeds.

Ah!—lovest thou a bonnie lass?
 Then scorn to dream and sigh,

And is a true, true wife thine own?
 Let never a murmur rise
 To draw one doubt across her brow,
 One tear into her eyes;
 And if thy children round her knees
 Look up and cry for bread,
 O kiss their fears away, and turn
 And work with heart and head;
 For hard work is strength, boy,
 And with the setting sun
 Come dearer peace and sweeter rest
 The more of it that's done.

And if thou have no child, nor wife,
 Nor bosom friend, what then?
 Toil on with might through day, through
 night,
 To help thy fellow-men;
 And though thou earn but little thanks,
 Forbear to fret and pine;

There's One that drank of deadlier woes,
And holds thee dear for thine;
And hard work is strength, boy,
And love is the end of life.
Music that fires the blood of the brave
In the midst of battle and strife

And when thy power is ebb'd and gone,
Lay down thy head to rest,
And the great God will stretch his hands,
And draw thee to his breast—
Nay, talk no more of sickening heart,
Gray hairs or wrinkled brow;
Up, up, and gird thy loins for toil;
There's good to do enow;
And hard work is strength, boy,
And life's a rapture still,
That loses no whit of its joyousness
To the men of unwavering will.

GEORGE F. ARMSTRONG.

THE HAPPY HEART.



ART thou poor, yet hast thou
golden slumbers?
O sweet content!
Art thou rich, yet is thy mind
perplexed?
O punishment!

Dost thou laugh to see how
fools are vexed

To add to golden numbers, golden
numbers?

O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet
content!

Work apace, apace, apace, apace,
Honest labor bears a lovely face;

Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny!

Canst drink the waters of the crisped spring?

O sweet content!

Swimm'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own
tears?

O punishment!

Then he that patiently want's burden bears
No burden bears, but is a king, a king!

O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!

Work apace, apace, apace, apace;

Honest labor bears a lovely face;

Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny!

T. DECKER.

LABOR ON.

IN the name of God advancing,
Sow thy seed at morning light;
Cherish the furrow turning,
And reap in all thy might.

Look not to the far-off future,
Do the work which nearest lies;
Sow thou first before thou reapest,
Rest at last is labor's prize.

PLUCK AND PRAYER.

THERE wa'n't any use o' 'rettin',
And I told Obadiah so,
For ef we couldn't hold on to things
We'd jest got to let 'em go.
There were lots of folks that'd suffer
Along with the rest of us,
An' it didn't seem to be wuth our while
To make sich a drefle fuss.

With the point of a cambric needle
I druv the wolf from the door,
For I knew that we needn't starve to death,
Or be lazy because we were poor.
An' Obadiah he wondered,
An' kept me patchin' his knees,
An' thought it strange how the meal held
An' strange we didn't freeze.

But I said to myself in a whisper,
"God knows where His gift descends;
An' 'tisn't allus that faith gits down
As fur as the finger-ends."
An' I wouldn't have no one reckon
My Obadiah a shirk;
For some, you know, have the gift to pray,
An' others the gift to work.

MAGNIFICENT POVERTY.

POVERTY in youth, when it succeeds, is so
far magnificent that it turns the whole will
towards effort, and the soul towards
aspiration. Poverty strips the material life en-
tirely bare, and makes it hideous; thence arise
inexpressible yearnings toward the ideal life. The
rich young man has a hundred brilliant and coarse
amusements, racing, hunting, dogs, cigars, gaming,
feasting, and the rest; busying the lower portion
of the soul at the expense of its higher and deli-
cate portions.

The poor young man must work for his bread,
he eats; when he has eaten, he has nothing more
but revery. He goes free to the play which God
gives; he beholds the sky, space, the stars, the
flowers, the children, the humanity in which he
suffers, the creation in which he shines. He looks
at humanity so much that he sees the soul, he
looks at creation so much that he sees God. He
dreams, he feels that he is great; he dreams again,
and he feels that he is tender. From the egotism
of the suffering man, he passes to the compassion
of the contemplating man. A wonderful feeling
springs up within him, forgetfulness of self, and
pity for all.

In thinking of the numberless enjoyments which
nature offers, gives and gives lavishly to open souls,
and refuses to closed souls, he, a millionaire of
intelligence, comes to grieve for the millionaires
of money. All hatred goes out of his heart in
proportion as all light enters his mind. And then

Is he unhappy? No. The misery of a young man is never miserable. The first lad you meet, poor as he may be, with his health, his strength, his quick step, his shining eyes, his blood which circulates warmly, his black locks, his fresh cheeks, his rosy lips, his white teeth, his pure breath, will always be envied by an old emperor.

And then every morning he sets about earning his bread; and while his hands are earning his living, his backbone is gaining firmness; his brain is gaining ideas. When his work is done, he returns in ineffable ecstasies to contemplation, to joy; he sees his feet in difficulties, in obstacles, on the pavement, in thorns, sometimes in mire; his head is in the light. He is firm, serene, gentle, peaceful, attentive, serious, content with little, benevolent; and he blesses God for having given him these two estates which many of the rich are without: labor which makes him free, and thought which makes him noble.

VICTOR HUGO.

YOU AND I.

WHO would scorn his humble fellow
For the coat he wears?
For the poverty he suffers?
For his daily cares?
Who would pass him in the footway
With averted eye?
Would you, brother? No, you would not.
If you would—not I.

Who, when vice or crime, repentant,
With a grief sincere
Asked for pardon, would refuse it—
More than Heaven severe?
Who, to erring woman's sorrow,
Would with taunts reply?
Would you brother? No, you would not.
If you would—not I.

Who would say that all who differ
From his sect must be
Wicked sinners, heaven-rejected,
Sunk in error's sea,
And consign them to perdition
With a holy sigh?
Would you, brother? No, you would not.
If you would—not I.

Who would say that six days' cheating
In the shop or mart,
Might be rubbed by Sunday praying
From the tainted heart,
If the Sunday face were solemn
And the credit high?
Would you, brother? No, you would not.
If you would—not I.

Who would say that vice is virtue
In a hall of state?

Or that rogues are not dishonest,
If they dine off plate?
Who would say success and merit
Ne'er part company?
Would you, brother? No, you would not.
If you would—not I.

Who would give a cause his efforts
When the cause was strong,
But desert it on its failure,
Whether right or wrong?
Ever siding with the upmost,
Letting downmost lie?
Would you, brother? No, you would not.
If you would—not I.

Who would lend his arm to strengthen
Warfare with the right?
Who would give his pen to blacken
Freedom's page of light?
Who would lend his tongue to utter
Praise of tyranny?
Would you, brother? No, you would not.
If you would—not I.

CHARLES MACKAY.

DON'T STAND IN THE WAY.

“THE world is too crowded,”
The grumbler declares,
“I don't like its labor,
I don't like its cares.”
If you care not to work, sir,
And much rather play,
Why, do as you please,
But don't stand in the way.
The sowers are coming
To put in the seed,
This arable is scarcely
Enough for our need;
You can lend us a hand
For an hour, or a day,
Or stand like a post,
But don't stand in the way.
Life's summer and autumn
Glide on apace,
And then the glad reapers
Will fall into place.
But if you have not labored
You can't expect pay;
And the harvest is theirs!
So don't stand in their way.
Keep moving, keep moving,
There's good work for all,
Put a hand to the plough
Or go back to the wall.
The young men are coming,
And old men grown gray,
The world needs them all:
Friend, don't stand in the way.

THE HUSBANDMAN.

EARTH, of man the bounteous mother,
Feeds him still with corn and wine;
He who best would aid a brother
Shares with him these gifts divine.

Many a power within her bosom,
Noiseless hidden, works beneath;

Work with these, as bids thy reason,
For they work thy toil to aid.

Sow thy seed and reap in gladness!
Man himself is all a seed;
Hope and hardship, joy and sadness—
Slow the plant to ripeness lead.

JOHN STERLING.



Hence are seed and leaf and blossom,
Golden ear, and clustered wreath.

These to swell with strength and beauty
Is the royal task of man;
Man's a king; his throne is duty,
Since his work on earth began.

Bud and harvest, bloom and vintage—
These, like man, are fruits of earth;
Stamped in clay, a heavenly mintage,
All from dust receive their birth.

What the dream but vain rebelling,
If from earth we sought to flee?
'Tis our stored and ample dwelling;
'Tis from it the skies we see.

Wind and frost, and hour and season,
Land and water, sun and shade—

EARNING CAPITAL.

YOUNG men amongst us generally have to earn their capital if they ever have any. It is not governed by the amount of wages, but by the difference between earnings and expenditures. The principle of saving has first to be established, and its beginning often tests the mettle of a young man more than temptations to idleness. He should have learned that money is only safely and surely gotten by work at least, by toil often, by drudgery frequently, and that his life will turn for worth or worthlessness as he regards the days of small things.

Our country is accumulating capital fast, and the good, competent boys of correct habits, who have learned the value of a dollar by saving a penny, will get the use of what they need. Too many, however, despise work, shirk from it,

and in no emergency would be the drudge when these are the crucibles that try the gold in a fellow. Ownership of land in future does not promise enhanced values at such rapid rates as in the past, while good farming promises abundantly. With the young person everything turns on the habits of industry. I am not considering anything but this one distinction, for no matter how pleasant, temperate or honest a boy may be, if he shuns labor he is not worth the powder to blow him up. The struggle for the front will be greater; the fortune will favor the frugal.

But he who accomplishes most will learn soonest to save a dollar, if he has to sweat for it; and he who fails will keep the sidewalk. Wealth in the

For soon she found an early grave,
Nor stayed her partner long alone.
They left their orphan here below,
A stranger wild beneath the sun,
This lesson sad to learn from woe—
The poor man's labor's never done.

No parent's hand, with pious care,
My childhood's devious steps to guide;
Or bid my venturesome youth beware
The griefs that smote on every side.
'Twas still a round of changing woe,
Woe never ending, still begun,
That taught my bleeding heart to know
The poor man's labor's never done.



future will come from scientific knowledge of some industrial pursuit begun in early life, and pursued with all the energy of careful men. The biography, faithfully pictured, of our unfortunates who fail would be quite salutary and suggestive, and why a man went to the poor-house would be quite valuable family reading as how another man went to the Senate.

JAMES WILSON.

THE POOR MAN'S LABOR.

MY mother sighed, the stream of pain
Flowed fast and chilly o'er her brow;
My father prayed, nor prayed in vain;
Sweet Mercy cast a glance below,
"My husband dear," the sufferer cried,
"My pains are o'er, behold your son!"
"Thank Heaven, sweet partner," he replied;
"The poor boy's labor's then begun."

Alas! the hapless life she gave
By fate was doomed to cost her own;

Soon dies the faltering voice of fame;
The vow of love's too warm to last;
And friendship, what a faithless dream!
And, wealth, how soon thy glare is past!
But sure one hope remains to save—
The longest course must soon be run,
And in the shelter of the grave
The poor man's labor must be done.

JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.

WORKING AND DREAMING.

ALL the while my needle traces
Stitches in a prosy seam,
Flit before me little faces,
And for them the while I dream.
Building castle light and airy
For my merry little Kate,
Wondering if the wayward fairy
Will unlock the golden gate
Scaling fame's proud height for Willie,
Just as all fond mothers do.

And for her, my thoughtful Lily,
Twining laurel leaflets, too.
In the far-off future roving
Where the skies are bright and fair;
Hearing voices charmed and loving,
Calling all my darlings there.
Through the distant years I'm tracing
Dewy pathways bright with flowers,

And along their borders placing
Here and there these pets of ours.

And the while my fancy lingers
In that hope-born summer clime,
Pretty garments prove my fingers
Have been busy all the time.

MRS. A. L. LAWRIE.

TO THE HARVEST MOON.



PLEASE 't is, O modest moon!
Now the night is at her noon,
'Neath thy sway to musing lie,
While around the zephyrs sigh,
Fanning soft the sun-tanned wheat,
Ripened by the summer's heat;
Picturing all the rustic's joy
When boundless plenty greets his eye,
And thinking soon,
O modest moon!
How many a female eye will roam
Along the road,
To see the load,
The last dear load of harvest home.
'Neath yon lowly roof he lies,
The husbandman, with sleep-sealed eyes;
He dreams of crowded barns, and round
The yard he hears the flail resound;
O, may no hurricane destroy
His visionary views of joy!
God of the winds! O, hear his humble prayer,
And while the moon of harvest shines, thy bluster-
ing whirlwind spare!

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

THE SACREDNESS OF WORK.

THERE is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in work. Were he ever so benighted, or forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works; in idleness alone there is perpetual despair. Consider how, even in the meanest sorts of labor, the whole soul of a man is composed into real harmony. He bends himself with true valor against his task; and doubt, desire, sorrow, remorse, indignation, despair itself, shrink murmuring far off in their caves. The glow of labor in him is a purifying fire, wherein all poison is burned up; and of smoke itself there is made a bright and blessed flame.

Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness; he has a life purpose.

Labor is life. From the heart of the worker rises the celestial force, breathed into him by Almighty God, awakening him to all nobleness, to all knowledge. Hast thou valued patience, courage, openness to light, or readiness to own thy mistakes? In wrestling with the dim brute powers of fact thou wilt continually learn. For every noble work the possibilities are diffused through immensity, undiscoverable, except to faith.

Man, son of heaven! is there not in thine inmost heart a spirit of active method, giving thee no rest till thou unfold it? Complain not. Look up. See thy fellow-workmen surviving through eternity, the sacred band of immortals. Strive to be one of that immortal company.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

THE UNFINISHED STOCKING.

LAY it aside—her work: no more she sits
By open window in the western sun,
Thinking of this and that beloved one
In silence as she knits.

LAY it aside; the needles in their place;
No more she welcomes at the cottage door
The coming of her children home once more
With sweet and tearful faces.

Lay it aside; her work is done and well;
 A generous, sympathetic, Christian life—
 A faithful mother and a noble wife—
 Her influence who can tell?

Lay it aside—say not her work is done;
 No deed of love or goodness ever dies,
 But in the lives of others multiplies;
 Say it is just begun.

SARAH K. BOLTON.

THE GOOD OLD PLOUGH.

AS SUNG BY THE HUTCHINSONS.

LET them sing who may of the battle fray,
 And the deeds that have long since past;
 Let them chant in praise of the tar whose
 days,

Are spent on the ocean vast.
 I would render to these all the worship you please,
 I would honor them even now;
 But I'd give far more for my heart's full store
 To the cause of the good old plough.

Let them laud the notes that in music float
 Through the bright and glittering hall;
 While the amorous twirl of the hair's bright curl
 Round the shoulder of beauty fall.
 But dearer to me is the song from the tree,
 And the rich and blossoming bough;
 O, these are the sweets which the rustic greets
 As he follows the good old plough!

Full many there be that daily we see,
 With a selfish and hollow pride,
 Who the ploughman's lot, in his humble cot.
 With a scornful look deride;
 But I'd rather take, aye, a hearty shake
 From his hand than to wealth I'd bow;
 For the honest grasp of his hand's rough clasp,
 Has stood by the good old plough.

All honor be, then, to these gray old men,
 When at last they are bowed with toil!
 Their warfare then o'er, they battle no more,
 For they have conquered the stubborn soil.
 And the chaplet each wears is his silver hairs;
 And ne'er shall the victor's brow
 With a laurel crown to the grave go down
 Like the sons of the good old plough.

THE FISHERMEN.

HURRAH! the seaward breezes
 Sweep down the bay amain;
 Heave up, my lads, the anchor!
 Run up the sail again!
 Leave to the lubber landmen
 The rail-car and the steed;
 The stars of heaven shall guide us,
 The breath of heaven shall speed.
 From the hill-top looks the steeple,
 And the light-house from the sand;

And the scattered pines are waving
 Their farewell from the land.
 One glance, my lads, behind us,
 For the homes we leave one sigh,
 Ere we take the change and chances
 Of the ocean and the sky.

Now, brothers, for the icebergs
 Of frozen Labrador,
 Floating spectral in the moonshine,
 Along the low, black shore!
 Where like snow the gannet's feathers
 On Brador's rocks are shed,
 And the noisy murr are flying,
 Like black scuds, overhead;

Where in mist the rock is hiding,
 And the sharp reef lurks below,
 And the white squall smites in summer,
 And the autumn tempests blow;
 Where, through gray and rolling vapor,
 From evening unto morn,
 A thousand boats are hailing,
 Horn answering unto horn.

Hurrah! for the Red Island,
 With the white cross on its crown!
 Hurrah! for Meccatina,
 And its mountains bare and brown!
 Where the Caribou's tall antlers
 O'er the dwarf-wood freely toss,
 And the footstep of the Mickmack
 Has no sound upon the moss.

There we'll drop our lines, and gather
 Old ocean's treasures in,
 Where'er the mottled mackerel
 Turns up a steel-dark fin.
 The sea's our field of harvest,
 Its scaly tribes our grain;
 We'll reap the teeming waters
 As at home they reap the plain!

Our wet hands spread the carpet,
 And light the hearth of home;
 From our fish, as in the old time,
 The silver coin shall come.
 As the demon fled the chamber
 Where the fish of Tobit lay,
 So ours from all our dwellings
 Shall frighten want away.

Though the mist upon our jackets
 In the bitter air congeals,
 And our lines wind stiff and slowly
 From off the frozen reels;
 Though the fog be dark around us,
 And the storm blow high and loud,
 We will whistle down the wild wind,
 And laugh beneath the cloud!

In the darkness as in daylight,
On the water as on land,
God's eye is looking on us,
And beneath us is his hand !
Death will find us soon or later,
On the deck or in the cot ;
And we cannot meet him better
Than in working out our lot.

Hurrah !—hurrah !—the west wind
Comes freshening down the bay,
The rising sails are filling—
Give way, my lads, give way !
Leave the coward landsman clinging
To the dull earth, like a weed—
The stars of heaven shall guide us,
The breath of heaven shall speed !
J. G. WHITTIER.

THE CORN SONG.

HEAP high the farmer's wintry hoard !
Heap high the golden corn !
No richer gift has autumn poured
From out her lavish horn !

Let other lands, exulting, glean
The apple from the pine,
The orange from its glossy green,
The cluster from the vine ;

We better love the hardy gift
Our rugged vales bestow,
To cheer us when the storm shall drift
Our harvest-fields with snow.

Through vales of grass and meads of flowers,
Our ploughs their furrows made,
While on the hills the sun and showers
Of changeful April played.

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain,
Beneath the sun of May,
And frightened from our sprouting grain
The robber crows away.

All through the long bright days of June,
Its leaves grew green and fair,
And waved in hot midsummer's noon
Its soft and yellow hair.

And now, with autumn's moonlit eves,
Its harvest time has come,
We pluck away the frosted leaves,
And bear the treasure home.

There, richer than the fabled gift
Apollo showered of old,
Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,
And knead its meal of gold.

Let vapid idlers loll in silk,
Around their costly board ;

Give us the bowl of samp and milk,
By homespun beauty poured !

Where'er the wide old kitchen hearth
Sends up its smoky curls,
Who will not thank the kindly earth,
And bless our farmer girls ?

Then shame on all the proud and vain,
Whose folly laughs to scorn
The blessing of our hardy grain,
Our wealth of golden corn !

Let earth withhold her goodly root,
Let mildew blight the rye,
Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,
The wheat-field to the fly.

But let the good old crop adorn
The hills our fathers trod ;
Still let us, for his golden corn,
Send up our thanks to God !

J. G. WHITTIER.

THE HUSKERS.

IT was late in mild October, and the long autumnal rain

Had left the summer harvest-fields all green
with grass again ;
The first sharp frosts had fallen, leaving all the
woodlands gay
With the hues of summer's rainbow, or the
meadow-flowers of May.

Through a thin, dry mist, that morning, the sun
rose broad and red,
At first a rayless disc of fire, he brightened as he
sped ;
Yet, even his noontide glory fell chastened and
subdued,
On the corn-fields and the orchards, and softly
pictured wood.

And all that quiet afternoon, slow sloping to the
night,
He wove with golden shuttle the haze with yellow
light ;
Slanting through the painted beeches, he glorified
the hill ;
And, beneath it, pond and meadow lay brighter,
greener still.

And shouting boys in woodland haunts caught
glimpses of that sky,
Flecked by the many-tinted leaves, and laughed.
they knew not why ;
And school-girls, gay with aster-flowers, beside the
meadow brooks,
Mingled the glow of autumn with the sunshine of
sweet looks.

From spire and barn, looked westerly the patient
weather-cocks;

And even the birches on the hill stood motionless
as rocks.

No sound was in the woodlands, save the squirrel's
dropping shell,

And the yellow leaves among the boughs, low
rustling as they fell.

The summer grains were harvested; the stubble-
fields lay dry,

Where June winds rolled, in light and shade, the
pale-green waves of rye;

But still, on gentle hill-slopes, in valleys fringed
with wood,

Engathered, bleaching in the sun, the heavy corn
crop stood.

But low, by autumn's wind and rain, through
husks that, dry and sere,

Unfolded from their ripened charge, shone out the
yellow ear;

Beneath, the turnip lay concealed, in many a ver-
dant fold,

And glistened in the slanting light the pumpkin's
sphere of gold.

There wrought the busy harvesters; and many a
creaking wain

Bore slowly to the long barn-floor its load of husk
and grain;

Till broad and red, as when he rose, the sun sank
down at last,

And like a merry guest's farewell, the day in
brightness passed.

And lo! as through the western pines, on meadow,
stream and pond,

Flamed the red radiance of a sky, set all afire
beyond,

Slowly o'er the Eastern sea-bluffs a milder glory
shone,

And the sunset and the moonrise were mingled
into one.

As thus into the quiet night the twilight lapsed
away,

And deeper in the brightening moon the tranquil
shadows lay;

From many a brown old farm-house, and hamlet
without name,

Their milking and their home-tasks done, the
merry huskers came.

Swung o'er the heaped-up harvest, from pitchforks
in the mow,

Shone dimly down the lanterns on the pleasant
scene below;

The growing pile of husks behind, the golden ears
before,

And laughing eyes and busy hands and brown
cheeks glimmering o'er.

Half hidden in a quiet nook, serene of look and
heart.

Talking their old times over, the old men sat
apart;

While, up and down the unhusked pile, or nest-
ling in its shade,

At hide-and-seek, with laugh and shout, the happy
children played.



Urged by the good host's daughter, a maiden
young and fair,

Lifting to light her sweet blue eyes and pride of
soft brown hair,

The master of the village school, sleek of hair and
smooth of tongue,

To the quaint tune of some old psalm, a husking-
ballad sung.

J. G. WHITTIER.

THE LUMBERMEN.

WILDLY round our woodland quarters,
Sad-voiced autumn grieves;

Thickly down these swelling waters

Float his fallen leaves.

Through the tall and naked timber,

Column-like and old,

Gleam the sunsets of November.

From their skies of gold.

O'er us, to the southland heading,

Screams the gray wild goose;

On the night-frost sounds the treading

Of the brindled moose.

Noiseless creeping, while we're sleeping,

Frost his task-work plies;

Soon, his icy bridges heaping,

Shall our log-piles rise.



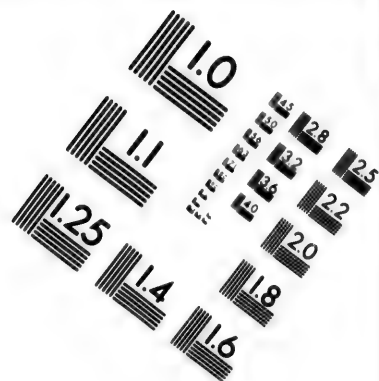
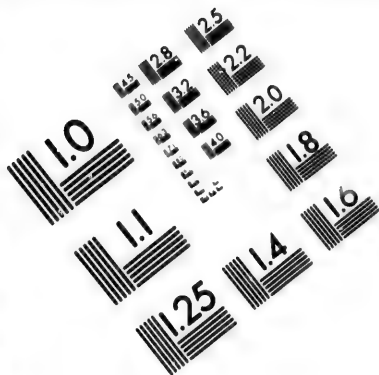
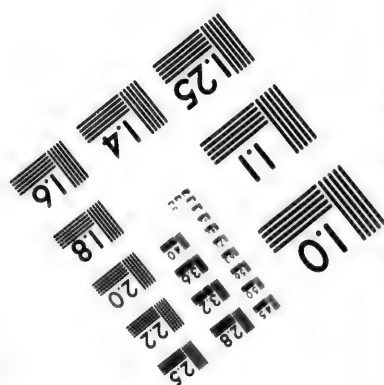
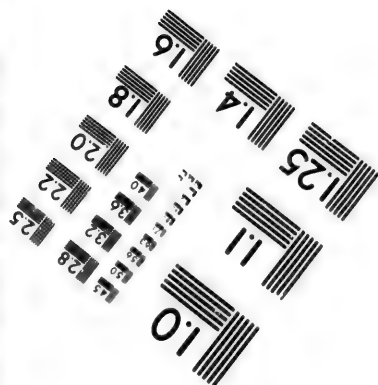
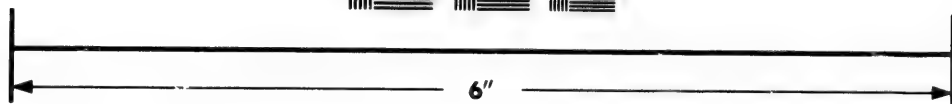
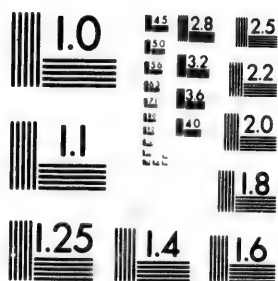


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When, with sounds of smothered thunder,
On some night of rain,
Lake and river break asunder
Winter's weakened chain,
Down the wild March flood shall bear them
To the saw-mill's wheel,
Or where steam, the slave, shall tear them
With his teeth of steel.

Be it starlight, be it moonlight,
In these vales below,
When the earliest beams of sunlight
Streak the mountain's snow,
Crisps the hoar-frost, keen and early,
To our hurrying feet,
And the forest echoes clearly
All our blows repeat.



Where the crystal Ambigeis
Stretches broad and clear,
And Millnoke's pine black ridges
Hide the browsing deer;
Where through lakes and wide morasses,
Or through rocky walls,
Swift and strong, Penobscot passes
White with foamy falls;

Where, through clouds, are glimpses given
Of Katahdin's sides—
Rock and forest piled to heaven,
Torn and ploughed by slides!

Far below, the Indian trapping,
In the sunshine warm;
Far above, the snow-cloud wrapping
Half the peak in storm!

Where are mossy carpets better
Than the Persian weaves,
And than eastern perfumes sweeter
Seem the fading leaves;
And a music wild and solemn,
From the pine-tree's height,
Rolls its vast and sea-like volume
On the wind of night;

Make we here our camp of winter;
And, through sleet and snow,
Pitchy knot and beechen splinter
On our hearth shall glow.

Here, with mirth to lighten duty,
We shall lack alone
Woman's smile and girlhood's beauty,
Childhood's hisping tone.

But their hearth is brighter burning
For our toil to-day;
And the welcome of returning
Shall our loss repay,
When, like seamen from the waters,
From the woods we come,
Greeting sisters, wives, and daughters
Angels of our home!

Not for us the measured ringing
From the village spire,
Not for us the Sabbath singing
Of the sweet-voiced choir;
Ours the old, majestic temple,
Where God's brightness shines
Down the dome so grand and ample
Propped by lofty pines!

Through each branch-enwoven sky,
Speaks He in the breeze,
As of old beneath the twilight
Of lost Eden's trees!
For his ear, the inward feeling
Needs no outward tongue;
He can see the spirit kneeling
While the axe is swung.

Heeding truth alone, and turning
From the false and dim,
Lamp of toil or altar burning
Are alike to Him.
Strike, then, comrades!—Trade is war
On our rugged toil;
Far ships waiting for the freighting
Of our woodland oil!

Ships, whose traffic links these high, cold
Bleak and cold, of ours,
With the citron-planted islands
Of a clime of flowers;

To our frosts the tribute bringing
Of eternal heats ;
In our lap of winter flinging
Tropic fruits and sweets.

Cheerily, on the axe of labor,
Let the sunbeams dance,
Better than the flash of sabre
Or the gleam of lance !
Strike !—With every blow is given
Freer sun and sky,
And the long-hid earth to heaven
Looks, with wondering eye !

Loud behind us grow the murmurs
Of the age to come ;
Clang of smiths, and tread of farmers,
Bearing harvest home !
Here her virgin lap with treasure
Shall the green earth fill ;
Waving wheat and golden maize-ears
Crown each beechen hill.

Keep who will the city's alleys.
Take the smooth-shorn plain—
Give to us the cedar valleys,
Rocks and hills of Maine !
In our north-land, wild and woody,
Let us still have part ;
Rugged nurse and mother sturdy,
Hold us to thy heart !

O ! our free hearts beat the warmer
For thy breath of snow ;
And our tread is all the firmer
For thy rocks below.
Freedom, hand in hand with labor,
Walketh strong and brave ;
On the forehead of his neighbor
No man writeth slave !

Lo, the day breaks ! old Katahdin's
Pine-trees show its fires,
While from these dim forest gardens
Rise their blackened spires.
Up, my comrades ! up and doing !
Manhood's rugged play
Still renewing, bravely hewing
Through the world our way !

J. G. WHITTIER.

THE NOBILITY OF LABOR.

I CALL upon those whom I address to stand up for the nobility of labor. It is Heaven's great ordinance for human improvement. Let not that great ordinance be broken down. What do I say ? It is broken down ; and it has been broken down for ages. Let it, then, be built up again ; here, if anywhere, on these shores of a new world—of a new civilization. But how, I may be asked, is it broken down ? Do not men toil ? it may be said. They do, indeed, toil ; but

they, too, generally do it because they must. Many submit to it as, in some sort, a degrading necessity ; and they desire nothing so much on earth as escape from it. They fulfill the great law of labor in the letter, but break it in the spirit ; fulfill it with the muscle, but break it with the mind.

To some field of labor, mental or manual, every idler should fasten, as a chosen and coveted theatre of improvement. But so is he not impelled to do, under the teachings of our imperfect civilization. On the contrary, he sits down, folds his hands, and blesses himself in his idleness. This way of thinking is the heritage of the absurd and unjust feudal system, under which serfs labored, and gentlemen spent their lives in fighting and feasting. It is time that this opprobrium of toil were done away.

Ashamed to toil, art thou ? Ashamed of thy dingy workshop and dusty labor-field : of thy hard hands, scarred with service more honorable than that of war ; of thy soiled and weather-stained garments on which Mother Nature has embroidered, 'midst sun and rain, 'midst fire and steam, her own heraldic honors ? Ashamed of these tokens and titles, and envious of the flaunting robes of imbecile idleness and vanity ? It is treason to nature—it is impiety to Heaven—it is breaking Heaven's great ordinance. TOIL, I repeat—TOIL, either of the brain, or of the heart, or of the hand, is the only true manhood, the only true nobility !

ORVILLE DEWEY.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

WITH fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in an womanly rage,
Placing her needle and thread—
Stitch ! stitch ! stitch !
In poverty, hunger, and dirt ;
And still with a voice of dolorous fit
She sang the " Song of the Shirt !"

" Work ! work ! work !
While the cock is crowing aloof !
And work—work—work
Till the stars shine through the roof !
It's, O, to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work !"

" Work—work—work !
Till the brain begins to swim !
Work—work—work
Till the eyes are heavy and dim !
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam—
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream !"

- " O men with sisters dear !
 O men with mothers and wives !
 It is not linen you're wearing out,
 But human creatures' lives !
 Stitch—stitch—stitch.
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt—
 Sewing at once, with a double thread,
 A shroud as well as a shirt !
- " But why do I talk of death —
 That phantom of grisly bone ?
 I hardly fear his terrible shape,
 It seems so like my own—
 It seems so like my own
 Because of the fasts I keep ;
 O God ! that bread should be so dear !
 And flesh and blood so cheap !
- " Work—work—work !
 My labor never flags ;
 And what are its wages ? A bed of straw,
 A crust of bread—and rags,
 That shattered roof—and this naked floor—
 A table—a broken chair—
 And a wall so blank my shadow I thank
 For sometimes falling there !
- " Work—work—work !
 From weary chime to chime !
 Work—work—work
 As prisoners work for crime !
 Band, and gusset, and seam,
 Seam, and gusset, and band—
 Till the heart is sick and the brain benumbed,
 As well as the weary hand.
- " Work—work—work !
 In the dull December light !
 And work—work—work
 When the weather is warm and bright !
 While underneath the eaves
 The brooding swallows cling,
 As if to show me their sunny backs,
 And twit me with the spring.

" O but to breathe the breath
 Of the cowslip and primrose sweet —
 With the sky above my head,
 And the grass beneath my feet !
 For only one short hour
 To feel as I used to feel,
 Before I knew the woes of want,
 And the walk that costs a meal !

" O but for one short hour—
 A respite, however brief !
 No blessed leisure for love or hope,
 But only time for grief !
 A little weeping would ease my heart :
 But in their briny bed
 My tears must stop, for every drop
 Hinders needle and thread !"

With fingers weary and worn,
 With eyelids heavy and red,
 A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
 Plying her needle and thread—
 Stitch! stitch! stitch!
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt ;
 And still with a voice of dolorous pitch—
 Would that its tone could reach the rich—
 She sang this " Song of the Shirt !"

THOMAS HOOD

ADVICE.

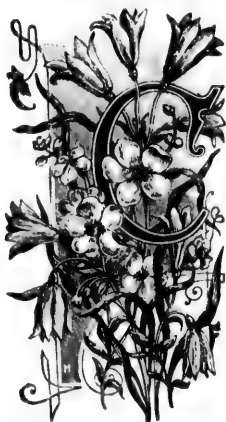
CHEER up, chillun, an' move yoh feet !
 Doan' ack glum ter de folks yoh meet.
 Er smile's ez easy ez a sigh,
 An' it's no mo' wuhk foh ter laugh dan cry.
 So git in step wif de hurryin' throng
 Stid o' mopin' erlong.

When de bother comes an' yoh chance seems bad,
 Yoh makes it wuss ef yoh face gits sad,
 'Case it stands ter reason, er hahd-luck tale
 When it comes ter winnin' yer friends will fail
 So brush yoh gyahments an' hum er soug,
 Stid o' mopin' erlong.

BEAUTY AND GRANDEUR OF THE ALPS:

CONTAINING

BRILLIANT DESCRIPTIONS OF SWISS SCENERY.



LAKE LEMAN (GENEVA) IN A CALM.

LEAR, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake,
With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing
Which warms me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction; once I loved
Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring
Sounds sweet as if a sister's voice reproved,
That I with stern delights should e'er have been so moved.

It is the hush of night, and all between
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
Mellowed and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
Save darkened Jura, whose cap heights appear
Precipitously steep; and drawing near,
There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more.

At intervals, some bird from out the brakes
Starts into voice a moment, then is still.
There seems a floating whisper on the hill,
But that is fancy—for the starlight dews
All silently their tears of love instil,
Weeping themselves away.

LORD BYRON.

LAKE LEMAN (GENEVA) IN A STORM.

THE sky is changed—and such a change! Oh
night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous
strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as in the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone
cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!
Now, where the swift Rhone cleaves his way be-
tween
Heights which appear as lovers who have parted
In hate, whose mining depths so intervene
That they can meet no more, though broken
hearted!

Though in their souls, which thus each other
thwarted,
Love was the very root of the fond rage
Which blighted their life's bloom, and then de-
parted:
Itself expired, but leaving them an age
Of years all winters—war within themselves to
wage.

Now, where the quick Rhone thus hath cleft his
way,
The mightiest of the storms hath ta'en his
stand:
For here, not one, but many, make their play,
And fling their thunderbolts from hand to
hand,
Flashing and cast around: of all the band,
The brightest through these parted hills hath
forked

His lightnings—as if he did understand,
That in such gaps as desolation worked,
There the hot shaft should blast whatever there
in lurked.

And this is in the night: Most glorious night!
Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight—
A portion of the tempest and of thee!
How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
And now again 't is black—and now, the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's
birth.



THE MONARCH OF MOUNTAINS.

OUR bitter disappointment in the fog was hard to be borne, and we sat brooding and mourning over the gloomy prospect for the day, and wondering what we had best do with ourselves, when suddenly, on turning toward the window, Mont Blanc was flashing in the sunshine.

Such an instantaneous and extraordinary revelation of splendor we never dreamed of. The clouds had vanished, we could not tell where, and the whole illimitable vast of glory in this, the heart of Switzerland's Alpine grandeurs, was disclosed; the snowy Monarch of Mountains, the huge glaciers, the jagged granite peaks, needles, and rough enormous crags and ridges congregated and shooting up in every direction, with the long beautiful vale of Chamouny visible from end to end, far beneath, as still and shining as a picture! Just over the longitudinal ridge of mountains on one side was the moon in an infinite depth of ether; it seemed as if we could touch it; and on the other the sun was exulting as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber. The clouds still sweeping past us, now concealing, now partially veiling, and now revealing the view, added to its power by such sudden alternations.

But the hour of most intense splendor in this

Sky, mountains, rivers, winds, lake, lightning,
ye!
With night, and clouds, and thunder, and
soul
To make these felt and feeling, well may be
Things that have made me watchful; the
roll
Of your departing voices is the knoll
Of what in me is sleepless—if I rest.
But where of ye, oh tempests! is the goal?
Are ye like those within the human breast?
Or do ye find, at length, like eagles, some high
nest?

LORD BYRON.

day of glory was the rising of the clouds in Chamouny, as we could discern them like stripes of amber floating in an azure sea. They rested upon, and floated over the successive glacier gorges of the mountain range on either hand, like so many islands of the blest, anchored in mid-heaven below us; or like so many radiant files of the white-robed heavenly host floating transversely across the valley. This extended through its whole length, and it was a most singular phenomenon; for through these ridges of cloud we could look as through a telescope down into the vale and along to its farther end; but the intensity of the light flashing from the snows of the mountains and reflected in these fleecy radiance, almost as so many secondary suns, hung in the clear atmosphere, was well nigh blinding.

The scene seemed to me a fit symbol of celestial glories; and I thought if a vision of such intense splendor could be arrayed by the divine power out of mere earth, air and water, and made to assume such beauty indescribable at a breath of the wind, a movement of the sun, a slight change in the elements, what mind could even dimly and distantly form to itself a conception of the splendors of the world of heavenly glory! GEORGE B. CHEEVER

ONE OF THE GEMS OF SWITZERLAND.

THE Lake of Geneva, called by the Romans Lacus Lemanus, has nearly the shape of a crescent, its horns being turned towards the south. It is the largest lake in Switzerland, being fifty-six miles long; it is eight miles wide at the broadest part, and its greatest depth is twelve hundred and thirty feet. Its surface is about twelve hundred and thirty feet above the level of the sea, but the height often varies in the year more than fifty inches, being usually lowest in the winter, between January and April, and highest in August and part of July and September, owing to the supplies then derived from the melting snows.

Besides these periodical variations, the lake is subject to other more arbitrary changes of level, called *seiches*. This phenomenon consists of a sudden rise and fall of the water in particular parts of the lake, independently of the agency of wind or of any other apparent cause. It is most common in the vicinity of Geneva. During these oscillations the waters sometimes rise five feet, though the usual increase is not more than two; it never lasts longer than twenty-five minutes, but it is generally less. The cause of these seiches has not been explained with certainty, but they are observed to occur most commonly when the clouds are heavy and low.

The lake never freezes over entirely, and in severe winters the lower extremity is covered with ice. The sand and mud brought down by the Rhone and deposited around its mouth have caused considerable encroachments upon its upper extremity.

"Mon lac est le premier" are the words in which Voltaire has vaunted the beauties of the Lake of Geneva; and it must be confessed that, though it wants the gloomy sublimity of the Bay of Uri and the sunny softness of the Italian lakes, with their olive and citron groves, it has enough to claim to admiration. It also possesses great variety of scenery. The vine-covered slopes of Vaud contrast well with the abrupt, rocky precipices of Savoy. Near Geneva the hills subside, admitting in exquisite view of Mont Blanc, whose snowy summit, though sixty miles distant is often reflected in its waters.

"Lake Lemman woos me with its crystal face,
The mirror where the stars and mountains view
The stillness of their aspect in each trace
Its clear depth yields of their fair height and hue."

At its upper extremity it extends to the very base of the high Alps, which by their close vicinity give its scenery a character of magnificence.

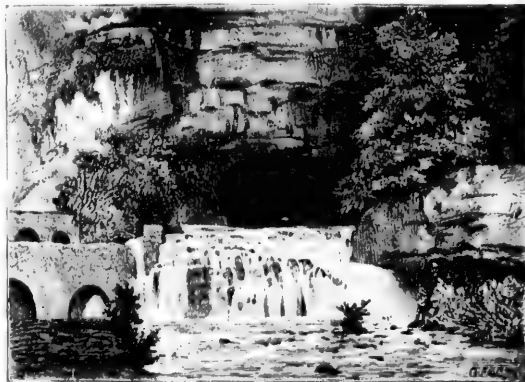
THE BATTLE OF MORGARTEN.

THE wine month shone in its golden prime,
And the red grapes clustering hung,
But a deeper sound through the Switzers' clime,
Than the vintage music rung—
A sound through vaulted cave,
A sound through echoing glen,
Like the hollow swell of a rushing wave;
'Twas the tread of steel-girt men.

But a band, the noblest band of all,
Through the rude Morgarten strait,
With blazoned streamers and lances tall,
Moved onwards in princely state.

They came with heavy chains—
For the race despised so long—
But amidst his Alp-domains,
The herdsman's arm is strong!

The sun was reddening the clouds of morn
When they entered the rock defile,
And shrill as a joyous hunter's horn
Their bugles rang the while,
But on the misty height
Where the mountain people stood
There was stillness as of night,
When storms at distance brood.



There was stillness as of deep dead night,
And a pause—but not of fear—
While the Switzers gazed on the gathering might
Of the hostile shield and spear,
On wound these columns bright
Between the lake and wood,
But they looked not to the misty height
Where the mountain people stood.

And the mighty rocks came bounding down
Their startled foes among,
With a joyous whirl from the summit thrown,
Oh! the herdsman's arm is strong!
They came like lawine hurled
From Alp to Alp in play,
When the echoes shout through the snowy world,
And the pines are borne away.

With their pikes and massy clubs they brake
The cuirass and the shield,
And the war-horse dashed to the reddening lake
From the reapers of the field!
The field—but not of sheaves:
Proud crests and pennons lay,
Strewn o'er it thick as the birchwood leaves
In the autumn tempest's way.

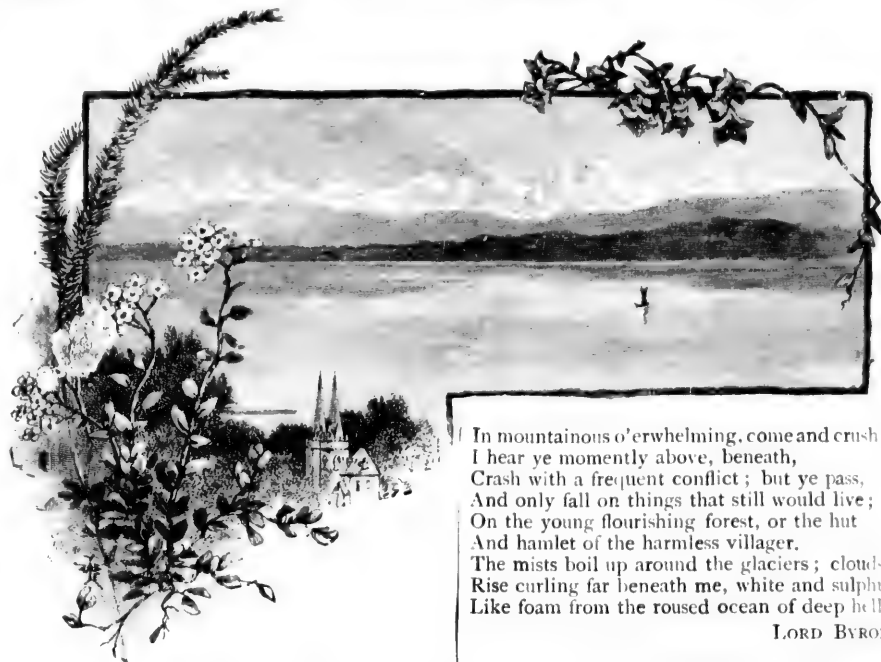
FELICIA D. HEMANS.

THE GLACIER OF THE RHONE.

ERE long he reached the magnificent glacier of the Rhone; a frozen cataract, more than two thousand feet in height, and many miles broad at its base. It fills the whole valley between two mountains, running back to their summits. At the base it is arched, like a dome; and above, jagged and rough, and resembles a mass of gigantic crystals, of a pale emerald tint, mingled with white. A snowy crust covers its

white and sulphury, and immeasurably deep appearance. The side we ascended was not of precipitous a nature; but, on arriving at the summit, we looked down upon the other side upon a boiling sea of cloud, dashing against the crags to which we stood—these crags on one side quite perpendicular. In passing the masses of snow, I made a snowball, and pelted Hobhouse with it.

Ye topping crags of ice—
Ye avalanches, whom a breath draws down



In mountainous o'erwhelming, come and crush me!
I hear ye momentarily above, beneath,
Crash with a frequent conflict; but ye pass,
And only fall on things that still would live;
On the young flourishing forest, or the hut
And hamlet of the harmless villager.
The mists boil up around the glaciers; clouds
Rise curling far beneath me, white and sulphury,
Like foam from the roused ocean of deep hell!

LORD BYRON.

THE BOY OF THE ALPS.

LIGHTLY, Alpine rover,
Tread the mountains over;
Rude is the path thou'st yet to go;
Snow cliffs hanging o'er thee,
Fields of ice before thee,
While the hid torrent moans below.
Hark, the deep thunder,
Through the vales yonder!
'Tis the huge av'lanche downward cast;
From rock to rock
Rebounds the shock.
But courage, boy! the danger's past.
Onward, youthful rover,
Tread the glacier over,
Safe shalt thou reach thy home at last.
On, ere light forsake thee.
Soon will dusk o'ertake thee;

surface; but at every rent and crevice the pale green ice shines clear in the sun. Its shape is that of a glove, lying with the palm downwards, and the fingers crooked and close together. It is a gauntlet of ice, which, centuries ago, winter, the king of these mountains, threw down in defiance to the sun; and year by year the sun strives in vain to lift it from the ground on the point of his glittering spear.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

A FAMOUS SUMMIT.

A PART of Byron's "Manfred" was either written or mentally composed on the Wengern Alp. He says in his Journal, "Heard the avalanches falling every five minutes nearly. The clouds rose from the opposite valley, curling up perpendicular precipices, like the foam of the ocean of hell during a spring tide—it was

O'er yon ice-bridge lies the way !
Now, for the risk prepare thee ;
Safe it yet may bear thee,
Though 'twill melt in morning's ray.

Hark, that dread howling !
'Tis the wolf prowling—
Scent of thy track the foe hath got ;
And cliff and shore
Resound his roar.

But courage, boy—the danger's past !
Watching eyes have found thee,
Loving arms are round thee.
Safe hast thou reached thy father's cot.
THOMAS MOORE.

MT. PILATUS.

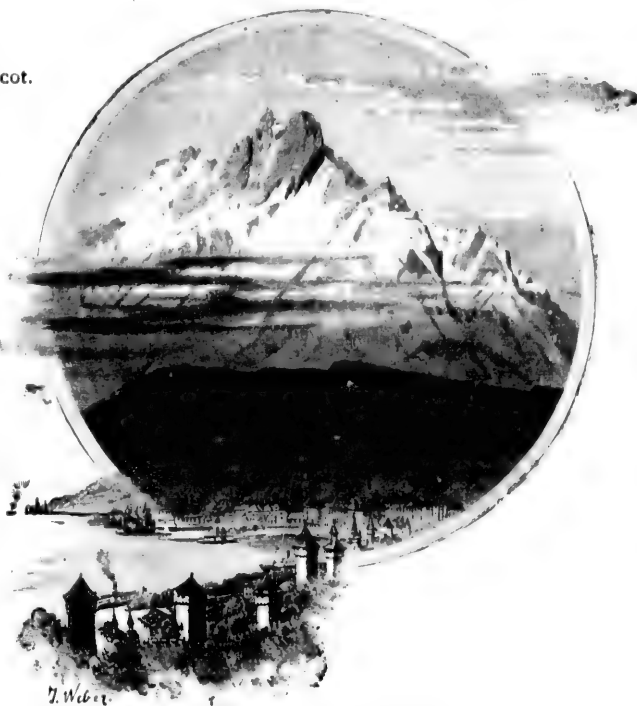
UNFORTUNATELY Pilatus is very attractive to clouds, otherwise the mountain is far more interesting than the Rigi, and the view from it in some respects finer, though a less complete panorama, and the grandeur of its own serrated outline, which forms so important a feature of the Rigi view, is of course wanting. The Lake of Lucerne lies open as far as Brunnen.

According to a wild tradition of considerable antiquity, this mountain derives its name from Pilate, the wicked governor of Judæa, who, having been banished to Gaul by Tiberius, wandered about among the mountains, stricken by conscience, until he ended his miserable existence by throwing himself into a lake on the top of Pilatus. The mountain, in consequence, labors under a very bad reputation. From its position as an outlier, or advanced guard of the chain of the Alps, it collects the clouds which float over the plain from the west and north ; and it is remarked that almost all the storms which burst upon the Lake of Lucerne gather and brew on its summit.

This almost perpetual assemblage of clouds was long attributed by the superstitious to the unquiet spirit still hovering round the sunken body, which, when disturbed by any intruder, revenged itself by sending storm, and darkness, and hail on the surrounding district. So prevalent was the belief in this superstition, even down to times comparatively recent, that the government of Lucerne forbade the ascent of the mountain, and the naturalist, Conrad Gessner, in 1555, was obliged to provide himself with a special order, removing the

interdict in his case, to enable him to carry on his researches.

According to some the name Pilatus is only a corruption of *Pileatus* (capped), arising from the cap of clouds which rarely quits its barren brow, and which is sometimes seen rising from it like steam from a caldron.



MT. BLANC.

THIS mountain is very steep and rocky ; it is exceedingly encumbered with its own immense ruins, which, in the course of ages, have rolled down from its summit and lodged either at its base or on its flanks. There are piles on piles of rocks, and some of them are of great dimensions ; among which, to clear even a mule-path has evidently been a work of great labor and difficulty. The zigzag ascent winds around turns, which are very abrupt and frequent. They often pass along the edge of fearful precipices, where a false step would send the mule and the rider to destruction.

It often seems as if the apparently perverse, but

really skillful little animal, was about to walk deliberately off, as, in order that his feet may find their proper position, his head and neck are projected beyond the road, and overhang the precipice. But do not interfere with the nice balancing of your mule; he knows better than you can instruct him how to proceed, and has not the least inclination to roll down the mountain, although the wrong pulling up of a rein, or the sudden change of position of a heavy man on the saddle, may force him and yourself to that result. Trust a good Providence, and the mule, as the instrument, and you will pass safely along the mountain steeps.

BENJAMIN SILLIMAN.



SUNRISE IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNY.

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning star
In his steep course? So long he seems to
pause
On thy bald, awful head, O sovran Blanc!
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form!
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently! Around thee and above,
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it,
As with a wedge! But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity!
O dread and silent mount! I gazed upon thee,

Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced
prayer
I worshiped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my
thought,
Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy:
Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing—there,
As in her natural form, swelled vast to heaven.

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swee-
ing tears
Mute thanks and secret ecstasies
Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my
heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join
my hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovran
of the vale!
O, struggling with the darkness all
the night,
And visited all night by troops of
stars,
Or when they climb the sky or
when they sink:
Companion of the morning star at
dawn,
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of
the dawn
Co-herald: wake, O wake and utter
praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep
in earth?
Who filled thy countenance with
rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual
streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
Forever shattered and the same forever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
And who commanded (and the silence came),
Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge—
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!

Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
 Beneath the keen, full moon? Who bade the sun
 Salute you with rainbows? Who, with living
 flowers

Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet—
 O! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
 Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!
 God! Sing, ye meadow streams, with gladsome
 voice!

Ye pine groves, with your soft and soul-like
 sounds!

And they, too, have a voice, ye piles of snow,
 And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
 Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
 Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain storm!
 Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
 Ye signs and wonders of the elements!
 Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!

Thou, too, hoar Mount! with thy sky-pointing
 peaks,

Ort from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
 Shoots downward, glittering through the pure
 serene

Into the depth of clouds, that veil thy breast—

Thou too again, stupendous mountain! thou

That as I raise my head, a while bowed low

In adoration, upward from thy base

Slow traveling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
 Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud,

To rise before me—rise, oh, ever rise,

Rise like a cloud of incense from the earth!

Thou kingly spirit, throned among the hills,

Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,

Great hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,

And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,

Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

THE AVALANCHE.

ABOVE me are the Alps,
 The palaces of nature, whose vast walls
 Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
 And throned eternity in icy halls

Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls

The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow!

All that expands the spirit, yet appals,

Gather around the summits, as to show

How earth may soar to heaven, yet leave vain man
 below.

LORD BYRON.

ENGLAND AND SWITZERLAND.

TWO voices are there—one is of the sea,
 One of the mountains, each a mighty voice:
 In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
 They were thy chosen music, liberty!

There came a tyrant, and with holy glee
 Thou fought'st against him—but hast vainly
 striven:

Thou from thy Alpine holds at length are driven
 Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.

—Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft;
 Then cleave, O cleave to that which still is left—
 For, high-souled maid, what sorrow would it be

That mountain floods should thunder as before,
 And ocean bellow from his rocky shore.

And neither awful voice be heard by thee!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

AVALLANCHES OF THE JUNGFRAU.

ORDINARILY, in a sunny day at noon, the
 avalanches are falling on the Jungfrau
 about every ten minutes, with the roar of
 thunder, but they are much more seldom visible,
 and sometimes the traveler crosses the Wengern
 Alp without witnessing them at all. But we were
 so very highly favored as to see two of the grandest
 avalanches possible in the course of about an hour,
 between twelve o'clock and two. One cannot
 command any language to convey an adequate
 idea of their magnificence. You are standing far
 below, gazing up to where the great disc of the
 glittering Alp cuts the heavens, and drinking in
 the influence of the silent scene around.

Suddenly an enormous mass of snow and ice, in
 itself a mountain, seems to move; it breaks from
 the toppling outmost mountain ridge of snow,
 where it is hundreds of feet in depth, and in its
 first fall of perhaps two thousand feet, is broken
 into millions of fragments. As you first see the
 flash of distant artillery by night, then hear the
 roar, so here you may see the white flashing mass
 majestically bowing, then hear the astounding din.
 A cloud of dusty, misty, dry snow rises into the
 air from the concussion, forming a white volume
 of fleecy smoke, or misty light, from the bosom of
 which thunders forth the icy torrent in its second
 prodigious fall over the rocky battlements. The
 eye follows it delighted as it ploughs through the
 path which preceding avalanches have worn, till it
 comes to the brink of a vast ridge of bare rock,
 perhaps more than two thousand feet perpendicular.

Then pours the whole cataract over the gulf
 with a still louder roar of echoing thunder, to
 which nothing but the noise of Niagara in its sub-
 limity is comparable. Nevertheless, you may think
 of the tramp of an army of elephants, of the roar
 of multitudinous cavalry marching to battle, of
 the whirlwind tread of ten thousand bisons sweep-
 ing across the prairie, of the tempest surf of ocean
 beating and shaking the continent, of the sound
 of torrent floods or of a numerous host, or of the
 voice of the Trumpet on Sinai, exceeding loud,
 and waxing louder and louder, so that all the
 people in the camp trembled, or of the rolling
 orbs of that fierce chariot, described by Milton,

Under whose burning wheels
 The steadfast empyrean shook throughout.

THE FALL OF THE STAUBBACH.

STRANGERS, who expect in the Staubbach the roaring rapidity of a cataract, will be disappointed; but, in the opinion of many, this want is atoned for by other beauties. The friction of the rock, and the resistance of the air, retard the descent of the water, giving it, when seen in front, the appearance of a lace veil suspended from the precipice, and imitating, in its centre, the folds of the drapery. When very



full, it shoots out from the rock, and is bent by the wind into flickering undulations. Byron has described it admirably, both in prose and verse:

"The torrent is in shape, curving over the rock, like the tail of a white horse streaming in the wind—such as it might be conceived would be that of the 'pale horse' on which Death is mounted in the Apocalypse. It is neither mist nor water, but a something between both: its immense height gives it a wave or curve—a spreading here or condensation there—wonderful and indescribable."

"It is not noon—the sunbow's rays still arch
The torrent with the many hues of heaven,
And roll the sheeted silver's waving column
O'er the crags headlong perpendicular,

And fling its lines of foaming light along,
And to and fro, like the pale courser's tail,
The giant steed to be bestrode by Death,
As told in the Apocalypse."

ARNOLD WINKELRIED.

In the battle of Sempach, in the fourteenth century, a martyr patriot perceiving that there was no other means of breaking the heavy-armed lines of the Austrians, gathered as many of their spears as he could grasp, opened, by this means, a passage for his fellows, who, with hammers and hatchets, hewed down the men-at-arms and won the victory.

"MADE way for liberty!" he cried,
Made way for liberty, and died;
In arms the Austrian phalanx stood,
A living wall, a human wood;
Impregnable their front appears,
All-horrent with projected spears,
Opposed to these, a hovering band
Contended for their fatherland.
Peasants, whose new-found strength had
From manly necks the ignoble yoke
Marshaled once more at freedom's call,
They came to conquer or to fall.

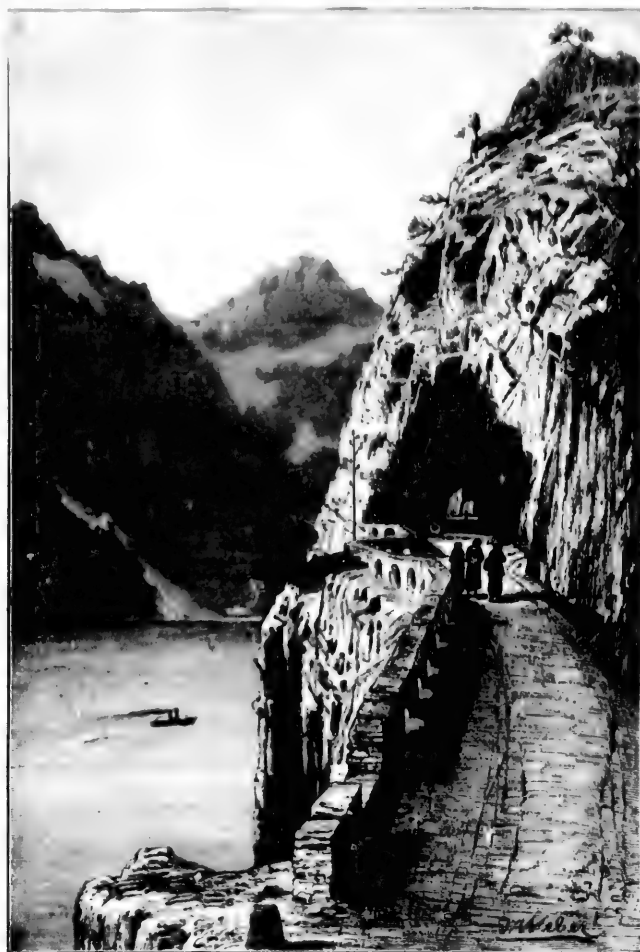
And now the work of life and death
Hung on the passing of a breath;
The fire of conflict burned within;
The battle trembled to begin;
Yet, while the Austrians held their ground,
Point for assault was nowhere found,
Where'er the impatient Switzers gazed,
The unbroken line of lances blazed;
That line 'twere suicide to meet,
And perish at their tyrant's feet.
How could they rest within their graves?
To leave their homes the haunts of slaves?
Would they not feel their children tread,
With clanking chains, above their head?

It must not be: this day, this hour
Annihilates the invader's power!
All Switzerland is in the field—
She will not fly, she cannot yield,
She must not fall: her better fate
Here gives her an immortal date.
Few were the numbers she could boast,
Yet every freeman was a host,
And felt as 'twere a secret known
That one should turn the scale alone,
While each unto himself was he
On whose sole arm hung victory.

It did depend on one, indeed:
Behold him—Arnold Winkelried!
There sounds not to the tramp of fame
The echo of a nobler name.
Unmarked, he stood amid the throng,
In rumination deep and long,
Till you might see, with sudden grace,
The very thought come o'er his face:

And by the motion of his form,
Anticipate the bursting storm—
And, by the uprising of his brow,
Tell where the bolt would strike, and how
But 'twas no sooner thought than done—

He bowed amidst them, like a tree,
And thus made way for liberty
Swift to the breach his comrades fly
"Make way for liberty!" they cry.
And through the Austrian phalanx dart



ON THE AXENSTRASSE—LAKE OF LUCERNE.

The field was in a moment won!
"Make way for liberty!" he cried,
Then ran, with arms extended wide,
As if his dearest friend to clasp;
Ten spears he swept within his grasp.
"Make way for liberty!" he cried;
Their keen points crossed from side to side:

As rushed the spears through Arnold's heart,
While, instantaneous as his fall,
Rout, ruin, panic seized them all;
An earthquake could not overthrow
A city with a surer blow.
Thus Switzerland again was free—
Thus death made way for liberty.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.



LAKE LUCERNE AND WILLIAM TELL'S CHAPEL.

OPPOSITE Brunnen the lake changes at once its direction and character. Along the bay of Uri, or of Flüelen as it is sometimes called, it stretches nearly north and south, and its borders are the buttresses of mountains, higher than any of those which overlook the other branches of the lake. On the east runs an almost unbroken precipice of the grandest dimensions,

which connects Brunnen with Flüelen, a distance of about eight miles. It was commenced by the Swiss Government after the union of Savoy with France, when it was considered advisable to improve the communication between the Cantons. To reach Flüelen from Brunnen or Schwyz it was formerly usual to make a long circuit; but there was a difficult path which was actually traversed by the French General Lecourbe, with his army, in pursuit of Suwarrow, in the night by torchlight, 1799. The want of boats to carry his troops across



WILLIAM TELL'S CHAPEL, LAKE LUCERNE.

steep twisted strata descending sheer to the water, were in places more than 1100 feet deep. It is on this that the superiority of the Lake of Lucerne to all other lakes is seen. The water is calm, every shore and cliff is clothed with their rich clover, and the mountains are soothed on their breast, and the expanse of water unbroken by island's, and almost untroubled by any signs of living men, make an impression which, it would be foolish to attempt to convey by word.

Until 1865 the east side of the Bay of Uri was impassable. It was first invaded by the telegraph wire, which ran from rock to rock, but it is now traversed by a magnificent road—the Axenstrasse—

the lake compelled him to attempt this daring exploit.

At one point the precipitous rocky cliffs have been cut by a narrow path, and the water is calm. A small boat is seen here, and the spot is occupied by a narrow consistency of the surrounding woods from the brightness of the water. This is Grütli or Rütli, the spot pointed out by tradition as the rendezvous of the three founders of Swiss freedom—Werner Stauffacher, Leo and Walter Fürst. These "honest conspirators" met in the dead of night, on this secluded spot, at the end of the year 1307, to form a plan for liberating their country from the oppression of the Austrians. They here "swore to be faith-

ful to each other, but to do no wrong to the Count of Habsburg, and not to maltreat his governors."

These poor mountaineers, in the 14th century, furnish, perhaps, the only example of insurgents who, at the moment of revolt, bind themselves as sacredly to be just and merciful to their oppressors as to be faithful to each other; and, we may add, who remained true to their intentions. The scheme thus concerted was carried into execution on the following New Year's day; and such was the origin of the Swiss Confederation.

According to popular belief, which everywhere in Switzerland connects political events with notions of religion, the oath of the Grütli was followed by a miracle, and three springs gushed from the spot upon which the confederates had stood. In token of this every stranger is led to a little hut built over the sources, and is invited to drink from them to the memory of the founders of Swiss freedom.

TELL'S CHAPEL is 300 feet above the lake, unequalled for situation and view; small, but comfortable, except on Sunday, when it is often crowded. Here, according to the tradition, Tell sprang on shore from the boat in which Gessler was carrying him a prisoner to Küssnacht, when a sudden storm on the lake had compelled him to remove Tell's fetters, in order to avail himself of his skill as steersman. The chapel, an open arcade lined with rude and faded paintings, representing the events of the delivery of Switzerland, was erected by canton Uri in 1388, and, in the firm belief of the country people, to the memory of the brave archer. Once a year, on the first Friday after the Ascension, mass is said and a sermon preached in the chapel, which is attended by the inhabitants residing on the shores of the lake, who, repairing hither in boats, form an aquatic procession. But there have been fierce disputes as to the truth of the story of Tell.

It is not mentioned by Jean de Winterthur, a contemporary and minute narrator of the events of the revolution, nor by any writer for two centuries

after their occurrence. It is first found in the chronicle of Melchior Russ, 1476. It is pretty clear that a Swiss named William Tell existed, and that he was held in honor by his countrymen, but there is nothing to prove his connection with the history of the Confederation. Exactly similar legends, or saga, of the 10th century are found in Norway and Denmark.

The view from Tell's chapel is exceedingly fine. The following are the remarks of Sir James Mackintosh on this scene: "The combination of what is grandest in nature, with whatever is pure and sublime in human conduct, affected me in this passage (along the lake) more powerfully than any scene I had ever witnessed. Perhaps neither Greece nor Rome would have had such power over me. They are dead. The present inhabitants are a new race, who regard with little or no feeling the memorials of former ages. This is, perhaps, the only place in our globe where deeds of pure virtue, ancient enough to be venerable, are consecrated by the religion of the people, and continue to command interest and reverence. No local superstition so beautiful and so moral anywhere exists. The inhabitants of Thermopylae or Marathon know no more of these famous spots than that they are so many square feet of earth. England is too extensive a country to make Runnymede an object of national affection. In countries of industry and wealth the stream of events sweeps away these old remembrances. The solitude of the Alps is a sanctuary destined for the monuments of ancient virtue; Grütli and Tell's chapel are as much revered by the Alpine peasants as Mecca by a devout Mussulman."

SUNRISE AMONG THE ALPS.

SUCH a sunrise! The giant Alps seemed literally to rise from their purple beds, and putting on their crowns of gold, to send up hallelujahs almost audible!

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

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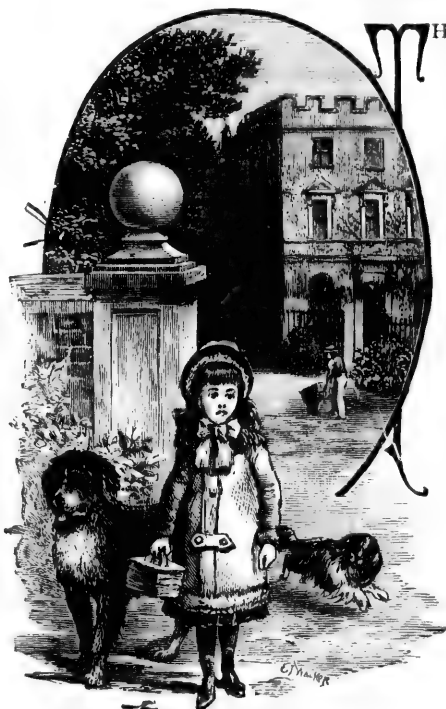
N ALLSTON.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH:

CONTAINING

CAPTIVATING SELECTIONS FOR THE YOUNG.

THE DOLLS' WEDDING.



My pa he ist fished an' fished,
An' my ma she said she wished
Me an' her was home—an' pa
Said he wished so wors'n ma!

Pa said if you talk, er say
Anything, er sneeze, er play,
Haint no fish, alive or ded,
Ever goin' to bite! he said.

MATTIE'S WANTS AND WISHES.

I WANTS a piece of cal'co
To make my doll a dess;
I doesn't want a big piece;
A yard'll do I guess.

23

HERE'S a wedding to-day in the garden below,
Where the pinks and marigolds stand in a row;
The prettiest wedding that ever was seen,
I know, for I peeped through the trellisses green.
The bride is a doll that is nearly as tall
As the lily that leans to look over the wall.
In a gown of pink silk she is gorgeously dressed,
With a plume in her hat and a brooch on her breast.
The groom is a sailor boy gallant and bold,
In a cap and a jacket all braided with gold;
(Both dollies belong to a lassie of three,
Whose face bubbles over with frolic and glee.)
There are roses above, there are roses around,
And the petals of roses lie thick on the ground,
And the robin is there with his silvery flute,
And the oriole clad in his flame-colored suit.
Little Tiny, the terrier, married the pair,
Sitting on a bench with a serious air,
With grandmother's kerchief as clerical clothes,
And grandfather's spectacles over his nose.

A FISHIN'.

WUNST we went a fishin'—me
An' my pa an' ma, all three—
When they was a picnic, 'way
Out to Hanch's wood one day.

An' they was a crick out there,
Where the fishes is, and where
Little boys 'taint big an' strong,
Better have their folks along!

Purt nigh dark in town when we
Got back home; an' ma says she
Now she'll have a fish fer shore—
And she buyed one at the store!

Nen at supper, pa he won't
Eat no fish, an' says he don't
Like 'em—an' he ponded me
When I choked—ma, didn't he?

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

I wish you'd fred my needle,
And find my fumble, too—
I has such heaps o' sewin'
I don't know what to do.

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My Hepsy tore her apron
A tum'lin' down the stair,
And Caesar's lost his pantnoons,
And needs anozer pair.

She lets me wipe the dishes,
And see in grandpa's watch—
I wish I'd free, four pennies
To buy some butter-scotch.



I wants my Maud a bonnet ;
She hasn't none at all ;
And Fred must have a jacket ;
His ozzer one's too small,
I want's to go to grandma's ;
You promised me I might.
I know she'd like to see me ;
I wants to go to-night

I wants some newer mittens—
I wish you'd knit me some,
'Cause most my finger freezes,
They leaks so in the fun.
I wored 'em out last summer,
A pullin' George's sled ;
I wish you wouldn't laugh so—
It hurts me in my head.

I wish I had a cookie ;
I'm hungry's I can be.
If you hasn't pretty large ones,
You'd better bring me free.

I wish I had a piano—
 Won't you buy me one to keep?
 O, dear! I feel so tired,
 I want to go to sleep.

GRACE GORDON.

A FELLOW'S MOTHER.

"A FELLOW'S mother," said Fred the wise,
 With his rosy cheeks and his merry eyes,
 "Knows what to do if a fellow gets hurt
 By a thump, or a bruise, or a fall in the dirt.

"A fellow's mother has bags and strings,
 Rags and buttons, and lots of things;
 No matter how busy she is, she'll stop
 To see how well you can spin your top.

"She does not care, not much, I mean,
 If a fellow's face is not always clean;
 And if your trousers are torn at the knee
 She can put in a patch that you'd never see.

"A fellow's mother is never mad,
 But only sorry if you are bad,
 And I'll tell you this, if you're only true,
 She'll always forgive whatever you do.

"I'm sure of this," said Fred the wise,
 With a manly look in his laughing eyes,
 "I'll mind my mother, quick, every day,
 A fellow's a baby that don't obey."

M. E. SANGSTER.

THE LITTLE WHITE HEARSE.

AS the little white hearse went glimmering
 by—

The man on the coal cart jerked his lines,
 And smutted the lid of either eye,
 And turned and stared at the business signs;
 And the street car driver stopped and beat
 His hands on his shoulders and gazed up street
 Till his eye on the long track reached the sky—
 As the little white hearse went glimmering by.

As the little white hearse went glimmering by—

A stranger petted a ragged child
 In the crowded walk, and she knew not why,
 But he gave her a coin for the way she smiled;
 And a bootblack thrilled with a pleasure strange
 As a customer put back his change
 With a kindly hand and a grateful sigh—
 As the little white hearse went glimmering by.

As the little white hearse went glimmering by—

A man looked out of a window dim,
 And his cheeks were wet and his heart was dry—
 For a dead child even were dear to him.
 And he thought of his empty life and said:
 "Loveless alive, and loveless dead.
 Nor wife nor child in earth or sky!" —
 As the little white hearse went glimmering by.

TWO LITTLE MAIDENS.

A SORRY little maiden
 Is Miss Fuss-and-Feather,
 Crying for the golden moon,
 Grumbling at the weather;
 The sun will fade her gown,
 The rain spoil her bonnet,
 If she ventures out,
 And lets it fall upon it.

A merry little maiden
 Is Miss Rags-and-Tatters,
 Chatting of the twinkling stars
 And many other matters;
 Dancing in the sunshine,
 Pattering through the rain,
 Her clothes never cause her
 A single thought or pain.

AGNES CARR.

A LIFE LESSON.

THERE, little girl, don't cry.
 They've broken your doll, I know,
 And your tea set blue

And your toy house, too,
 Are things of the long ago;
 But childish troubles will soon pass by;
 There, little girl, don't cry.

There, little girl, don't cry;
 They've broken your heart, I know,
 And the rainbow gleams
 Of your youthful dreams
 Are things of the long ago;
 But Heaven holds all for which you sigh;
 There, little girl, don't cry.

GRANDMA'S ANGEL.

"MAMMA said: 'Little one, go and see
 If grandma's ready to come to tea.'
 I knew I mustn't disturb her, so

I stepped as gently along, tiptoe,
 And stood a moment to take a peep—
 And there was grandmother fast asleep!

"I knew it was time for her to wake;
 I thought I'd give her a little shake,
 Or tap at her door or softly call;
 But I hadn't the heart for that at all—

"She looked so sweet and so quiet there,
 Lying back in her high arm-chair,
 With her dear white hair, and a little smile
 That means she's loving you all the while.

"I didn't make a speck of noise;
 I knew she was dreaming of the little boys
 And girls who lived with her long ago,
 And then went to heaven—she told me so.

"I went up close, and I didn't speak
 One word, but I gave her on the cheek

The softest bit of a little kiss,
Just in a whisper, and then said this:
'Grandmother dear, it's time for tea.'

"She opened her eyes and looked at me,
And said: 'Why, pet, I have just now dreamed
Of a little angel who came and seemed



To kiss me lovingly on my face,'
She pointed right at the very place!
"I never told her 'twas only me:
I took her hand, and we went to tea."

THE LITTLE BOY'S LAMENT.

O H! why must I always be washed so clean
And scrubbed and drenched for Sunday,
When you know very well, for you've
always seen,
That I'm dirty again on Monday?

My eyes are filled with the lathery soap,
Which adown my ears is dripping;
And my smarting eyes I can scarcely ope,
And my lips the suds are sipping.

It's down my neck and up my nose,
And to choke me you seem to be trying;

That I'll shut my mouth you
need not suppose,
For how can I keep from
crying?

You rub as hard as ever you
can
And your hands are hard to
my sorrow;
No woman shall wash me
when I'm a man.
And I wish I was one to-
morrow.

FORGIVENESS.

I SAT in the evening cool
Of the heat-baked city
street,
Musing, and watching a little
pair,
Who played on the walk at
my feet:
A boy, the elder, of strong,
rough mould;
His sister, a blossom sweet.

When, just in the midst of
their play,
Came an angry cry, and a
blow,
That bruised the cheek of the
little maid
And caused bright tears to
flow,
And brought from my lips
quick, sharp reproof
On the lad who had acted
so.

And he stood by, sullen and
hard,
While the maid soon dried
her tear,

He looked at her with an angry eye;
She timidly drew near.
"Don't be cross, Johnny!" (a little sob),
"Let me forgive 'oo, dear!"

And the cloud is passed and gone,
And again in their play they meet,
And the strong, rough boy wears a kinder mien
And brighter the maiden sweet,
While a whisper has come from the heart of God
To a man, a man on the street.

NUTTING.

OUT in the pleasant sunshine of a bright
October day,
Rollicking, 'rollicking through the woods,
scaring the birds away,
Went a group of laughing girls and boys to play
till the sun was set;
Martha and Robbie, and Tom and Will, and
Dolly, the household pet!

They "made believe" they were foragers bold,
scouring the country o'er,
To add to their scanty soldier fare from an enemy's
fruitful store,
And they charged on the squirrels' leafy homes
till they beat a quick retreat;
While their precious hoards came rattling down at
the noisy victors' feet.

They played tag and follow my leader and scam-
pered up and down,
Covering each other in their glee with the leaves
so crisp and brown,
Till they huddled down to talk and rest and plan
some pleasure new,
While Martha unpacked the "goodies" for the
hungry, bright-faced crew.

"I'm too little to work," said Dolly, tossing her
curls away,
"You make the dinner, Mattie, dear—then I'll be
papa, and pray!
I know just how he does it, 'cause I've looked
through my fingers, so;
And God will hear me better out-doors than he
would in the house, I know!"

Then clasping her baby fingers, and bowing her
leaf-crowned head,
With its tangled floss half over her face, shading
its flush of red,
Sweetly the innocent little voice stole out on the
waiting air,
And up to the children's Father floated this child-
ish prayer:

"I thank you, God, 'way up in the sky, for these
nice things to eat;
For this happy day in the pleasant woods, for the
squirrels and birdies sweet;
For fathers and mothers to love us—only Robbie,
his mother's dead;
But I guess you know all about that, God—you
took her away, they said!

"If you please, don't make my mother die;
I shouldn't know what to do!
I couldn't take care of myself at all; you'd have
to get me, too!
Make all the days just as good as this, and don't
let Robbie cry—
That's all little Dolly knows to pray, our Father in
heaven, good-by!"

Then the sweet child voices rose anew like a
beautiful refrain,
And the birds in the brown leaves overhead caught
up the merry strain,
And twittered it back till the yellow sun was lost
in the hazy west,
When birds and children fluttered home, each to
a sheltering nest.

LUCY M. BLINN.

NAMING THE BABY.

THEY gather in solemn council,
The chiefs in the household band;
They sit in the darkened chamber,
A conclave proud and grand;
They peer in the curtained chamber,
And all with one voice exclaim,
As they point to the new-found treasure
"The baby must have a name!"

They bring forth the names by dozens
With many an anxious look;
They scan all the tales and novels,
They search through the good old Book;
Till the happy-voiced young mother,
Now urging her prior claim,
Cries out in the fondest accents,
"O! give him a pretty name."

"His grandpa was Ebenezer,
"Long buried and gone, dear soul,"
Says the trembling voice of grandma,
As the quiet tear-drops roll.
"Oh, call him Eugene Augustus,"
Cries the youngest of the throng;
"Plain John," says the happy father,
"Is an honest name and strong."

And thus is the embryo statesman
Or, perhaps, the soldier bold,
Respecting his future title
Left utterly out in the cold;
And yet it can matter but little
To him who is heedless of fame,
For no name will dishonor the mortal,
If the mortal but honors the name.

NAN.

I KNOW a maid, a dear little maid;
If you knew her, you'd woo her,
I'm sadly afraid;
So I think it as well
Her name not to tell,
Except that she's sometimes called "Nan."
She has a hand, a soft little hand;
Did you feel it, you'd steal it,
I quite understand;
So I think it as well
To reveal not the spell
That lurks in the fingers of Nan.

Bright are her eyes, her clear hazel eyes;
 If their dance should entrance you
 I'd feel no surprise;
 So I think it as well
 The whole truth to tell;
 She's my own baby daughter, my Nan.

CORA STUART WHEELER.



BEING A BOY.

ONE of the best things in the world to be is a boy; it requires no experience, though it needs some practice to be a good one. The disadvantage of the position is that he does not last long enough. It is soon over. Just as you get used to being a boy, you have to be something else, with a good deal more work to do, and not half so much fun. And yet every boy is anxious to be a man, and is very uneasy with the restrictions that are put upon him as a boy. There are so many bright spots in the life of a farm boy that I sometimes think I should like to live the life over again. I should almost be willing to be a girl if it were not for the chores.

There is a great comfort to a boy in the amount of work he can get rid of doing. It is sometimes astonishing how slow he can go on an errand. Perhaps he couldn't explain, himself, why, when he is sent to the neighbor's after yeast, he stops to stone the frogs. He is not exactly cruel, but he wants to see if he can hit 'em. It is a curious fact about boys, that two will be a great deal slower in doing anything than one. Boys have a great power of helping each other do nothing. But say what you will about the general usefulness of boys, a farm without a boy would very soon come to grief. He is always in demand.

In the first place, he is to do all the errands, go to the store, the post-office, and to carry all sorts of messages. He would like to have as many legs as a wheel has spokes, and rotate about in the same way. This he sometimes tries to do, and people who have seen him "turning cart-wheels" along the side of the road have supposed he was amusing himself and idling his time. He was only trying to invent a new mode of locomotion, so that he could economize his legs and do his errands with greater dispatch. Leap-frog is one of his methods of getting over the ground quickly. He has a natural genius for combining pleasure with business.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

THE CHICKEN'S MISTAKE.

A LITTLE downy chick one day
 Asked leave to go on the water,
 Where she saw a duck with her brood at play
 Swimming and splashing about her.

Indeed, she began to peep and cry,
 When her mother wouldn't let her,
 "If the ducks can swim, then why can't I?
 Are they any bigger or better?"
 Then the old hen answered, "Listen to me,
 And hush your foolish talking;
 Just look at your feet, and you will see
 They were only made for walking."

But chicky wistfully eyed the brook,
 And didn't half believe her;
 For she seemed to say, by a knowing look,
 Such stories couldn't deceive her.

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HEY WARNER

MISTAKE.

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THE MERRY BOATING PARTY.

And as her mother was scratching the ground,
 She muttered lower and lower,
 "I know I can go there and not be drowned,
 And so I think I'll show her."

Then she made a plunge where the stream was
 deep,

And saw too late her blunder;
 For she had hardly time to peep
 When her foolish head went under.

And now I hope her fate will show
 That child my story reading,
 That those who are older sometimes know
 What you will do well in heeding:

That each content in his place should dwell,
 And envy not his brother,
 For any part that is acted well
 Is just as good as another;

For we all have our proper spheres below,
 And this is a truth worth knowing:
 You will come to grief if you try to go
 Where you never were made for going.
 PHOEBE CARY.

THE MERMAN'S SONG.

COME away, children;
 Come, children, come down,
 The hoarse wind blows colder,
 Lights shine in the town.
 She will start from her slumber
 When gusts shake the door;
 She will hear the winds howling,
 Will hear the waves roar.
 We shall see, while above us
 The waves roar and whirl,
 A ceiling of amber,
 A pavement of pearl,
 Singing, "Here came a mortal,
 But faithless was she;
 And alone dwells forever
 The king of the sea."

But, children, at midnight,
 When soft the winds blow,
 When clear falls the moonlight,
 When spring tides are low,
 When sweet airs come seaward
 From heaths starred with bloom,
 And high rocks throw mildly
 On the blanched sands a gloom,
 Up the still glistening beaches,
 Up the creeks we will hie,
 Over banks of bright seaweed
 The ebb tide leaves dry.
 We will gaze, from the sand-hills,
 At the white, sleeping town,
 At the church on the hillside,
 And then come back down,

Singing, "There dwells a loved one,
 But cruel is she;
 She left lonely forever
 The king of the sea."

MATTHEW ARNOLD

DREAMS.

SOME tiny lives, one evening, grew mischie-
 vously, it seems,
 And broke into the store-room where the
 Sandman keeps his dreams,
 And gathered up whole armfuls of dreams—
 All bright and sweet,
 And started forth to peddle them adown the vil-
 lage street.

Oh, you would never, never guess how queerly
 these dreams sold;

Why, nearly all the younger folk bought dreams
 of being old;

And one wee chap in curls and kilts, a gentle little
 thing,

Invested in a dream about an awful pirate king.

A maid, who thought her pretty name old-fash-
 ioned and absurd,

Bought dreams of names the longest and the
 queerest ever heard;

And, strange to say, a lad, who owned all sorts of
 costly toys,

Bought dreams of selling papers with the raggedest
 of boys.

And then a dream of summer and a barefoot boy
 at play

Was bought up very quickly by a gentleman quite
 gray;

And one old lady—smiling through the grief she
 tried to hide—

Bought bright and tender visions of a little girl
 who died.

A ragged little beggar girl, with weary, wistful
 gaze,

Soon chose a cinderella dream, with jewels all
 ablaze—

Well, it wasn't many minutes from the time they
 came in sight

Before the dreams were all sold out and the elves
 had taken flight.

BE TRUE.

YOUNG friends, to whom life's early days
 Are bright with promise all,
 And to whose view the glowing rays
 Of hope unclouded fall;
 To counsel each to choose the good,
 Throughout the coming years, I would
 A precept give to you:
 Observe, if you success would win,
 The wealth of worth embodied in
 Two little words: Be true.

Be true to right : let justice still
 Her even balance claim ;
 Unawed, unbribed, through good or ill,
 Make rectitude your aim.
 Unswayed by prejudice, thy mind
 Each day submitted claims will find
 To champion or deny ;
 Then cast, according to thy light,
 Thy influence on the side of right,
 Though all the world goes by.

Be true to truth : the proudest name
 That sterling worth may win
 Is soiled and tarnished past reclaim
 Where falsehood enters in.
 No gem that arduous toil may find,
 In learning's fields adorns the mind
 Like truth's pure, shining ray.
 And from her presence error's crowds
 Of worshippers disperse like clouds
 Before the rising day.



THE NEW YEAR.

THE moon is up, and the frost is out,
 O'er hill and valley he works his will ;—
 Two blithe young faces are gazing out,
 They talk of a presence fairer still :—
 "O New Year, what wilt thou bring to me?
 O New Year, canst thou bring aught but glee?"

LITTLE JACK.

HE wore a pair of tattered pants,
 A ragged roundabout,
 And through the torn crown of his hat
 A lock of hair stuck out ;
 He had no shoes upon his feet,
 No shirt upon his back ;
 His home was on the friendless street,
 His name was "Little Jack."
 One day a toddling baby-boy
 With head of curly hair
 Escaped his loving mother's eyes,
 Who, busy with her care,
 Forgot the little one, that crept
 Upon the railroad near
 To play with the bright pebbles there,
 Without a thought of fear.
 But see ! around the curve there comes
 A swiftly flying train—
 It rattles, roars ! the whistle shrieks
 With all its might and main ;

The mother sees her child, but stands
 Transfixed with sudden fright !
 The baby clasps his little hands
 And laughs with low delight.

Look ! look ! a tattered figure flies
 Adown the railroad track !
 His hat is gone, his feet are bare !
 'Tis ragged "Little Jack !" !
 He grasps the child and from the track
 The babe is safely tossed—
 A slip ! a cry ! the train rolls by—
 Brave "Little Jack" is lost.

They found his mangled body there,
 Just where he slipped and fell,
 And strong men wept who never cared
 For him when he was well.
 If there be starry crowns in heaven
 For little ones to wear,
 The star in "Little Jack's" shall shine
 As bright as any there !

EUGENE J. HALL.

WHAT BESSIE SAW.



THIS morning, when all the rest had gone down,
I stood by the window to see
The beautiful pictures, which there in the night
Jack Frost had been painting for me.

There were mountains, and windmills, and bridges, and
Some queer looking-houses and trees;
A hammock that hung by itself in the air,
And a giant cut off at the knees.

Then there was a steeple, so crooked and high,
I was thinking it surely must fall,
When right down below it I happened to spy
The loveliest thing of them all.

The cutest and cunningest dear little girl!
I looked at her hard as I could,
And she stood there so dainty—and looked back at me—
In a little white ulster and hood.

"Good morning," I whispered, for all in a flash
I knew 'twas Jack Frost's little sister,
I was so glad to have her come visiting me,
I reached up quite softly and kissed her.

Then can you believe it? the darling was gone!
Kissed dead in that one little minute.
I never once dreamed that a kiss would do that.
How could there be any harm in it?

And I am so sorry! for though I have looked
Fifty times at that window since then,
Half hoping to see her once more, yet I know
She can never come back again.

And—it may be foolish—but all through the day
I have felt—and I knew that I should—
Just as if I had killed her, that dear little girl!
In the little white ulster and hood.

C. W. BRONSON.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

COME back, come back together,
All ye fancies of the past,
Ye days of April weather,
Ye shadows that are cast
By the haunted hours before!
Come back, come back, my childhood;
Thou art summoned by a spell
From the green leaves of the wildwood,
From beside the charmed well,
For Red Riding Hood, the darling,
The flower of fairy lore!

The fields were covered over
With colors as she went;
Daisy, buttercup, and clover
Below her footsteps bent;
Summer shed its shining store;
She was happy as she pressed them
Beneath her little feet;
She plucked them and caressed them;
They were so very sweet,
They had never seemed so sweet before,
To Red Riding Hood, the darling,
The flower of fairy lore.

How the heart of childhood dances
Upon a sunny day!
It has its own romances,

And a wide, wide world have they!
A world where Phantasie is king,
Made all of eager dreaming;
When once grown up and tall—
Now is the time for scheming—
Then we shall do them all!
Do such pleasant fancies spring
For Red Riding Hood, the darling,
The flower of fairy lore?

She seems like an ideal love,
The poetry of childhood shown,
And yet loved with a real love,
As if she were our own—
A younger sister for the heart;
Like the woodland pheasant,
Her hair is brown and bright;
And her smile is pleasant,
With its rosy light,
Never can the memory part
With Red Riding Hood, the darling,
The flower of fairy lore.

Did the painter, dreaming
In a morning hour,
Catch the fairy seeming
Of this fairy flower?
Winning it with eager eyes



BLOWING SOAP BUBBLES.

From the old enchanted stories,
Lingering with a long delight
On the unorgotten glories
Of the infant sight?
Giving us a sweet surprise
In Red Riding Hood, the darling,
The flower of fairy lore!

Too long in the meadow staying,
Where the cowslip bends,
With the buttercups delaying
As with early friends,
Did the little maiden stay.
Scrowful the tale for us;
We, too, loiter 'mid life's flowers,
A little while so glorious,
So soon lost in darker hours.
All love lingering on their way,
Like Red Riding Hood, the darling,
The flower of fairy lore.

LETITIA E. LANDON.

THE HIGHWAYMAN.

DID you ever meet a robber, with a pistol and
a knife,
Whose prompt and cordial greeting was,
"Your money or your life?"
Who, while you stood a-trembling, with your
hands above your head,
Took your gold, most grimly offering to repay you
in cold lead?

Well, I once met a robber; I was going home to
tea;
The way was rather lonely, though not yet too dark
to see
That the sturdy rogue who stopped me there was
very fully armed—
But I'm honest in maintaining that I didn't feel
alarmed.

He was panting hard from running, so I, being
still undaunted,
Very boldly faced the rascal and demanded what
he wanted;
I was quite as big as he was, and I was not out of
breath,
So I didn't fear his shooting me, or stabbing me
to death.

In answer to my question the highwayman raised
an arm
And pointed it straight at me—though I still felt
no alarm;
He did not ask for money, but what he said was
this:
"You cannot pass, papa, unless you give your boy
a kiss!"

ALLEN G. BIGELOW.

WHAT BABY SAID.

I AM here. And if this is what they call the
world, I don't think much of it. It's a very
flannelly world, and smells of paregoric aw-
fully. It's a dreadful light world, too, and makes
me blink, I tell you. And I don't know what to
do with my hands; I think I'll dig my fists in my
eyes. No, I won't. I'll scratch at the corner of
my blanket and chew it up, and then I'll holler;
whatever happens, I'll holler. And the more pare-
goric they give me, the louder I'll yell. That old
nurse puts the spoon in the corner of my mouth,
sidewise like, and keeps tasting my milk herself all
the while. She spilt snuff in it last night, and
when I hollered she trotted me. That comes of
being a two-days-old baby. Never mind; when
I'm a man, I'll pay her back good.

There's a pin sticking in me now, and if I say a
word about it, I'll be trotted or fed; and I would
rather have catnip-tea. I'll tell you who I am. I
found out to-day. I heard folks say, "Hush!
don't wake up Emeline's baby;" and I suppose that
pretty, white-faced woman over on the pillow is
Emeline.

No, I was mistaken; for a chap was in here just
now and wanted to see Bob's baby; and looked at
me and said I was a funny little toad, and looked
just like Bob. He smelt of cigars. I wonder
who else I belong to! Yes, there's another one—
that's "Gamma." "It was Gamma's baby, so it
was." I declare, I do not know who I belong to;
but I'll holler, and maybe I'll find out. There
comes snuffy with catnip-tea. I'm going to sleep.
I wonder why my hands won't go where I want
them to!

THE SQUIRREL'S LESSON.

TWO little squirrels, out in the sun,
One gathered nuts, and the other had none;
"Time enough yet," his constant refrain;
"Summer is still only just on the wane."

Listen, my child, while I tell you his fate:
He roused him at last, but he roused him too late;
Down fell the snow from a pitiless cloud,
And gave little squirrel a spotless white shroud.

Two little boys in a school-room were placed,
One always perfect, the other disgraced;
"Time enough yet for my learning," he said;
"I will climb, by and by, from the foot to the head."

Listen, my darling; their locks are turned gray;
One as a Governor sitteth to-day;
The other, a pauper, looks out at the door
Of the almshouse, and idles his days as of yore.

Two kinds of people we meet every day:
One is at work, the other at play,
Living uncared for, dying unknown—
The busiest hive hath ever a drone.

BOYS WANTED.

BOYS of spirit, boys of will,
Boys of muscle, brain, and power,
Fit to cope with anything,
These are wanted every hour.
Not the weak and whining drones,
Who all troubles magnify;
Not the watchword of "I can't,"
But the nobler one, "I'll try."

Do whate'er you have to do
With a true and earnest zeal;
Bend your sinews to the task.
"Put your shoulder to the wheel."

Though your duty may be hard,
Look not on it as an ill;
If it be an honest task,
Do it with an honest will.

In the workshop, on the farm,
At the desk, where'er you be,
From your future efforts, boys,
Comes a nation's destiny.

THE RIGHT WAY.

AT home, abroad, by day or night,
In country or in town,
If asked to drink, we'll smile and
turn

Our glasses upside down.

The ruby wine, or bright champagne,
Or lager rich and brown,
We'll never touch, but always turn
Our glasses upside down.

If friends shall say 'tis good for health,
'Twill all your troubles drown,
We'll dare to differ and to turn
Our glasses upside down.

Companions gay, and maidens fair,
And men of high renown,
May sneer; but never mind, we'll turn
Our glasses upside down.

We mean to conquer in this strife,
To win the victor's crown,
And so we'll always bravely turn
Our glasses upside down.

HELEN E. BROWN.

A SONG OF GOLDEN CURLS.

STAY a little, golden curls—twinkling eyes of
blue;
Stay and see the violets, for they are kin to you;
Linger where the frolic winds around the gardens
race.
Cheeks like lovely mirrors where the red rose seeks
its face.

"Sweet—sweet!"

All the birds are singing;

"Sweet—sweet!"

The blossom-bells are ringing;

Kisses from the red rose—

Kisses from the white,

Kissing you good-morning

And kissing you good-night!



Stay a little, golden curls—brightening eyes of blue,
The violets are listening for the lovely steps of you,
The white rose bids you welcome, the red rose calls
you sweet,

And the daisies spread a carpet for the falling of
your feet.

"Sweet—sweet!"

All the birds are singing;

"Sweet—sweet!"

The blossom-bells are ringing;

Kisses from the red rose—

Kisses from the white,

Kissing you good-morning

And kissing you good-night!

FRANK L. STANTON.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

HAMELIN Town's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover City;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its wall on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townfolk suffer so
From vermin was a pity,

an hour they sat in counsel—
At length the Mayor broke silence:
"For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell;
I wish I were a mile hence!
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain—
I'm sure my poor head aches again,
I've scratched it so, and all in vain.
O for a trap, a trap, a trap!"
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber door but a gentle tap?



Rats!

They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cook's own
ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats,
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking:
"'Tis clear," cried they, "our Mayor's a
noddy;
And as for our Corporation—shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin!"
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

"Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's that?"
"Come in!"—the Mayor cried, looking bigger;
And in did come the strangest figure;
He advanced to the council-table:
And, "Please your honors," said he, "I'm
able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep or swim or fly or run,
After me so as you never saw!
Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,
Last June, from his huge swarm of gnats;
I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampire-bats;
And as for what your brain bewilders—
If I can rid your town of rats,
Will you give me a thousand guilders?"
"One? fifty thousand!"—was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

Into the street the piper stopt,
Smiling first a little smile,

As if he knew what magic slept,
 In his quiet pipe the while;
 Then, like a musical adept,
 To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
 And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
 Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled;
 And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
 You heard as if an army muttered;
 And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
 And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
 And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.
 Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
 Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
 Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,

Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
 Cocking tails and pricking whiskers;
 Families by tens and dozens,
 Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
 Followed the piper for their lives.
 From street to street he piped advancing,
 And step for step they followed dancing,
 Until they came to the river Weser
 Wherein all plunged and perished
 Save one, who, stout as Julius Caesar,
 Swam across and lived to carry
 (As he the manuscript he cherished)
 To Rat-land home his commentary,
 Which was: "At the first shrill notes of the
 pipe,

I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
 And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
 Into a cider-press's gripe—
 And a moving away of pickle-tub-boards,
 And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards,
 And a drawing the corks of train oil flasks,
 And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks;
 And it seemed as if a voice
 (Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
 's breathed) called out, O rats, rejoice!
 The world is grown to one vast drysaltery!
 So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
 Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!
 And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon,
 All ready staved, like a great sun shone
 Glorious, scarce an inch before me,
 Just as methought it said, Come, bore me!—
 I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

You should have heard the Hamelin people
 Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple;
 "Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles!
 Poke out the nests and block up the holes!
 Consult with carpenters and builders
 And leave in our town not even a trace
 Of the rats!"—when suddenly, up the face
 Of the piper perked in the market-place,
 With a "First, if you please, my thousand
 guilders!"

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue;
 So did the Corporation, too.

For council-dinners made rare havoc
 With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock;
 And half the money would replenish
 Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.
 To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
 With a gipsy coat of red and yellow!
 "Beside," quoth the Mayor, with a knowing
 wink,
 "Our business was done at the river's brink;
 We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
 And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
 So, friend, we're no the folks to shrink
 From the duty of giving you something for
 drink,
 And a matter of money to put in your poke;
 But as for the guilders, what we spoke
 Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
 Beside, our losses have made us thrifty;
 A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!"

The piper's face fell, and he cried,
 "No trilling! I can't wait! beside,
 I've promised to visit by dinner time
 Bagdat, and accept the prime
 Of the head cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
 For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,
 Of a nest of scorpions no survivor—
 With him I proved no bargain-driver;
 With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!
 And folks who put me in a passion
 May find me pipe to another fashion."

"How?" cried the Mayor, "d'ye think I'll
 brook
 Being worse treated than a cook?
 Insulted by a lazy ribald
 With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
 You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
 Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

Once more he stepped into the street;
 And to his lips again
 Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;
 And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
 Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
 Never gave the enraptured air)
 There was a rustling that seemed like a bus-
 tling
 Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hust-
 ling;
 Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clat-
 tering,
 Little hands clapping, and little tongues chat-
 tering;
 And, like fowls in a farm-yard when barley is
 scattering,
 Out came the children running:
 All the little boys and girls,
 With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
 And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,

Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by—
And could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat
As the piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
However, he turned from south to west
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast.
"He never can cross that mighty top!
He's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!"

When, lo, as they reached the mountain's side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
And the piper advanced and the children fol-
lowed;

And when all were in, to the very last,
The door in the mountain-side shut fast.
Did I say all? No! One was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way;
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say—
"It's dull in our town since my playmates left,
I can't forget that I'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the piper also promised me;
For he led us, he said to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honey-bees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagles' wings;
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped and I stood still,
And found myself outside the Hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more!"

ROBERT BROWNING.

THE CLUCKING HEN.

"WILL you take a walk with me,
My little wife, to-day?
There's barley in the barley-field,
And hay-seed in the hay."
"Oh, thank you!" said the clucking hen,

"I've something else to do;
I'm busy sitting on my eggs—
I cannot walk with you."

"Cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck!"
Said the clucking hen;
"My little chicks will soon be hatched;
I'll think about it then."
The clucking hen sat on her nest—
She made it in the hay—
And warm and snug beneath her breast
A dozen white eggs lay.

Crack, crack! went all the eggs—
Out drop the chickens small.
"Cluck!" said the clucking hen;
"Now I have you all.
Come along, my little chicks!
I'll take a walk with you."
"Halloo!" said the barn-door cock,
"Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

ONE THING AT A TIME.

WORK while you work,
Play while you play,
That is the way to be
Cheerful and gay.

All that you do,
Do with your might,
Things done by halves
Are never done right.

One thing each time,
And that done well,
Is a very good rule,
As many can tell.

Moments are useless,
Trifled away,
So work while you work,
And play while you play.

BABYLAND.

HOW many miles to Babyland?
Any one can tell;
Up one flight,
To your right—
Please to ring the bell.

What can you see in Babyland?
Little folks in white,
Downy heads,
Cradle beds,
Faces pure and bright.

What do they do in Babyland?
Dream and work and play,
Laugh and grow,
Shout and grow,
Jolly times have they.

What do they say in Babyland?

Why, the oddest things;

Might as well

Try to tell

What a birdie sings.

Who is the queen of Babyland?

Mother, kind and sweet;

And her love,

Born above,

Guides the little feet. (GEORGE COOPER.)

THE LITTLE CUP-BEARER.

THE little cup-bearer entered the room,
After the banquet was done;
His eyes were like the skies of May,
Aglow with a cloudless sun;
Kneeling beside his master's feet,
The feet of the noble king,
He raised the goblet, "Drink, my liege,
The offering that I bring."

"Nay, nay," the good king smiling said,
"But first a faithful sign
That thou bringest me no poison draught:
'Taste thou, my page, the wine."

Then gently, firmly, spoke the lad,
"My dearest master, no,
Though at thy lightest wish my feet
Shall gladly come and go."

"Rise up, my little cup-bearer,"
The king astonished cried;
"Rise up and tell me straightway, why
Is my request denied?"

The young page rose up slowly,
With sudden paling cheek,
While courtly lords and ladies
Waited to hear him speak.

"My father sat in princely halls,
And tasted wine with you;
He died a wretched drunkard, sire—"

The brave voice tearful grew,
"I vowed to my dear mother
Beside her dying bed,
That for her sake I would not taste
The tempting poison red."

"Away with this young upstart!"
The lords impatient cry.
But spilling slow the purple wine,
The good king made reply;
"Thou shalt be my cup-bearer,
And honored well," he said,
"But see thou bring not wine to me
But water pure instead."

DO RIGHT.

DO what conscience says is right;
Do what reason says is best;
Do with all your mind and might;
Do your duty and be blest.

THE BOY WITH THE LITTLE TIN HORN.

WHAT care we for skies that are snowing
On fields that no roses adorn;
For blizzards so icily blowing,
When the boy with the little tin horn
So merrily blows
As he goes, as he goes—
With eyes like the violet, cheeks like the rose?

He's the herald of Christmas—this fellow

Who rouses the dreamer at morn;
The notes are not soothing or mellow

That come from his little tin horn,
But he blows just the same
By the firelight's flame,

And we love him and so there is no one to blame.

He summons the soldiers, reclining
In corners great soldiers would scorn;
They rise, with their little guns shining,
And march to the little tin horn!

They are stiffer than starch,
'Neath the chandelier's arch,
But they move when their curly-haired captain
cries "March!"

For there never was music in battle,
Where the flags by the bullets are torn,
As brisk as the holiday rattle

Of the toy drum and the little tin horn;
With a rubbing of eyes
All the soldiers arise

When the little tin horn sends a blast to the skies.

Blow, blow, little tin horn! No summer
Of song is as sweet as your notes!

And march, little rosy-faced drummer,
With the soldiers in little tin coats!
"Hep-hep! to the right!"

With your regiments bright,
And a kiss for the captain who wins in the fight.

FRANK L. STANTON.

THE WAY TO SUCCEED.

DRIVE the nail aright, boys,
Hit it on the head;
Strike with all your might, boys,
While the iron's red.

When you've work to do, boys,
Do it with a will;
They who reach the top, boys,
First must climb the hill.

Standing at the foot, boys
Gazing at the sky,
How can you ever get up, boys,
If you never try?

Though you stumble oft, boys,
Never be downcast;
Try, and try again, boys—
You'll succeed at last.

A GENTLEMAN.

I KNEW him for a gentleman
By signs that never fail;
His coat was rough and rather worn,
His cheeks were thin and pale—
A lad who had his way to make,
With little time for play;
I knew him for a gentleman
By certain signs to-day.

He met his mother on the street;
Off came his little cap.
My door was shut; he waited there
Until I heard his rap.
He took the bundle from my hand,
And when I dropped my pen,
He sprang to pick it up for me—
This gentleman of ten.

He does not push and crowd along
His voice is gently pitched;
He does not fling his books about
As if he were bewitched,
He stands aside to let you pass;
He always shuts the door;
He runs on errands willingly
To forge and mill and store.

He thinks of you before himself,
He serves you if he can;
For, in whatever company,
The manners make the man.
At ten or forty, 'tis the same;
The manner tells the tale,
And I discern the gentleman
By signs that never fail.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

DOWN IN THE STRAWBERRY BED.

JAYS in the orchard are screaming, and hark!
Down in the pasture the blithe meadow lark
Floods all the air with melodious notes;
Robins and sparrows are straining their throats—
"Dorothy, Dorothy," out of the hall
Echoes the sound of the music call;
Songbirds are silent a moment, then sweet
"Dorothy," all of them seem to repeat.

Where is the truant? No answer is heard.
Save the clear trills of each jubilant bird!
Dawn-damask roses have naught to unfold,
Fresh with the dew and the morning's bright gold.
"Dorothy, Dorothy,"—still no reply,
None from the arbor or hedgerow a-nigh.
None from the orchard, where the grasses are deep—
"Dorothy,"—surely she must be asleep!

Rover has seen her; his eyes never fail;
Watch how he sabers the air with his tail!
Follow him, follow him! where has he gone?
Out toward the garden and over the lawn.

"Dorothy, Dorothy," plaintive and low,
Up from the paths where the hollyhocks grow,
Comes the soft voice with a tremor of dread,
"Dorothy's down in 'e stwawberry bed!"

Curls in a tangle and frock all awry,
Bonnet, a beam from the gold in the sky,
Eyes with the sparkle of mirth brimming o'er,
Lap filled with ruby fruit red to the core.
Dorothy, Dorothy! rogue that thou art;
Who, at thee, sweet one, to scold has a heart?
Aprons and fingers and cheeks stained with red,
Dorothy, down in the strawberry bed!

ONE LITTLE ACT.

I SAW a man, with tottering steps,
Come down a graveled walk, one day;
The honored frost of many years
Upon his scattered thin locks lay.
With trembling hands he strove to raise
The latch that held the little gate,
When rosy lips looked up and smiled,—
A silvery child-voice said, "Please wait."

A little girl oped wide the gate,
And held it till he passed quite through,
Then closed it, raising to his face
Her modest eyes of winsome blue.
"May heaven bless you, little one,"
The old man said, with tear wet eyes;
"Such deeds of kindness to the old
Will be rewarded in the skies."

'Twas such a little thing to do—
A moment's time it took—no more;
And then the dancing, graceful feet
Had vanished through the school-room door.
And yet I'm sure the angels smiled,
And penned it down in words of gold;
'Tis such a blessed thing to see
The young so thoughtful of the old.

SIX YEARS OLD.

O SUN! so far up in the blue sky,
O, clover! so white and so sweet,
O, little brook! shining like silver,
And running so fast past my feet,—

You don't know what strange things have happened
Since sunset and starlight last night;

Since the four o'clocks closed their red petals
To wake up so early and bright.

Say! what will you think when I tell you
What my dear mamma whispered to me,
When she kissed me on each cheek twice over?
You don't know what a man you may see.

O, yes! I am big and I'm heavy;
I have grown, since last night, very old,
And I'm stretched out as tall as a ladder;
Mamma says I'm too large to hold.

Sweet clover, stand still; do not blow so;
 I shall whisper 'way down in your ear,
 I was six years old early this morning.
 Would you think so to see me, my dear?

Do you notice my pants and two pockets?
 I'm so old I must dress like a man;
 I must learn to read books and write letters
 And I'll write one to you when I can.

My pretty gold butterflies flying,
 Little bird, and my busy brown bee,
 I shall never be too old to love you,
 And I hope you'll always love me.

HANDS AND LIPS.

OH, what can little hands do
 To please the King of Heaven?
 The little hands some work may try,
 To help the poor in misery.
 Such grace to mine be given!

Oh, what can little lips do
 To praise the King of Heaven?
 The little lips can praise and pray,
 And gentle words of kindness say.
 Such grace to mine be given!

JEWELS OF WINTER.

A MILLION little diamonds
 Twinkled on the trees:
 And all the little maidens said,
 "A jewel if you please!"

But while they held their hands outstretched,
 To catch the diamonds gay,
 A million little sunbeams came,
 And stole them all away.

THE BLUEBIRD.

I KNOW the song that the bluebird is singing,
 Out in the apple tree where he is swinging.
 Brave little fellow! the skies may be dreary,
 Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheery.

Hark! how the music leaps out from his throat!
 Hark! 'was there ever so merry a note?
 Listen awhile, and you'll hear what he's saying,
 Up in the apple tree, swinging and swaying:

"Dear little blossoms, down under the snow,
 You must be weary of winter, I know;
 Hark! while I sing you a message of cheer,
 Summer is coming, and spring time is here!

"Little white snowdrop, I pray you arise;
 Bright yellow crocus, come, open your eyes,
 Sweet little violets hid from the cold,
 Put on your mantles of purple and gold;
 Daffodils, daffodils! say, do you hear?
 Summer is coming, and spring time is here!"

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

THE man in the moon who sails through the
 sky,

Is the most courageous skipper;
 But he made a mistake when he tried to take
 A drink of milk from the "dipper."

He dipped it into the "milky way,"
 And slowly, cautiously filled it;
 But the "Great Bear" growled and the "Little
 Bear" howled,
 And scared him so that he spilled it.

A ROGUE.

GRANDMA was nodding, I rather think;
 Harry was sly and quick as a wink;
 He climbed in the back of her great arm-
 chair,

And nestled himself very snugly there;
 Grandma's dark locks were mingled with white,
 And quick this fact came to his sight;
 A sharp twinge soon she felt at her hair,
 And woke with a start, to find Harry there.
 "Why, what are you doing, my child?" she
 said,
 He answered, "I've pulling a basting fread!"

GRANDPAPA'S SPECTACLES.

GRANDPAPA'S spectacles cannot be found;
 He has searched all the rooms, high and
 low, 'round and 'round;
 Now he calls to the young ones, and what does he
 say?
 "Ten cents to the child who will find them to-
 day."

Then Henry and Nelly and Edward all ran,
 And a most thorough hunt for the glasses began,
 And dear little Nell, in her generous way,
 Said: "I'll look for them, grandpa, without any
 pay."

All through the big Bible she searches with care
 That lies on the table by grandpapa's chair;
 They feel in his pockets, they peep in his hat,
 They pull out the sofa, they shake out the mat.

Then down on all fours, like two good-natured
 bears,
 Go Harry and Ned under tables and chairs,
 Till, quite out of breath, Ned is heard to declare,
 He believes that those glasses are not anywhere.

But Nelly, who, leaning on grandpapa's knee,
 Was thinking most earnestly where they could be,
 Looked suddenly up in the kind, faded eyes,
 And her own shining brown ones grew big with
 surprise.

She slapped both her hands—all her dimples came out—

She turned to the boys with a bright, roguish shout;

"You may leave off your looking, both Harry and Ned,

For there are the glasses on grandpapa's head!"

THE LITTLE MATCH-GIRL.

IT was very cold, the snow fell, and it was almost quite dark; for it was evening—yes, the last evening of the year. Amid the cold and the darkness, a poor little girl, with bare head and naked feet, was roaming through the streets. It is true she had a pair of slippers when she left home, but they were not of much use. They were very large slippers; so large, indeed, that they had hitherto been used by her mother; besides, the little creature lost them as she hurried across the street, to avoid two carriages that were driving very quickly past.

One of the slippers was not to be found, and the other was pounced upon by a boy who ran away with it, saying that it would serve for a cradle when he should have children of his own. So the little girl went along, with her little bare feet that were red and blue with cold. She carried a number of matches in an old apron, and she held a bundle of them in her hand. Nobody had bought anything from her the whole livelong day; nobody had even given her a penny.

Shivering with cold and hunger, she crept along, a perfect picture of misery—poor little thing! The snow-flakes covered her long flaxen hair, which hung in pretty curls round her throat; but she heeded them not now. Lights were streaming from all the windows, and there was a savory smell of roast goose; for it was New Year's Eve. And this she *did* heed.

She now sat down, cowering in a corner formed by two houses, one of which projected beyond the other. She had drawn her little feet under her, but she felt colder than ever; yet she dared not return home, for she had not sold a match and could not bring home a penny! She would certainly be beaten by her father; and it was cold enough at home, besides—for they had only the roof above them, and the wind came howling through it, though the largest holes had been stopped with straw and rags. Her little hands were nearly frozen with cold. Alas! a single match might do her some good, if she might only draw one out of the bundle, and rub it against the wall, and warm her fingers.

So at last she drew one out. Ah! how it sheds sparks, and how it burns! It gave out a warm, bright flame, like a little candle, as she held her hands over it—truly it was a wonderful little light! It really seemed to the little girl as if she were sit-

ting before a large iron stove, with polished brass feet, and brass shovel and tongs. The fire burned so brightly, and warmed so nicely, that the little creature stretched out her feet to warm them likewise, when lo! the flame expired, the stove vanished, and left nothing but the little half-burned match in her hand.

She rubbed another match against the wall. It gave a light, and where it shone upon the wall, the latter became as transparent as a veil, and she could see into the room. A snowy-white tablecloth was spread upon the table, on which stood a splendid china dinner service, while a roast goose stuffed with apples and prunes, sent forth the most savory fumes. And what was more delightful still to see, the goose jumped down from the dish, and waddled along the ground with a knife and fork in its breast, up to the poor girl. The match then went out, and nothing remained but the thick, damp wall.

She lit yet another match. She now sat under the most magnificent Christmas tree, that was larger, and more superbly decked, than even the one she had seen through the glass door at the rich merchant's. A thousand tapers burned on its green branches, and gay pictures, such as one sees on shields, seemed to be looking down upon her. She stretched out her hands, but the match then went out. The Christmas lights kept rising higher and higher. They now looked like stars in the sky. One of them fell down, and left a long streak of fire. "Somebody is now dying," thought the little girl,—for her old grandmother, the only person who had ever loved her, and who was now dead, had told her, that when a star falls, it is a sign that a soul is going up to heaven.

She again rubbed a match upon the wall, and it was again light all around; and in the brightness stood her old grandmother, clear and shining like a spirit, yet looking so mild and loving. "Grandmother," cried the little one, "oh, take me with you! I know you will go away when the match goes out—you will vanish like the warm stove, and the delicious roast goose, and the fine, large Christmas tree!" And she made haste to rub the whole bundle of matches, for she wished to hold her grandmother fast. And the matches gave a light that was brighter than noonday. Her grandmother had never appeared so beautiful nor so large. She took the little girl in her arms, and both flew upwards, all radiant and joyful, far, far above mortal ken, where there was neither cold, nor hunger, nor care to be found; where there was no rain, no snow, or stormy wind, but calm, sunny days the whole year round.

But, in the cold dawn, the poor girl might be seen leaning against the wall, with red cheeks and smiling mouth; she had been frozen on the last night of the old year. The new year's sun shone

upon the little dead girl. She sat still holding the matches, one bundle of which was burned. People said: "She tried to warm herself." Nobody dreamed of the fine things she had seen, nor in what splendor she had entered, along with her grandmother, upon the joys of the New Year.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.



THE BABY'S PRAYER.

"**L** O'D b'ess papa, mamma, Daisy,"
 The baby prayed to-day;
 "Kitty, Bose, and ole brack Thomas—
 What else s'all I say?
 I can't fink of nuffin' moah,
 (Stoopid work to pray!)
 'Hush' for what I'd like to know, now,
 You old Mamma Gray?
 Ain't I p'ayed, an' p'ayed, and p'ayed,
 Time 'n time again?
 I've forgot the way to end it—
 Why don't you tell me ven?"

For whose sake, mamma—say?
 I'm—so—s'eepey—O, I 'member—
 For pity's sake, Amen!"

Who chides the child? I kiss and hush.
 Silent I join the group down-stairs
 That rest and linger by the fire
 To laugh at Baby's prayers.

"And what did Baby say to-night?"
 But low I answer, with grave brow:
 "She prayed for Bose, and you and me—"
 I cannot tell them now.

How full the mood the child has drawn
And pressed upon a musing heart!
Amid the happy household chat
I sit like one apart.

My thoughts, like prayers, move solemnly:
"O Lord," I say, "the great, the wise,
The weak, the miserable, are
All children in Thine eyes.

"We take the name of Thy dear Son
Daring, upon a trembling lip;
The cup Thou givest us we lift
And shrink, and taste, and sip,

"And try to say, 'For Jesus' sake;'
Dear Lord, the babe is wisest when,
Fearless and clear, she pleads with Thee
'For pity's sake, Amen.'

"O, truer than the sacred phrase
That time from Christian years has spun,
Is he who prays, nor questions if
Pity and Christ are one!"

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

A CHILD'S WISH.

WHEN the sunlight fell with radiant glory
O'er the little bed,
And the wind, with gentle fingers, moved
The tresses on her head,

With fainter voice she whispered, while
The angel-wings drew nigher,
And loving ones had hushed their sobs,
"Oh, Father, lift me higher."

But her dim sight looked yet further
Than our weeping eyes could see,
Far beyond the land of sunsets,
Into immortality;
She heeded not the crimson mist
That crowned the hills with fire,
But only breathed, in gentle tones,
"Dear Father, lift me higher."

Yet while she spoke the color died
From out the evening sky,
And twilight, clad in ashen robes,
Passed slow and silent by;
And death had shut the door of life,
Smitten the golden lyre,
And answered the sweet childish wish
But to be "lifted higher."

Father, we thank Thee! for the child
Treads now th' eternal hills,
Her footsteps falter not beside
The ever-flowing rills;
Lifted above all grief and care,
From trial borne away,
She has exchanged the twilight gloom
For never-ending day.

CLIO STANLEY.

THE CHILDREN.

POEM FOUND IN THE DESK OF CHARLES DICKENS AFTER
HIS DEATH.

WHEN lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
And the little ones gather around me
To bid me "good night," and be kissed:
O the little white arms that encircle
My neck in a tender embrace!
O the smiles that are halos of heaven,
Shedding sunshine and love on my face!

And when they are gone I sit dreaming
Of my childhood, too lovely to last;
Of love that my heart will remember
When it wakes to the pulse of the past,
Ere the world and its wickedness made me
A partner of sorrow and sin—
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

O my heart grows weak as a woman's,
And the fountain of feeling will flow,
When I think of the paths steep and stony,
Where the feet of the dear ones must go;
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them,
Of the tempests of fate blowing wild—
O there's nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child.

They are idols of hearts and of household,
They are angels of God in disguise—
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still beams from their eyes—
O those truants from earth and from heaven,
They have made me more manly and mild,
And I know now how Jesus could I'ken
The kingdom of God to a child.

Seek not a life for the dear ones
All radiant, as others have done;
But that life may have just as much shadow
To temper the glare of the sun.
I would pray God to guard them from evil,
But my prayer would bound back to myself,
Ah! a seraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,
I have banished the rule and the rod;
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
They have taught me the goodness of God.
My heart is a dungeon of darkness,
Where I shut them for breaking a rule;
My frown is sufficient correction,
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn,
To traverse its threshold no more;
Ah! how I shall sigh for the dear ones
That meet me each morn at the door.

I shall miss the "good nights" and the kisses,
And the gush of their innocent glee,
The group on the green, and the flowers
That are brought every morning to me.

I shall miss them at morn and at eve,
Their song in the school and the street;
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
And the tramp of their delicate feet.
When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And death says the school is dismissed,
May the little ones gather around me,
And bid me "good-night" and be kissed.

CHARLES DICKENS.

THE KING AND THE CHILD.

THE sunlight shone on walls of stone
And towers sublime and tall;
King Alfred sat upon his throne
Within his council hall.

And glancing o'er the splendid throng,
With grave and solemn face,
To where his noble vassals stood,
He saw a vacant place.

"Where is the Earl of Holderness?"
With anxious look, he said.
"Alas, O King!" a courier cried,
"The noble Earl is dead!"

Before the monarch could express
The sorrow that he felt,
A soldier with a war-worn face
Approached the throne and knelt.

"My sword," he said, "has ever been,
O King! at thy command,
And many a proud and haughty Dane
Has fallen by my hand.

"I've fought beside thee in the field,
And 'neath the greenwood tree;
It is but fair for thee to give
Yon vacant place to me."

"It is not just," a statesman cried,
"This soldier's prayer to hear,
My wisdom has done more for thee
Than either sword or spear.

"The victories of the council hall
Have made thee more renown
Than all the triumphs of the field
Have given to thy crown.

"My name is known in every land,
My talents have been thine,
Bestow this earldom, then, on me,
For it is justly mine."

Yet, while before the monarch's throne
These men contending stood,
A woman crossed the floor who wore
The weeds of widowhood.

And slowly to King Alfred's feet
A fair-haired boy she led—
"O King! this is the rightful heir
Of Holderness," she said.

"Helpless he comes to claim his own,
Let no man do him wrong,
For he is weak and fatherless,
And thou art just and strong."

"What strength of power," the state man cried,
"Could such a judgment bring?
Can such a feeble child as this
Do aught for thee, O King?"

"When thou hast need of brawny arms
To draw thy deadly bows,
When thou art wanting crafty men
To crush thy mortal foes."

With earnest voice the fair young boy
Replied: "I cannot fight,
But I can pray to God, O King;
And Heaven can give thee might!"

The King bent down and kissed the child,
The courtiers turned away.
"The heritage is thine," he said,
"Let none their right gainsay."

"Our swords may cleave the casques of men,
Our blood may stain the sod,
But what are human strength and power
Without the help of God?"

EUGENE J. HALL.

PICKING QUARRELS.

THERE! I have opened the windows, I have
drawn the blinds, and hark! already there
is the sound of little voices afar off, like
"sweet bells jangling." Nearer and nearer come
they, and now we catch a glimpse of bright faces
peeping round the corners, and there, by that
empty enclosure, a general mustering and swarm-
ing, as of bees about a newly-discovered flower-
garden. But the voices we now hear proceed from
two little fellows who have withdrawn from the
rest. One carries a large basket, and his eyes are
directed to my window; he doesn't half like the
blinds being drawn. The other follows him with
a tattered book under his arm, rapping the posts,
one after the other, as he goes along. He is
clearly on bad terms with himself. And now we
can see their faces. Both are grave, and one
rather pale, and trying to look ferocious. And
hark! now we are able to distinguish their words.

"Well, I ain't skeered o' you," says the foremost and the larger boy. "Nor I ain't skeered o' you," retorts the other; "but you needn't say you meant to lick me." And so I thought. Another, less acquainted with children, might not be able to see the connection; but I could—it was worthy of Aristotle himself or John Locke. "I didn't say I meant to lick ye," rejoined the first; "I said I could lick ye, and so I can." To which the other replies, glancing first at my window and then all up and down street, "I should like to see you try it." Whereupon the larger boy begins to move away, half-backwards, half-sideways, muttering just loud enough to be heard, "Ah, you want to fight now, jest 'cause you're close by your own house." And here the dialogue finished, and the babies moved on, shaking their little heads at each other and muttering all the way up street. Men are but children of a larger growth! Children but empires in miniature.

"Ah, ah, hurra! hurra! here's a fellow's birthday!" cried a boy in my hearing once. A number had got together to play ball, but one of them having found a birthday, and not only the birthday, but the very boy to whom it belonged, they all gathered about him as if they had never witnessed a conjunction of the sort before. The very fellows for a committee of inquiry!—into the affairs of a national bank, if you please.

Never shall I forget another incident which occurred in my presence between two other boys. One was trying to jump over a wheelbarrow. Another was going by; he stopped, and after considering a moment, spoke. "I'll tell you what you can't do," said he. "Well, what is it?" "You can't jump down your own throat." "Well, you can't." "Can't I though?" The simplicity of "Well, you can't," and the roguishness of "Can't I though!" tickled me prodigiously. They reminded me of a sparring I had seen elsewhere—I should not like to say where—having a great respect for the tenets of justice and the halls of legislation.

I saw three children throwing sticks at a cow. She grew tired of her share in the game at last, and holding down her head and shaking it, demanded a new deal. They cut and run. After getting to a place of comparative security, they stopped, and holding by the top of a board fence began to reconnoitre. Meanwhile, another troop of children hove in sight, and arming themselves with brickbats, began to approach the same cow. Whereupon two of the others called out from the fence, "You, Joe! you better mind! that's our cow!" The plea was admitted without a demurrer; and the cow was left to be tormented by the legal owners. Hadn't these boys the law on their side?

But children have other characters. At times they are creatures to be afraid of. Every case I give is a fact within my own observation. There

are children, and I have had to do with them, whose very eyes were terrible; children, who after years of watchful and anxious discipline, were as indomitable as the young of the wild beast, dropped into the wilderness, crafty and treacherous and cruel. And others I have known who, if they live, may have dominion over the multitude, being evidence of them that from the foundations of the world, have been always thundering at the gates of power.

JOHN NEAL.

A BOY'S SONG.

WHERE the pools are bright and deep,
Where the grey trout lies asleep,
Up the river and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest;
There to trace the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free
That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away
Little sweet maidens from the play,
Or love to banter and fight so well,
That's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know, I love to play,
Through the meadow, among the hay;
Up the water and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

J. HOGG.

THE LITTLE DARLING.

A LITTLE maid with sweet blue eyes
Looked upward with a shy surprise
Because I asked her name,

Awile she bent her golden head,
While o'er her face soft blushes spread
Like some swift rosy flame;
Then looking up she softly said,
"My name is Mamma's Darling."

"Tell me your mother's name, my dear,"
And stooping low I paused to hear—
The little maid seemed musing;

"Why, mamma's name's like mine, you know,
But just because we love her so,
We call her Mamma Darling."

"Tell me your papa's name," I cried;
 The little maiden's eyes grew wide;
 "My papa? Don't you know?
 Why, ever since the baby died
 Mamma and I have always tried
 To cheer him from his sorrowing;
 And my mamma and I love best
 To call him Papa Darling."
 "What did you call the baby,
 dear?"

The answer came quite low
 but clear:
 "The baby—oh, I wonder
 what
 They call him now in heaven;
 But we had only one name
 here
 And that was Baby Darling."

Swift years flew by, and once
 again
 That little maid so tender
 Stood by my side, but she
 had grown
 Like lilies, tall and slender;
 This time 'twas I that called
 her name,
 And swift the blushes grew
 like flame
 At rosy mist of morning;
 I clasped her in my arms and kissed
 My tender-hearted Darling.

THE BOY'S COMPLAINT.

"OH! never mind, they're only boys;"
 'Tis thus the people say,
 And they hustle us and jostle us,
 And drive us out the way.

They never give us half our rights:
 I know that this is so;
 Ain't I a boy? and can't I see
 The way that these things go?

The little girls are petted all,
 Called "honey," "dear," and "sweet,"
 But boys are cuffed at home and school,
 And knocked about the street.

My sister has her rags and dolls
 Strewn all about the floor,
 While old dog Growler dares not put
 His nose inside the door.

And if I go upon the porch
 In hopes to have a play,
 Some one calls out, "Hello, young chap,
 Take that noisy dog away!"

My hoop is used to build a fire,
 My ball is thrown aside;

And mother let the baby have
 My top, because it cried.

If company should come at night,
 The boys can't sit up late;
 And if they come to dinner, then
 The boys, of course, must wait.



If anything is raw or burned
 It falls to us, no doubt;
 And if the cake or pudding's short,
 We have to go without.

If there are fireworks we can't get
 A place to see at all;
 And when the soldiers come along
 We're crowded to the wall.

Whoever wants an errand done,
 We always have to scud;
 Whoever wants the sidewalk, we
 Are crowded in the mud.

'Tis hurry-scurry, here and there,
 Without a moment's rest,
 And we scarcely get a "Thank you," if
 We do our very best.

But never mind, boys—we will be
 The grown men by and by;
 Then I suppose 'twill be our turn
 To snub the smaller boy.

LOST TOMMY.

PRAY, have you seen our Tommy?
 He's the cutest little fellow,
 With cheeks as round as apples,
 And hair the softest yellow.

You see, 'twas quite a while ago—
An hour or two, perhaps—
When grandma sent him off to buy
A pound of ginger-snaps.

We have traced him to the baker's,
And part way back again;
We found a little paper sack
Lying empty in the lane.
But Tommy and the ginger-snaps
Are missing totally;
I hope they both will reappear
In time enough for tea.

We have climbed up to the garret,
And scoured the cellar through;
We have ransacked every closet,
And the barn and orchard too;
We have hunted through the kitchen,
And the pantry? Oh! of course—
We have screamed and shouted "Tommy!"
Until we're fairly hoarse.

Poor mamma goes distracted,
And pretty Auntie May
Is sure the darling cherub
Has somehow lost his way.
Well, well, I'll give another look
Into the nursery;
I hardly think the little rogue
Can hide away from me.

Ah! here's the laundry basket,
Within I'll take a peep.
Why—what is this curled up so tight?
'Tis Tommy, fast asleep.
O mamma, auntie, grandma!
Come and see the fun.
Tommy, where's the ginger-snaps?
"Eaten!—every one!"

"Bless my heart!" laughs auntie;
"Dear, dear, I shall collapse;
Where could he stow them all away?
A pound of ginger-snaps!"
But mamma falls to kissing,
Forgetting fright and toil,
While grandma bustles out to fetch
A dose of castor oil.

JULIA M. DANA.

THE LITTLE BOY WHO RAN AWAY.

"I'M going now to run away,"
Said little Sammy Green one day,
"Then I can do just what I choose,
I'll never have to black my shoes,
Or wash my face or comb my hair.
I'll find a place, I know, somewhere
And never have again to fill
That old chip basket—so I will.

"Good-bye, mamma!" he said, "Good-by!"
He thought his mother then would cry.
She only said, "You going, dear?"
And didn't shed a single tear.
"There now," said Sammy Green, "I know
She does not care if I do go.
But Bridget does. She'll have to fill
That old chip basket, so she will.

But Bridget only said: "Well, boy,
You're off for sure. I wish you joy."
And Sammy's little sister Kate,
Who swung upon the garden gate,
Said anxiously as he passed through:
"To-night whatever will you do,
When you can't get no 'lasses s; read
At supper time on top of bread?"

One block from home, and Sammy Green's
Weak little heart was full of fear.
He thought about Red Riding Hood,
The wolf that met her in the wood,
The beanstalk boy who kept so mum
When he heard the giant's "Fee, fo, fum,"
Of the dark night and the policeman.
Then poor Sammy homeward ran.

Quick through the alley way he sped,
And crawled in through the old woodshed.
The big chip basket he did fill,
He blacked his shoes up with a will,
He washed his face and combed his hair;
He went up to his mother's chair
And kissed her twice, and then he said:
"I'd like some 'lasses top of bread."

MRS. S. T. PERRY.

THE FLAG ON THE SCHOOLHOUSE.

UP with the starry banner!
Let it float over roof and tower!
Let it greet each pupil and teacher
When cometh the morning hour!

Let the first thought in the morning
Be aye of the star-bright flag,
Of the heroes who fought in its honor,
Of the courage that could not lag.

And all through the daily lessons,
Wherever our duties call,
Remember the star-bright banner
Is floating over us all.

If history is the lesson,
Never forget the flag
That waved through a hundred battles,
From the sea to the mountain crag—

The flag of a hundred battles,
Stars brighter for each and all,
With a glory ever growing,
As its folds now rise, now fall.

What if a pine-tree banner
 Floated at Bunker Hill?
 Its glory was transmitted
 To the flag that's floating still.

So, from Lexington and Concord,
 From Boston's wave-washed shore,
 From each spot where freedom
 struggled,
 There cometh a glory
 more.

So, each state shall see em-
 blazoned
 Upon our standard fair,
 The sum of all local glory
 In a national glory there.

Yorktown and Saratoga
 Are in each stripe and
 star;
 Trenton and Princeton flash
 and glow
 Like beacon-lights afar.
 And all of the naval glory,
 Won by sea-faring sires,
 Glows with an ageless lustre,
 Whose splendor never
 tires.

"Old Ironsides" I see there,
 Whose captain could do
 and dare,
 As he showed the British
 sailors,
 When he silenced the
 Guerriere.

And a splendid motto glis-
 tens,
 A motto for every lip,
 Columbia's naval watchword
 Of "Don't give up the
 ship!"

And another close beside it,
 Shall be known for ages
 hence,
 It is: "Not one cent for
 tribute,
 But millions for defence."

Forth from the smoke of battle,
 Brighter than noonday sun,
 Flashes the nation's motto:
 "Out of many—one."

So, all through the daily lessons,
 Wherever our duties call,
 Remember the star-bright banner
 Is floating over us all.

FREDERIC ALLISON TUPPER.

A GIRL.

O SWEET, shy girl, with roses in her heart,
 And love-light in her face, like those
 upgrown;
 Full of still dreams and thoughts that, dream-like,
 start
 From fits of solitude when not alone!



Gay dancer over thresholds of bright days,
 Tears quick to her eyes, as laughter to her lips!
 A game of hide-and-seek with time she plays,
 Time hiding his eyes from hers in bright eclipse.

O gentle-souled! how dear and good she is,
 Blest by soft dews of happiness and love,
 Cradled in tenderest arms! Her mother's kiss
 Seals all her good-night prayers. Her father's
 smile

Brighten her mornings. Through the earth shall
move
Her child-sweet soul, not far from heaven the
while!

JOHN JAMES PIATT.

CUDDLE DOON.

THE bairnies cuddle doon at nicht,
Wi' muckle fash an' din;
"Oh, try and sleep, ye waukrife rogues;
Your father's comin' in."
They never heed a word I speak,
I try to gie a froom;
But aye I hap thim up an' cry,
"Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon!"
Wee Jamie, wi' the curly heid—
He aye sleeps next the wa'—
Bangs up an' cries, "I want a piece"—
The rascal starts them a'.
I run an' fetch thim pieces, drinks—
They stop awee the soun'—
Then draw the blankets up, an' cry,
"Noo, weanies, cuddle doon!"

But ere five minutes gang, wee Rab
Cries oot, frae 'neath the claes,
"Mither, make Tam gie ower at once,
He's kittlin' wi' his taes."
The mischief's in that Tam for tricks;
He'd bother half the toon,
But aye I hap them up an' cry,
"Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon!"

At length they hear their father's fit;
An' as he steeks the door,
They turn their faces to the wa',
While Tam pretends to snore.
"Hae a' the weans been gude?" he asks,
As he puts off his shoon;
"The bairnies, John, are in their beds,
An' lang since cuddled doon."

An' just afore we bed oorsel's—
We look at oor wee lambs;
Tam has his arm roun' wee Rab's neck,
And Rab his arm roun' Tam's.
I lift wee Jamie up the bed,
An' as I straik each croon,
I whisper till my heart fills up,
"Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon."

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht,
Wi' mirth that's dear to me;
But soon the big warl's cark an' care
Will quaten doon their glee.
Yet come what will to ilka ane,
May He who sits aboon,
Aye whisper, though their paws be bauld,
"Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon."

ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

THE DEAD DOLL.

YOU needn't be trying to comfort me—I tell
you my dolly is dead!
There's no use in saying she isn't with a
crack like that in her head;
It's just like you said it wouldn't hurt much to
have my tooth out that day,
And then, when the man 'most pulled my head
off, you hadn't a word to say.

And I guess you must think I'm a baby, when you
say you can mend it with glue,
As if I didn't know better than that! Why, just
suppose it was you;
You might make her look all mended—but what
do I care for looks?
Why, glue's for chairs and tables, and toys, and
the backs of books!

My dolly! My own little daughter! Oh, but it's
the awfulest crack!
It just makes me sick to think of the sound when
her poor head went whack
Against that horrible brass thing that holds up the
little shelf.
Now, nurse, what makes you remind me? I
know that I did it myself.

I think you must be crazy—you'll get her another
head!
What good would forty heads do her? I tell you
my dolly is dead!
And to think I hadn't quite finished her elegant
new spring hat!
And I took a sweet ribbon of hers last night to tie
on that horrid cat!

When my mamma gave me that ribbon—I was
playing out in the yard—
She said to me, most expressly, "Here's a ribbon
for Hildegard."
And I went and put it on Tabby, and Hildegard
saw me do it;
But I said to myself, "Oh, never mind, I don't
believe she knew it."

But I know that she knew it now, and I just be-
lieve, I do,
That her poor little heart was broken, and so her
head broke too.
Oh, my baby! My little baby! I wish my head
had been hit!
For I've hit it over and over, and it hasn't cracked
a bit.

But since the darling is dead, she'll want to be
buried, of course;
We will take my little wagon, nurse, and you shall
be the horse;
And I'll walk behind and cry; and we'll put her
in this, you see—

This dear little box—and we'll bury her there out
under the maple tree.

And papa will make me a tombstone, like the one
he made for my bird;
And he'll put what I tell him on it—yes, every
single word!
I shall say, "Here lies Hildegard, a beautiful
doll who is dead:
She died of a broken heart, and a dreadful crack
in her head."

MARGARET VANDERGRIFF.

A LITTLE BOY'S TROUBLE.

I THOUGHT when I'd learned my letters
That all of my troubles were done;
But I find myself much mistaken—
They only have just begun.
Learning to read was awful,
But nothing like learning to write;
I'd be sorry to have you tell it,
But my copy-book is a sight!

The ink gets over my fingers;
The pen cuts all sorts of shins,
And won't do at all as I bid it;
The letters won't stay on the lines,
But go up and down and all over,
As though they were dancing a jig—
They are there in all shapes and sizes,
Medium, little, and big.

The tails of the g's are so contrary,
The handles get on the wrong side
Of the d's, and the k's, and the h's,
Though I've certainly tried and tried
To make them just right; it is dreadful,
I really don't know what to do,
I'm getting almost distracted—
My teacher says she is too.

There'd be some comfort in learning
If one could get through: instead
Of that there are books awaiting
Quite enough to craze my head.
There's the multiplication table,
And grammar, and—oh! dear me,
There is no good place for stopping
When one has begun, I see.

My teacher says, little by little
To the mountain tops we climb;
It isn't all done in a minute,
But only a step at a time;
She says that all the scholars,
All the wise and learned men,
Had each to begin as I do;
If that's so, where's my pen?

CARLOTTA PERRY.

FROM "BABE CHRISTABEL."

AND thou hast stolen a jewel, death!
Shall light thy dark up like a star,
A beacon kindling from afar
Our light of love, and fainting faith.

Through tears it gleams perpetually,
And glitters through the thickest glooms,
Till the eternal morning comes
To light us o'er the jasper sea.

With our best branch in tenderest leaf,
We've strewn the way our Lord doth come;
And, ready for the harvest home,
His reapers bind our ripest sheaf.

Our beautiful bird of light hath fled:
Awhile she sat with folded wings—
Sang round us a few hoverings—
Then straightway into glory sped.

And white-winged angels nurture her;
With heaven's white radiance robed and
crowned,
And all love's purple glory round,
She summers on the hills of myrrh.

Through childhood's morning-land, serene
She walked betwixt us twain, like love;
While, in a robe of light above,
Her better angel walked unseen,

Till life's highway broke bleak and wild;
Then, lest her starry garments trail
In mire, heart bleed, and courage fail,
The angel's arms caught up the child.

Her wave of life hath backward rolled
To the great ocean; on whose shore
We wandered up and down, to store
Some treasures of the times of old:

And aye we seek and hunger on
For precious pearls and relics rare,
Strewn on the sands for us to wear
At heart for love of her that's gone.

O weep no more! there yet is balm
In Gilead! Love doth ever shed
Rich healing where it nestles—spread
O'er desert pillows some green palm!

Strange glory streams through life's wild rents,
And through the open door of death
We see the heaven that beckoneth
To the beloved going hence.

God's ichor fills the hearts that bleed;
The best fruit loads the broken bough;
And in the wounds our suffering plough,
Immortal love sows sovereign seed.

GERALD MASSEY.

AS QUICK AS THE TELEPHONE.

ONE night a well-known merchant of a town in the West, who had been walking for some time in the downward path, came out of his house and started out for a night of carousal with some old companions he had promised to meet.



W. HATHERELL

His young wife had besought him with imploring eyes to spend the evening with her, and had reminded him of the time when evenings passed in her company were all too short. His little daughter had clung about his knees and coaxed in her pretty willful way for papa to tell her some bedtime stories; but habit was stronger than love for wife or child, and he eluded her tender questioning by the deceits and excuses which are the convenient refuge of the intemperate, and so went on his way.

When he was some distance from his house, he found that in changing his coat he had forgotten his purse, and he could not go out on a drinking-bout without any money, even though his family needed it, and his wife was economizing every day more and more in order to make up his deficits. So he hurried back and crept softly past the window of his own home, in order that he might steal in and obtain it without running the gauntlet of other questions or caresses.

But as he looked through the window something stayed his feet. There was a fire in the grate within—for the night was chill—and it lit up the pretty little parlor and brought out in startling effect the pictures on the wall. But these were nothing to the pictures on the hearth. There, in the soft glow of the firelight, knelt his child at her mother's feet, its small hands clasped in prayer, and its fair head bowed; and as its rosy lips whispered each word with childish distinctness, the father listened, spellbound, to the words which he himself had so often uttered at his own mother's knee:

"Now I lay me down to sleep."

His thoughts ran back to boyhood hours; and as he compressed his bearded lips, he could see in memory the face of that mother, long ago gone to her rest, who taught his own infant lips prayers which he had long forgotten to utter.

The child went on and completed her little verse, and then, as prompted by her mother, continued:

"God bless mamma, papa, and my own self"—then there was a pause, and she lifted her troubled blue eyes to her mother's face.

"God bless papa," prompted the mother, softly.

"God bless papa," lisped the little one.

"And please send him home sober."

He could not hear the mother as she said this; but the child followed in a clear, inspired tone—

"God bless papa—and please—send him—home sober. Amen."

Mother and child sprang to their feet in alarm when the door opened so suddenly; but they were not afraid when they saw who it was returned so soon. But that night when little Mary was being tucked up in bed, after such a romp with papa, she said in the sleepest and most contented of voices:

"Mamma, God answers almost as quick as the telephone, doesn't he?"

WHAT SHE SAID.

SHE told me sunfin' defful!
It almost made me cry!
I never will believe it,
It mus' be all a lie!
I mean she mus' be 'staken.
I know she b'oke my heart;
I never can forgive her!
That horrid Maggie Start.

Tuesdays she does her bakin's!
An' so I fought, you see,
I'd make some fimbler cookies
For Arabella's tea.
An' so I took my dollies
An' set 'em in a row,
Where they could oversee me
When I mixed up my dough.

An' when I'd wolloed an' mixed it
Free minutes, or an hour,
Somehow I dwopped my woller,
An' spilt a lot of flour.
An' I was defful firstly,
An' fought I'd help myself
To jes' a little dwop of milk
Off from the pantry shelf.

So I weached up on tip-toe,
But, quicker than a flash,
The horrid pan turned over,
An' down it came ker-splash!
O, then you should have seen her
Rush frough that pantry door!
"An' this is where you be!" she said,
"O, what a lookin' floor!"

"You, an' your dolls—I'll shake you all—
I'll shake you black 'n blue!"
"You shall not touch us, Miss," I cried,
"We're jes' as good as you!"
An' I will tell my mofer,
The minute she gets home,
An' I will tell ole Santa Claus,
An' I'll tell every one."

O, then you should have heard her laugh!
"Tell Santa Claus, indeed!"

I'd like to have you find him first;

The humbug never lived!"

"What do you mean, you Maggie Start?"

Is dear old Santa dead?"

"Old Santa never lived," she cried,

And that is what she said.

S. D. W. GAMWELL.

UNSATISFIED.

THERE was a little chicken that was shut up
in a shell,
He thought to himself, "I'm sure I cannot
tell

What I am walled in here for—a shocking coop I
find,

Unfitted for a chicken with an enterprising mind."

He went out in the barnyard 'ne lovely morn in
May,

Each hen he found spring-cleaning in the only
proper way;

"This yard is much too narrow—a shocking coop
I find,

Unfitted for a chicken with an enterprising mind."

He crept up to the gateway and slipped betwixt a
crack,

The world stretched wide before him, and just as
widely back;

"This world is much too narrow—a shocking
coop I find,

Unfitted for a chicken with an enterprising mind.

"I should like to have ideals, I should like to
tread the stars,

To get the unattainable, and free my soul from
bars;

I should like to leave this dark earth, and some
other dwelling find

More fitted for a chicken with an enterprising
mind.

"There's a place where ducks and pleasure boats
go sailing to and fro,

There's one world on the surface and another
world below."

The little waves crept nearer and, on the brink
inclined,

They swallowed up the chicken with an enterpris-
ing mind.

A. G. WATERS.

A PLEASANT PUNISHMENT.

O LD master Brown brought his ferule down;
His face was angry and red;

"Anthony Blair, go sit you there,

Among the girls," he said.

So Anthony Blair, with a mortified air,

And his head hung down on his breast,

Went right away and sat all day

With the girl who loved him best.

TABBY GRAY.



I'M a pretty little kitten,
My name is Tabby Gray;
I live at Frogley Farmhouse,
Some twenty miles away.

My little eyes are hazel,
My skin is soft as silk,
I'm fed each night and morning
With a saucerful of milk.

The milk comes sweet and foaming,
Fresh from the good old cow,
And, after I have lapped it,
I frolic you know how.

I'm petted by the mistress
And children of the house,
And sometimes when I'm nimble
I catch a little mouse.

And sometimes when I'm naughty
I climb upon the stand,
And eat the cake and chicken,
Or anything at hand.

Oh, then they hide my saucer,
No matter how I mew;
And that's the way I'm punished
For naughty things I do.

BABIES AND KITTENS.

THERE were two kittens, a black and a gray,
And grandma said with a frown:
"It never will do to keep them both,
The black one we had better drown."

"Don't cry, my dear" to tiny Bess,
"One kitten is enough to keep,
Now run to nurse, for 'tis growing late
And time you were fast asleep."

The morning dawned, and rosy and sweet,
Came little Bess from her nap,
The nurse said, "Go in mamma's room,
And look in grandma's lap."

"Come here," said grandma, with a smile,
From the rocking-chair, where she sat,
"God has sent you two little sisters,
What do you think of that?"

Bess looked at the babies a moment,
With their wee heads, yellow and brown,
And then to grandma soberly said:
"Which one are you going to drown?"

L. M. HADLEY.

A STORY OF AN APPLE.

LITTLE Tommy and Peter and Archy and
Bob
Were walking one day, when they found
An apple; 'twas mellow and rosy and red,
And lying alone on the ground.

Said Tommy: "I'll have it." Said Peter: "'Tis
mine."

Said Archy: "I've got it; so there!"
Said Bobby: "Now let us divide in four parts,
And each of us boys have a share."

"No, no!" shouted Tommy, "I'll have it my-
self."

Said Peter: "I want it, I say."
Said Archy: "I've got it, and I'll have it all;
I won't give a morsel away."

Then Tommy, he snatched it, and Peter, he
fought,

('Tis sad and distressing to tell!)
And Archy held on with his might and his main.
Till out of his fingers it fell.

Away from the quarrelsome urchins it flew,
And then down a green little hill
That apple it rolled, and it rolled, and it rolled
As if it would never be still.

A lazy old brindle was nipping the grass
And switching her tail at the flies,
When all of a sudden the apple rolled down
And stopped just in front of her eyes.

She gave but a bite and a swallow or two—
That apple was seen nevermore!
"I wish," whimpered Archy and Peter and Tom,
"We'd kept it and cut it in four."

SYDNEY DAVRE.

THE UNFINISHED PRAYER.

"NOW I lay"—say it darling:
"Lay me," lisped the tiny lips
Of my daughter, kneeling, bending
O'er folded finger tips.

"Down to sleep"—"to sleep," she murmured
And the curly head dropped low;
"I pray the Lord"—I gently added,
"You can say it all, I know."

"Pray the Lord"—the words came faintly,
Fainter still—"my soul to keep;"
When the tired head fairly nodded,
And the child wast fast asleep.

But the dewy eyes half opened,
When I clasped her to my breast,
And the dear voice softly whispered,
"Mamma, God knows all the rest."

WHICH LOVED BEST?

"I LOVE you, mother," said little Ben,
Then forgetting his work, his cap went on,
And he was off to the garden swing,
And left her the water and wood to bring.

"I love you, mother," said rosy Nell—
"I love you better than tongue can tell;"
Then she teased and pouted full half the day,
Till her mother rejoiced when she went to play.

"I love you, mother," said little Fan,
"To-day I'll help you all I can;
How glad I am school doesn't keep;"
So she rocked the babe till it fell asleep.

Then stepping softly she fetched the broom
And swept the floor and tidied the room;
Busy and happy all day was she,
Helpful and happy as child could be.

"I love you, mother," again they said,
Three children going to bed;
How do you think that mother guessed
Which of them really loved her best?

FOY ALLISON.

THE DISCONTENTED BUTTERCUP.

DOWN in a field, one day in June,
The flowers all bloomed together,
Save one, who tried to hide herself,
And drooped that pleasant weather.

A robin who had soared too high,
And felt a little lazy,
Was resting near a buttercup,
Who wished she were a daisy.

For daisies grow so big and tall;
She always had a passion
For wearing frills about her neck,
In just the daisy's fashion.

And buttercups must always be
The same old, tiresome color,
While daisies dress in gold and white,
Although their gold is duller.

"Dear robin," said this sad young flover,
"Perhaps you'd not mind trying
To find a nice white frill for me
Some day when you are flying."

"You silly thing!" the robin said;
"I think you must be crazy;
I'd rather be my honest self
Than any made-up daisy."

"You're nicer in your own bright gown;
The little children love you;
Be the best buttercup you can,
And think no flower above you."

"Though swallows leave me out of sight,
We'd better keep our places;
Perhaps the world would all go wrong
With one too many daisies."

"Look bravely up into the sky,
And be content with knowing
That God wished for a buttercup
Just here where you are growing."

SARAH O. JEWETT.

OFF FOR SLUMBERLAND.

PURPLE waves of evening play
Upon the western shores of day,
While babies sail, so safe and free,
Over the mystic Slumber sea.

Their little boats are cradles light;
The sails are curtains pure and white;
The rudders are sweet lullabies;
The anchors, soft and sleepy sighs.

They're outward bound for Slumberland
Where shining dreams lie on the sand,
Like whisp'ring shells that murmur low
The pretty fancies babies know.

And there among the dream-shells bright
The little ones will play all night,
Until the sleepy tide turns—then
They'll all come sailing home again!

SUPPOSE.

SUPPOSE, my little lady,
Your doll should break her head,
Could you make it whole by crying
Till your nose and eyes were red?



INNOCENCE.

And wouldn't it be pleasanter
To treat it as a joke,
And say you're glad 'twas dolly's,
And not your own head that's broke?

Suppose you're dressed for walking
And the rain comes pouring down,
Will it clear off any sooner
Because you scold and frown?
And wouldn't it be nicer
For you to smile than pout,
And so make sunshine in the house
When there is none without?

Suppose your task, my little man,
Is very hard to get,
Will it make it any easier
For you to sit and fret?

And wouldn't it be wiser
Than waiting like a dunce,
To go to work in earnest
And learn the thing at once?

Suppose that some boys have a horse,
And some a coach and pair,
Will it tire you less while walking
To say, "It isn't fair?"
And wouldn't it be nobler
To keep you temper sweet,
And in your heart be thankful
You can walk upon your feet?

Suppose the world doesn't please you,
Nor the way some people do,—
Do you think the whole creation
Will be altered just for you?
And isn't it, my boy or girl,
The wisest, bravest plan,
Whatever comes or doesn't come
To do the best you can?

PHEBE CARY.

THE DEAD KITTEN.

DON'T talk to me of parties, Nan
I really cannot go;
When folks are in affliction they
don't go out, you know.
I have a new brown sash, too, it seems a
pity—eh?
That such a dreadful trial should have
come just yesterday!

The play-house blinds are all pulled down
as dark as it can be;
It looks so very solemn, and so proper,
don't you see?
And I have a piece of crape pinned on
every dolly's hat;
Tom says it is ridiculous for only just a
cat—

But boys are all so horrid! They always, every
one,
Delight in teasing little girls and kitties, "just for
fun."
The way he used to pull her tail—it makes me
angry now—
And scat her up the cherry tree, to make the dar-
ling "meow!"

I've had her all the summer. One day away last
spring,
I heard a frightful barking, and I saw the little
thing
In the corner of the fence; 'twould have made you
laugh outright
To see how every hair stood out, and how she tried
to fight.

I shoed the dog away, and she jumped upon my arm;
The pretty creature knew I wouldn't do her any harm
I hugged her close and carried her to mamma, and she said
She should be my own wee kitty, if I'd see that she was fed.

A cunning little dot she was, with silky, soft gray fur;
She'd lie for hours on my lap, and I could hear her purr;
And then she'd frolic after when I pulled a string about,
Or try to catch her tail, or roll a marble in and out.

Such a comfort she has been to me,
I'm sure no one could tell,
Unless some other little girl who loves her pussy well.
I've heard about a maltese cross, but my dear little kit
Was always sweet and amiable, and never cross a bit!

But oh! last week I missed her. I hunted all around.
My darling little pussy cat was nowhere to be found.
I knelt and whispered softly, when nobody could see:
"Take care of little kitty, please, and bring her back to me!"

I found her lying, yesterday, behind the lower shed;
I thought my heart was broken when I found that she was dead.
Tom promised me another one, but even he can see
No other kitty ever will be just the same to me!

I can't go to your party, Nannie—
Macaroons, you say?
And ice cream?—I know I ought to try and not give way;
And I feel it would be doing wrong to disappoint you so!—
Well—if I'm equal to it by to-morrow—I may go!

SYDNEY DAYRE.

JOHNNY'S OPINION OF GRANDMOTHERS.

GRANDMOTHERS are very nice folks;
They beat all the aunts in creation;
They let a chap do as he likes
And don't worry about education.

I'm sure I can't see it at all
What a poor fellow ever could do
For apples and pennies and cakes
Without a grandmother or two.

Grandmothers speak softly to "ma's"
To let a boy have a good time;



Sometimes they will whisper, 'tis true,
T'other way when a boy wants to climb.

Grandmothers have muffins for tea,
And pies, a whole row, in the cellar,
And they're apt (if they know it in time)
To make chicken pies for a feller.

And if he is bad now and then,
And makes a great racketing noise,
They only look over their specs
And say: "Ah, these boys will be boys!"



AFTERNOON TEA.

"Life is only so short at the best ;
Let the children be happy to-day."
Then they look for awhile at the sky,
And the hills that are far, far away.

Quite often, as twilight comes on
Grandmothers sing hymns very low
To themselves, as they rock by the fire,
About heaven, and when they shall go.

ONLY A BOY.

ONLY a boy with his noise and fun,
The veriest mystery under the sun ;
As brimful of mischief and wit and glee
As ever a human frame can be,
And as hard to manage—what ! ah me !
'Tis hard to tell.
Yet we love him well.



And then a boy, stopping to think,
Will find a hot tear in his eye,
To know what must come at the last,
For grandmothers all have to die.

I wish they could stay here and pray,
For a boy needs their prayers every night
Some boys more than others, I s'ppose ;
Such fellers as me need a sight.

E. L. BEERS.

Only a boy with his fearful tread,
Who can not be driven, must be led !
Who troubles the neighbors' dogs and cats,
And tears more clothes and spoils more hats,
Loses more kites and tops and bats
Than would stock a store
For a week or more.

Only a boy with his wild, strange ways,
With his idle hours or his busy days,

With his queer remarks and his odd replies,
Sometimes foolish and sometimes wise,
Often brilliant for one of his size.

As a meteor hurled
From the planet world.

Only a boy, who may be a man
If nature goes on with her first great plan—
If intemperance or some fatal snare,
Conspires not to rob us of this our heir,
Our ble- sing, our trouble, our rest, our care,
Our torment, our joy!
"Only a boy!"

THE ILL-NATURED BRIER.

LITTLE Miss Brier came out of the ground;
She put out her thorns and scratched every-
thing 'round:

"I'll just try," said she,
"How bad I can be:

At pricking and scratching, there's few can match
me."

Little Miss Brier was handsome and bright,
Her leaves were dark green and her flowers were
pure white;

But all who came nigh her
Were so worried by her
They'd go out of their way to keep clear of the
Brier.

Little Miss Brier was looking one day
At her neighbor, the Violet, over the way,
"I wonder," said she,
"That no one pets me,
While all seem so glad little Violet to see."

A sober old Linnet, who sat on a tree,
Heard the speech of the Brier, and thus answered
he:—

"'Tis not that she's fair,
For you may compare
In beauty with even Miss Violet there;

"But Violet is always so pleasant and kind,
So gentle in manner, so humble in mind,
E'en the worms at her feet
She would never ill treat.
And to Bird, Bee, and Butterfly always is sweet."

The gardener's wife just then the pathway came
down,

And the mischievous Brier caught hold of her
gown;

"Oh, dear! what a tear!

My gown's spoiled, I declare!

That troublesome Brier!—it has no business there;
Here, John, pull it up, throw it into the fire:

And that was the end of the ill-natured Brier

ANNA BACHE.

THE BOY AND THE FROG.

SEE the frog, the slimy, green frog,
Dozing away on that old rotten log,
Seriously wondering
What caused the sundering
Of the tail that he wore when a wee pollywog

See the boy, the freckled schoolboy,
Filled with a wicked love to annoy,
Watching the frog
Perched on the log
With feelings akin to tumultuous joy.

See the rock, the hard, flinty rock,
Which the freckled-faced boy at the frog doth
sock.

Conscious he's sinning,
Yet gleefully grinning
At the likely result of its terrible shock.

See the grass, the treacherous grass,
Slip from beneath his feet! Alas!
Into the mud
With a dull thud
He falls, and rises a slimy mass.

Now, see the frog, the hilarious frog,
Dancing a jig on his old rotten log,
Applying his toes
To his broad, blunt nose,
As he laughs at the boy stuck fast in the bog.

Look at the switch, the hickory switch.
Waiting to make that schoolboy twitch.
When his mother knows
The state of his clothes
Won't he raise his voice to its highest pitch?

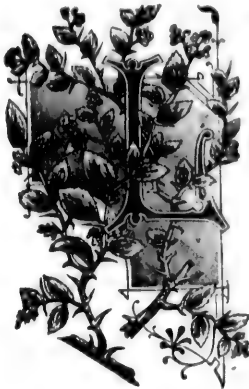


THE CROWN OF GENIUS:

OR

TRIBUTES TO CELEBRATED PERSONS.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.



AND of the West! though passing brief the record of thine age,
Thou hast a name that darkens all on history's wide page!
Let all the blasts of fame ring out—thine shall be loudest far;
Let others boast their satellites—thou hast the planet star.

Thou hast a name whose characters of light shall ne'er depart;
'Tis stamped upon the dullest brain, and warms the coldest heart;
A war-cry fit for any land where freedom's to be won,
Land of the West! it stands alone—it is thy Washin ton!

Rome had its Cæsar, great and brave; but stain was on his wreath;
He lived t' heartless conqueror, and died the tyrant's death.
France had its Eagle; but his wings, though lofty they might soar,
Were spread in false ambition's flight, and dipped in murder's gore.

Those hero-gods, whose mighty sway would fain have chained the waves—
Who flashed their blades with tiger zeal, to make a world of slaves—
Who, though their kindred barred the path, still fiercely waded on—
Oh, where shall be *their* "glory" by the side of Washington?

He stood the firm, the calm, the wise, the patriot and sage;
He showed no deep avenging hate—no burst of despot rage.
He stood for liberty and truth, and dauntlessly led on,
Till shouts of victory gave forth the name of Washington.

He saved his land, but did not lay his soldier trappings down
To change them for the regal vest, and don a kingly crown;
Fame was too earnest in her joy—too proud of such a son—
To let a robe and title mask a noble Washington.

ELIZA COOK.

NAPOLEON AND THE SAILOR.

A TRUE STORY.

NAPOLEON'S banners at Boulogne
Armed in our island every freeman,
His navy chanced to capture one
Poor British seaman.

They suffered him—I know not how—
Unprisoned on the shore to roam;
And aye was bent his longing brow
On England's home.

His eye, methinks, pursued the flight
Of birds to Britain half-way over,
With envv, they could reach the white
Dear cliffs of Dover.

A stormy midnight watch, he thought,
Than this sojourn would have been dearer,

It but the storm his vessel brought
To England nearer.

At last, when care had banished sleep,
He saw one morning—dreaming—floating,
An empty hogshead from the deep
Come shoreward floating;

He hid it in a cave, and wrought
The livelong day laborious; lurking
Until he launched a tiny boat
By mighty working.

Heaven help us! 'twas a thing beyond
Description wretched: such a wherry
Perhaps ne'er ventured on a pond,
Or crossed a ferry.

For ploughing in the salt sea-field,
It would have made the boldest shudder;
Untarred, uncompassed, and unkeeled,
No sail—no rudder.

From neighboring woods he interlaced
His sorry skiff with wattled willows;
And thus equipped he would have passed
The foaming billows—

But Frenchmen caught him on the beach,
His little Argo sorely jeering;
Till tidings of him chanced to reach
Napoleon's hearing.

With folded arms Napoleon stood,
Serene alike in peace and danger;
And in his wonted attitude,
Addressed the stranger:—

"Rash man that wouldst yon channel pass
On twigs and staves so rudely fashioned;
Thy heart with some sweet British lass
Must be impassioned."

"I have no sweetheart," said the lad;
"But—absent long from one another—
Great was the longing that I had
To see my mother."

"And so thou shalt," Napoleon said,
"Ye've both my favor fairly won;
A noble mother must have bred
So brave a son."

He gave the tar a piece of gold,
And with a flag of truce commanded
He should be shipped to England Old,
And safely landed.

Our sailor oft could scantily shift
To find a dinner plain and hearty;
But never changed the coin and gift
Of Bonaparte.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE PORTRAIT OF SHAKESPEARE.

THIS figure that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut,
Wherein the graver had a strife
With nature, to outdo the life:
O could he but have drawn his wit,
As well in brass, as he hath hit
His face; the print would then surpass
All that was ever writ in brass:
But since he cannot, reader, look,
Not on his picture, but his book.

BEN JONSON.

MARY MORISON.

O MARY, at thy window be!
It is the wished, the trysted hour!
Those smiles and glances let me see
That make the miser's treasure poor;
How blithely wad I bide the stoure,
A weary slave frae sun to sun,
Could I the rich reward secure—
The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen when to the trembling string
The dance gaed through the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing—
I sat, but neither heard nor saw;
Though this was fair, and that was braw
And yon the toast of a' the town,
I sighed, and said amang them a',
"Ye are na Mary Morison."

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace
Wha for thy sake wad gladly dee?
Or canst thou break that heart of his,
Whase only faut is loving thee?
If love for love thou wilt na gie,
At least be pity to me shown;
A thought ungentle canna be
The thought o' Mary Morison.

ROBERT BURNS.

CHARLES DICKENS.

We would meet and welcome thee,
Preacher of humanity:
Welcome fills the throbbing breast
Of the sympathetic West.

W. H. VENABLE.

ADAMS AND JEFFERSON.

NO, fellow-citizens, we dismiss not Adams
and Jefferson to the chambers of forget-
fulness and death. What we admired,
and prized, and venerated in them can *never* die,
nor, dying, be forgotten. I had almost said that
they are now beginning to live—to live that life
of unimpaired influence, of unclouded fame, of
unmingled happiness, for which their talents and
services were destined. They were of the select
few, the least portion of whose life dwells in their
physical existence; whose hearts have watched
while their senses slept; whose souls have grown
up into a higher being; whose pleasure is to be use-
ful; whose wealth is an unblemished reputation;
who respire the breath of honorable fame; who
have deliberately and consciously put what is
called life to hazard, that they may live in the
hearts of those who come after. Such men do
not, *can* not die.

EDWARD EVERETT.

VANDERBILT IS DEAD.

THE news comes whispering o'er the wire,
Vanderbilt is dead.
The press rolls out the message dire,
Vanderbilt is dead.
And the newsboys cry along the street,
Through the driving storm and wintry sleet,
Vanderbilt is dead.

A king dethroned sleeps low in death,
Vanderbilt is dead.
The rich men speak with bated breath,
Vanderbilt is dead.
And the clanging trains go out to-night
O'er the icy rails in a ghostly flight,
Vanderbilt is dead.

The palace grand is now a tomb,
Vanderbilt is dead.
Its splendors grand are veiled with gloom,
Vanderbilt is dead.
Where joy was known the mourners weep,
Where the laugh was heard is sorrow deep,
Vanderbilt is dead.

Sleep on, O King, in thy royal bed,
Vanderbilt is dead.
The wealth of the world doth crown thy head,
Vanderbilt is dead.
Thy sigh is o'er, thy deeds are done,
And God shall judge them, one by one—
Vanderbilt is dead.

SHERMAN D. RICHARDSON.

GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

HE loved the world that hated him; the tear
That dropped upon his Bible was sincere;
Assailed by scandal and the tongue of
strife,

His only answer was a blameless life;
And he that forged and he that threw the dart
Had each a brother's interest in his heart.
Paul's love of Christ and steadiness unbribed
Were copied close in him, and well transcribed.
He followed Paul; his zeal a kindred flame,
His apostolic charity the same.
Like him crossed cheerfully tempestuous seas,
Forsaking country, kindred, friends and ease;
Like him he labored, and like him, content
To bear it, suffered shame where'er he went.
Blush, calumny! and write upon his tomb,
If honest eulogy can spare thee room.
Thy deep repentance of thy thousand lies,
Which, aimed at him, have pierced the offended
skies;

And say, Blot out my sin, confessed, deplored,
Against thine image in thy saint, O Lord!

WILLIAM COWPER.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE gifted author of "Thanatopsis" has
adorned the literature of our later times.
The poem just referred to was written by
Bryant when a very young man, and we find in
it the keynote to all his subsequent songs. The
chief charm of his genius consists in a tender
pensiveness, a moral melancholy, breathing over
all his contemplations, dreams and reveries, even



W. C. BRYANT.

such as in the main are glad, and giving a surance
of a pure spirit, benevolent to all human creatures,
and habitually pious in the felt omnipresence of
the Creator. His poetry overflows with natural
religion—with what Wadsworth calls "The re-
ligion of the woods" PROFES-OR WILSON.

THE OLD ADMIRAL.

ADMIRAL STEWART, U. S. N.

GONE at last,
That brave old hero of the past!
His spirit has a second birth,
An unknown, grander life;
All of him that was earth
Lies mute and cold.
Like a wrinkled sheath and old
Thrown off forever from the shimmering blade
That has good entrance made
Upon some distant, glorious strife.

From another generation.
A simpler age, to ours Old Ironsides came;
The morn and noontide of the nation
Alike he knew, nor yet outlived his fame—
O, not outlived his fame!

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BERT BURNS.

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L. VENABLE.

SON.

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RD EVERETT.

The dauntless men whose service guards our shore
 Lengthen still their glory-roll
 With his name to lead the scroll,
 As a flagship at her fore
 Carries the Union, with its azure and the stars,
 Symbol of times that are no more
 And the old heroic wars

He was the one
 Whom death had spared alone
 Of all the captains of that lusty age,
 Who sought the foeman where he lay,
 On sea or sheltering bay,
 Nor till the prize was theirs repressed their rage.
 They are gone—all gone:
 They rest with glory and the undying powers;
 Only their name and fame, and what they saved,
 are ours!

It was fifty years ago,
 Upon the Gallic Sea,
 He bore the banner of the free,
 And fought the fight whereof our children know—
 The deathful, desperate fight!
 Under the fair moon's light

The frigate squared, and yawed to left and right.
 Every broadside swept to death a score!
 Roundly played her guns and well, till their fiery
 ensigns fell,

Neither foe replying more.
 All in silence, when the night-breeze cleared the air,
 Old Ironsides rested there,
 Locked in between the twain, and drenched with
 blood.

Then homeward, like an eagle with her prey!
 O, it was a gallant fray—
 That fight in Biscay Bay!
 Fearless the captain stood, in his youthful hardi-
 hood:

He was the boldest of them all,
 Our brave old Admiral!

And still our heroes bleed,
 Taught by that olden deed.

Whether of iron or of oak
 The ships we marshal at our country's need,
 Still speak their cannon now as then they spoke;
 Still floats our unstruck banner from the mast
 As in the stormy past.

Lay him in the ground:
 Let him rest where the ancient river rolls;
 Let him sleep beneath the shadow and the sound
 Of the bell whose proclamation, as it tolls,
 Is of freedom and the gift our fathers gave.
 Lay him gently down:
 The clamor of the town
 Will not break the slumbers deep, the beautiful
 ripe sleep.
 Of this lion of the wave,
 Will not trouble the old Admiral in his grave.

Earth to earth his dust is laid.
 Methinks his stately shade
 On the shadow of a great ship leaves the shore;
 Over cloudless western seas
 Seeks the far Hesperides,
 The islands of the blest,
 Where no turbulent billows roar—
 Where is rest.

His ghost upon the shadowy quarter stands
 Nearing the deathless lands.
 There all his martial mates, renewed and strong,
 Await his coming long.
 I see the happy Heroes rise
 With gratulation in their eyes:
 "Welcome, old comrade," Lawrence cries;
 "Ah, Stewart, tell us of the wars!
 Who win the glory and the scars?
 How floats the skyey flag—how many stars?
 Still speak they of Decatur's name,
 Of Bainbridge's and Perry's fame?
 Of me, who earliest came?

Make ready, all:
 Room for the Admiral!
 Come, Stewart, tell us of the wars!"

E. C. STEDMAN.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

HE said (I only give the heads)—he said
 He meant no harm in scribbling; 't was
 his way
 Upon all topics; 't was, besides, his bread,
 Of which he buttered both sides; 't would
 delay

Too long the assembly (he was pleased to dread),
 And take up rather more time than a day,
 To name his works—he would but cite a few—
 "Wat Tyler"—"Rhymes on Blenheim"—
 "Waterloo."

He had written praises of a regicide;
 He had written praises of all kings whatever;
 He had written for republics far and wide,
 And then against them bitterer than ever;
 For pantisocracy he once had cried
 Aloud, a scheme less moral than 't was clever;
 Then grew a hearty anti-jacobin—
 Had turned his coat—and would have turned his
 skin.

He had sung against all battles, and again
 In their high praise and glory; he had called
 Reviewing "the ungente craft," and then
 Become as base a critic as e'er crawled—
 Fed, paid, and pampered by the very men
 By whom his muse and morals had been mauled:
 He had written much blank verse, and blanked
 prose,
 And more of both than anybody knows

LORD BYRON.

TO THE MEMORY OF BEN JONSON.

THE muse's fairest light in no dark time,
The wonder of a learned age the line
Which none can pass; the most proportioned wit—

To nature, the best judge of what was fit;
The deepest, plainest, highest, clearest pen;
The voice most echoed by consenting men;
The soul which answered best to all well said
By others, and which most requital made;
Tuned to the highest key of ancient Rome,
Returning all her music with his own;
In whom, with nature, study claimed a part,
And yet who to himself owed all his art:
Here lies Ben Jonson! every age will look
With sorrow here, with wonder on his book.

JOHN CLEVELAND.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

UNHAPPY White! while life was in its
spring,
And thy young muse just waved her
joyous wing,

The spoiler came, and all thy promise fair
Has sought the grave, to sleep forever there.
O what a noble heart was there undone,
When science self-destroyed her favorite son!
Yes, she too much indulged thy fond pursuit;
She sowed the seeds, but death has reaped the
fruit.

'T was thine own genius gave the fatal blow,
And helped to plant the wound that laid thee
low.

So the struck eagle, stretched upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
And winged the shaft that quivers at his heart.

Keen were his pangs; but keener far to feel
He nursed the pinion which impelled the steel,
While the same plumage that had warmed his nest
Drank the last life-drop from his bleeding breast!

LORD BYRON.

ITALY'S KING.

O VICTOR EMMANUEL, the King,
The sword be for thee, and the deed;
And nought for the alien, next spring,
Nought for Hapsburg and Bourbon agreed;
But, for us, a great Italy freed,
With a hero to head us—our King.

ELIZABETH B. BROWNING.

TO THE MEMORY OF HOOD.

HERE lies a poet. Stranger, if to thee
His claim to memory be obscure,
If thou wouldst learn how truly great was he,
Go, ask it of the poor.

THE POET CAMPBELL.

BEST known by his remarkable poem, "The
Pleasures of Hope," Campbell's fame rests
upon other productions which do not seem
to lose their charm. He wrote in the taste
of the time, yet with no small degree of origi-



THOMAS CAMPBELL.

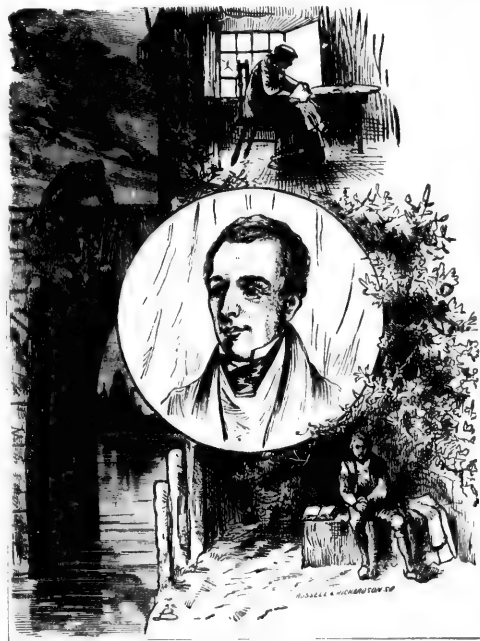
inality, and he handled topics of immediate though
not ephemeral interest. His battle-pieces on
names and subjects known to all had the true
popular ring, a bold tramp of metre.

Little matters how Campbell managed to pro-
duce his most inspiring poems. He had the
touch, that is what is certain. Many of his short
poems had the unmistakable stamp of the artist
upon them. Compared as lyrical writers, Camp-
bell seems to have a finer touch than Scott or
Byron, the former of whom is apt to be rough, the
latter turgid. But in whatever rank one or an-
other reader may place the poetry of Campbell
all will agree that he made genuine additions to
English literature. "It is on his lyrics," says
Professor Aytoun, "that the future reputation of
Campbell must principally rest. They have taken
their place, never to be disturbed, in the popular
heart; and, until the language in which they are
written perishes, they are certain to endure."

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

THOMAS HOOD.

AS a poet and humorist Hood has touched the universal heart. His two productions, "Song of the Shirt" and "Bridge of Sighs," are sufficient to give him immortal fame, even if he had written nothing else. It has been well said that the predominant characteristic of Hood's genius are humorous fancies grafted upon melancholy impressions. Yet the term "grafted"



THOMAS HOOD.

is hardly strong enough. Hood appears by natural bent and permanent habit of mind to have seen and sought for ludicrousness under all conditions; it was the first thing that struck him.

On the other hand, his nature being poetic, his sympathies acute, and the condition of his life morbid, he very frequently wrote in a tone of deep melancholy feeling, and was a master both of his own art and of the reader's emotion. Sometimes, not very often, we are allowed to reach the close of a poem of his without having our attention joggled and called off by something grotesque, and then we feel how exquisite a poetic sense and choice a cunning of hand were his. On the whole we can pronounce him the finest English poet between the generation of Shelley and the generation of Tennyson.

W. M. ROSSETTI.

THE LAST HOURS OF SOCRATES.

SOCRATES was the reverse of a skeptic. No man ever looked upon life with a more positive and practical eye. No man ever pursued his mark with a clearer perception of the road which he was traveling. No man ever combined in like manner, the absorbing enthusiasm of a missionary, with the acuteness, the originality, the inventive resources, and the generalizing comprehension of a philosopher. And yet this man was condemned to death—condemned by a hostile tribunal of more than five hundred citizens of Athens, drawn at hazard from all classes of society. A majority of six turned the scale, in the most momentous trial that, up to that time, the world had witnessed. And the vague charges on which Socrates was condemned were, that he was a vain babbler, a corrupter of youth, and a setter-forth of strange gods!

It would be tempting to enlarge on the closing scene of his life—a scene which Plato has invested with such immortal glory: on the affecting farewell to the Judges; on the long thirty days which passed in prison before the execution of the verdict; on his playful equanimity, amid the uncontrollable emotions of his companions; on the gathering in of that solemn evening, when the fading of the sunset hues on the tops of the Athenian hills was the signal that the last hour was at hand; on the introduction of the fatal hemlock, the immovable countenance of Socrates, the firm hand, and then the burst of frantic lamentation from all his friends, as, with his habitual ease and cheerfulness, he drained the cup to its dregs; then the solemn silence enjoined by himself; the pacing to and fro; the strong religious persuasions attested by his last words; the cold palsy of the poison creeping from the extremities to the heart; the gradual torpor ending in death! But I must forbear.

O for a modern spirit like his! O for one hour of Socrates! O for one hour of that voice whose questioning would make men see what they knew, and what they did not know; what they meant, and what they only *thought* they meant; what they believed in *truth*, and what they only believed in *name*; wherein they *agreed*, and wherein they *differed*. That voice is, indeed, silent; but there is a voice in each man's heart and conscience which, if we will, Socrates has taught us to use rightly. That voice still enjoins us to give to ourselves a reason for the hope that is in us—both hearing and asking questions. It tells us that the fancied repose which self inquiry disturbs is more than compensated by the real repose which it gives; that a wise questioning is the half of knowledge; and that a life without self-examination is no life at all.

CRATES.

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GENERAL GRANT.

AS one by one withdraw the lofty actors
From that great play on history's stage
 eternae,
 That lurid, partial act of war and peace—
 of old and new contending,
Fought out through wrath, fears, dark dismays,
and many a long suspense!
All past—and since, in countless graves receding,
 mellowing,
Victor's and vanquished—Lincoln's and Lee's—
 now thou with them,
Man of the mighty days—and equal to the days!
Thou from the prairies! tangled and many-veined
and hard has been thy part,
To admiration has it been enacted!
And still shall be—resume again, thou hero heart!
Strengthen to firmest day O rosy dawn of hope!
Thou dirge I started first, to joyful shout reverse
 —and thou, O grave,
Wait long and long! WALT WHITMAN.

TO J. G. WHITTIER ON HIS SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY.

SNOW-BOUND for earth, but summer-souled
for thee,
Thy natal morning shines:
Hail, friend and poet. Give thy hand
to me,
And let me read its lines!
For skilled in fancy's palmistry am I,
When years have set their crown;
When life gives light to read its secrets by,
And deed explains renown.
So, looking backward from thy seventieth year
On service grand and free,
The pictures of the spirit's past are clear,
And each interprets thee.
I see thee, first, on hills our Aryan sires
In time's lost morning knew,
Kindling as priest the lonely altar-fires
That from earth's darkness grew.
Then wise with secrets of Chaldaean lore,
In high Akkadian fane;
Or pacing slow by Egypt's river shore,
In Thothmes's glorious reign.
I hear thee, wroth with all iniquities
That Judah's kings betrayed,
Preach from Ain-Jidi's rock thy God's decrees,
Or Mamre's terebinth shade.
And, ah! most piteous vision of the past,
Drawn by thy being's law,
I see thee, martyr, in the arena cast,
Beneath the lion's paw.

Yet, afterwards, how rang thy sword upon
The paynim helm and shield!
How shone with Godfrey, and at Askalon,
Thy white plume o'er the field

Strange contradiction! where the sand waves
spread
The boundless desert sea,
The Bedouin spearmen found their destined
head,
Their dark-eyed chief—in thee!

And thou wert friar in Cluny's saintly cell,
And Skald by Norway's foam,
Ere fate of poet fixed thy soul to dwell
In this New England home.

Here art thou poet—more than warrior, priest;
And here thy quiet years
Yield more to us than sacrifice or feast,
Or clash of swords or spears.

The faith that lifts, the courage that sustains,
These thou wert sent to teach:
Hot blood of battle, beating in thy veins,
Is turned to gentle speech.

Not less, but more, than others hast thou
striven;
Thy victories remain:
The scars of ancient hate, long since for-
given,
Have lost their power to pain.

Apostle pure of freedom and of right,
Thou hast thy one reward;
Thy prayers were heard and flashed upon thy
sight
The coming of the Lord!

Now, sheathed in myrtle of thy tender songs,
Slumbers the blade of truth;
But age's wisdom, crowning thee, prolongs
The eager hope of youth.

Another line upon thy hand I trace
All destinies above:
Men know thee most as one that loves his race,
And bless thee with their love!

BAVARD TAYLOR.

ON THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT
TAYLOR.

WEEP not for him! The Thracians wisely
gave
Tears to the birth-couch, triumph to
the grave.
Weep not for him! Go, mark his high career;
It knew no shame, no folly, and no fear.
Nurtured to peril, lo! the peril came,
To lead him on from field to field, to fame.
Weep not for him whose lustrous life has known
No field of fame he has not made his own!

In many a fainting clime, in many a war,
Still bright-browed Victory drew the patriot's car.
Whether he met the dusk and prowling foe
By oceanic Mississippi's flow;

Or where the Southern swamps, with steamy
breath,

Smite the worn warrior with no warrior's death!
Or where, like surges on the rolling main,
Squadron on squadron sweep the prairie plain—
Dawn—and the field the haughty foe o'erspread
Sunset—and Rio Grandé's waves ran red!

Or where, from rock-ribbed safety, Monterey
Frowns death, and dares him to the unequal fray;
Till crashing walls and slippery streets bespeak
How frail the fortress where the heart is weak;
How vainly numbers menace, rocks defy,
Men sternly knit, and firm to do or die;—

Or where on thousand thousands crowding rush,
(Rome knew not such a day) his ranks to crush,
The long day paused on Buena Vista's height,
Above the cloud with flashing volleys bright,
Till angry freedom, hovering o'er the fray,
Swooped down, and made a new Thermopylæ;—
In every scene of peril and of pain,
His were the toils, his country's was the gain.
From field to field—and all were nobly won—
He bore, with eagle flight, her standard on:
New stars rose there—but never star grew dim
While in *his* patriot grasp. Weep not for him.

He was a spirit simple, grand and pure,
Great to conceive to do, and to endure;
Yet the rough warrior was, in heart, a child,
Rich in love's affluence, merciful and mild.
His sterner traits, majestic and antique,
Rivalled the stoic Roman or the Greek;
Excelling both, he adds the Christian name,
And Christian virtues make it more than fame.

To country, youth, age, love, life—all were
given

In death, she lingered between him and heaven;
Thus spake the patriot, in his latest sigh—
"MY DUTY DONE—I DO NOT FEAR TO DIE!"

ROBERT T. CONRAD.

WILLIAM PENN.

PENN, despairing of relief in Europe, bent
the whole energy of his mind to accom-
plish the establishment of a free govern-
ment in the New World. For that "heavenly
end," he was prepared by the severe discipline of
life, and the love, without dissimulation, which
formed the basis of his character. The sentiment
of cheerful humanity was irrepressibly strong in
his bosom; as with John Eliot and Roger Wil-
liams, benevolence gushed prodigally from his
ever-flowing heart; and when, in his late old age,
his intellect was impaired, and his reason pros-
trated by apoplexy, his sweetness of disposition
rose serenely over the clouds of disease.

Possessing an extraordinary greatness of mind,
vast conceptions, remarkable for their universality
and precision, and "surpassing in speculative en-
dowments;" conversant with men, and books, and
governments, with various languages, and the forms
of political combinations, as they existed in Eng-
land and France, in Holland, and the principalities
and free cities of Germany, he yet sought the
source of wisdom in his own soul. Humane by
nature and by suffering; familiar with the royal
family; intimate with Sunderland and Sydney;
acquainted with Russel, Halifax, Shaftesbury, and
Buckingham; as a member of the Royal Society,
the peer of Newton and the great scholars of his
age—he valued the promptings of a free mind
more than the awards of the learned, and rever-
enced the single-minded sincerity of the Notting-
ham shepherd more than the authority of colleges
and the wisdom of philosophers.

GEORGE BANCROFT.

CLEOPATRA.

THE barge she sat in, like a burnished throne,
Burnt on the water: the poop was beaten
gold;

Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
The winds were love-sick with them: the oars
were silver;

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggared all description: she did lie
In her pavilion (cloth of gold, of tissue),
O'erpicturing that Venus, where we see
The fancy out-work nature: on each side her
Stood pretty pavilioned boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-colored fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did.

Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her 'i' the eyes,
And made their bends adornings: at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That rarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthroned in the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air: which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

Upon her landing. Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper: she replied,
It should be better he became her guest;
Which she entreated: our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of "No," woman heard
speak,

Being barbered ten times o'er, goes to the feast;
And, for his ordinary, pays his heart,
For what his eyes eat only.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

PRESCOTT'S METHOD OF LIVING.

THAT Mr. Prescott, under his disheartening infirmities—I refer not only to his imperfect sight, but to the rheumatism from which he was seldom wholly free—should, at the age of five and twenty or thirty, with no help but this simple apparatus, have aspired to the character of an historian dealing with events that happened in times and countries far distant from his own, and that are recorded chiefly in foreign languages and by authors whose conflicting testimony was often to be reconciled by laborious comparison, is a remarkable fact in literary history. It is a problem the solution of which was, I believe, never before undertaken; certainly never before accomplished. Nor do I conceive that he himself could have accomplished it, unless to his uncommon intellectual gifts had been added great animal spirits, a strong, persistent will, and a moral courage which was to be daunted by no obstacle that he might deem it possible to remove by almost any amount of effort.

That he was not insensible to the difficulties of his undertaking, we have partly seen, as we have witnessed how his hopes fluctuated while he was struggling through the arrangements for beginning to write his "Ferdinand and Isabella," and in fact, during the whole period of its composition. But he showed the same character, the same fertility of resource, every day of his life, and provided, both by forecast and self-sacrifice, against the embarrassments of his condition as they successively presented themselves.

The first thing to be done, and the thing always to be repeated day by day, was to strengthen, as much as possible, what remained of his sight, and at any rate, to do nothing that should tend to exhaust its impaired powers. In 1821, when he was still not without some hope of its recovery, he made this memorandum: "I will make it my principal purpose to restore my eye to its primitive vigor, and will do nothing habitually that can seriously injure it." To this end he regulated his life with an exactness that I have never known equalled. Especially in whatever related to the daily distribution of his time, whether in regard to his intellectual labors, to his social enjoyments, or to the care of his physical powers, including his diet, he was severely exact—managing himself, indeed, in this last respect, under the general directions of his wise medical adviser, but carrying out these directions with an ingenuity and fidelity all his own.

G. H. TICKNOR.

TO COLE, THE PAINTER, DEPARTING FOR EUROPE.

THINE eyes shall see the light of distant skies:

Yet, Cole! thy heart shall bear to Europe's strand

A living image of thy native land,
Such as on thine own glorious canvas lies;
Lone lakes—savannas where the bison roves—



W. H. PRESCOTT.

Rocks rich with summer garlands—solemn
streams,
Skies, where the desert eagle wheels and
screams—

Spring bloom and autumn blaze of boundless groves.
Fair scenes shall greet thee where thou goest—fair.

But different—everywhere the trace of men,
Paths, homes, graves, ruins, from the lowest glen
To where life shrinks from the fierce Alpine air.

Gaze on them, till the tears shall dim thy sight,
But keep that earlier, wilder image bright.

W. C. BRYANT.

THE SEMINOLE'S DEFIANCE.



BLAZE, with you serried columns! I will not bend the knee;
The shackle ne'er again shall bind the arm which now is free!
I've mailed it with the thunder, when the tempest muttered low,
And where it falls, ye well may dread the lightning of its blow.
I've scared you in the city; I've scalped you on the plain;
Go, count your chosen where they fell beneath my leaden rain!
I scorn your proffered treaty; the pale-face I defy;
Revenge is stamped upon my spear, and 'blood' my battle-cry!

Some strike for hope of booty; some to defend their all;—
I battle for the joy I have to see the white man fall.
I love, among the wounded, to hear his dying moan,
And catch, while chanting at his side, the music of his groan.
Ye've trailed me through the forest; ye've tracked me o'er the stream
And struggling through the everglade your bristling bayonets gleam,
But I stand, as should the warrior, with his rifle and his spear;
The scalp of vengeance: till is red, and warns you—"Come not here!"

Think ye to find my household?—I gave it to the fire.
My tawny household do ye seek?—I am a childless sire.
But, should ye crave life's nourishment, enough I have, and good;
I live on hate—'tis all my bread; yet light is not my food.
I loath you with my bosom! I scorn you with mine eye!
And I'll taunt you with my latest breath, and fight you till I die!
I ne'er will ask for quarter, and I ne'er will be your slave;
But I'll swim the sea of slaughter till I sink beneath the wave!

G. W. PATTON.

FATE OF CHARLES THE TWELFTH.

ON what foundation stands the warrior's
pride,
How just *his* hopes, let Swedish Charles
decide!

A frame of adamant, a soul of fire.
No dangers fright him, and no labors tire;
O'er love, o'er fear extends his wide domain,
Unconquered lord of pleasure and of pain;
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field;
Behold surrounding kings their powers combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign;
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in
vain.

"Think nothing gained," he cries, "till naught
remain;
On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
And all be mine beneath the polar sky."

The march begins in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended wait;
Stern famine guards the solitary coast,
And winter barricades the realms of frost;
He comes—nor want nor cold his course delay;
Hide, blushing glory, hide Pultowa's day!
The vanquished hero leaves his broken bands,
And shows his miseries in distant lands;
Condemned a needy suppliant to wait,
While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.

But did not chance at length her error mend?
Did no subverted empire mark his end?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?
Or hostile millions press him to the ground?
His fall was destined to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand;
He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale!

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

ALONG the streets one day with that swift
tread
He walked a living king—then "He is
dead."

The whisper flew from lip to lip, while still
Sounding within their ears, the echoing thrill
Of his magician's voice we seemed to hear,
In notes of melody ring near and clear.

So near, so clear, men cried, "It cannot be!
It was but yesterday he spoke to me;
But yesterday we saw him move along,
His head above the crowd, swift-paced and strong;
But yesterday his plan and purpose sped,
It cannot be to-day that he is dead."

A moment thus, half-dazed, men met and spoke,
When first the sudden news upon them broke;
A moment more, with sad acceptance turned
To face the bitter truth that they had spurned.

Friends said through tears "How empty seems
the town."
And warning critics laid their weapons down.

He had his faults, they said, but they were faults
Of head and not of heart—his sharp assaults
Flung seeming heedless from his quivering bow,
And needless striking either friend or foe,
Were launched with eyes that saw not foe or friend,
But only shining far, some goal or end.

That compassed once, should bring God's saving
grace

To purge and purify the human race—
The measure that meted out he took,
And blow for blow received without a look,
Without a sigh of conscious hurt or hate,
To stir the tranquil calmness of his state.

Born on the heights and in the purple bred,
He chose to walk the lowly ways instead,
That he might lift the wretched and defend
The rights of those who languished for a friend,
So many years he spent in listening
To these sad cries of wrong and suffering.

NORA PERRY.

MARTIN LUTHER.

IN the solemn loneliness, in which Luther found
himself, he called around him not so much
the masters of the Greek and Latin wisdom
through the study of the ancient languages, as he
did the mass of his own countrymen, by his transla-
tion of the Bible. It would have been a matter
of tardy impression and remote efficacy, had he
done no more than awake from the dusty alcoves of
the libraries the venerable shades of the classic
teachers. He roused up a population of living,
sentient men, his countrymen, his brethren. He
might have written and preached in Latin to his
dying day, and the elegant Italian scholars, cham-
pions of the church, would have answered him in
Latin better than his own; and with the mass of
the people, the whole affair would have been a con-
test between angry and eloquacious priests. "Awake
all antiquity from the sleep of the libraries!"

He awoke all Germany and half Europe from
the scholastic sleep of an ignorance worse than
death. He took into his hands not the oaten pipe
of the classic muse; he moved to his great work,
not

* * * To the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders:—

He grasped the iron trumpet of his mother tongue
—the good old Saxon from which our own is de-
scended, the language of noble thought and high
resolve—and blew a blast that shook the nations
from Rome to the Orkneys. Sovereign, citizen,
and peasant, started at the sound; and, in a few
short years, the poor monk, who had begged his

bread for a pious canticle in the streets of Eisen-
ach—no longer friendless—no longer solitary—
was sustained by victorious armies, countenanced
by princes, and, what is a thousand times more
precious than the brightest crown in Christendom,
revered as a sage, a benefactor, and a spiritual
parent, at the firesides of millions of his humble
and grateful countrymen.

EDWARD EVERETT.

ROBERT BURNS.

HIS is that language of the heart
In which the answering heart would speak,
Thought, word, that bids the warm tear start,
Or the smile light the cheek:

And his that music to whose tone
The common pulse of man keeps time,
In cot or castle's mirth or moan,
In cold or sunny clime.

Through care and pain and want and woe,
With wounds that only death could heal,
Tortures the poor alone can know,
The proud alone can feel,

He kept his honesty and truth,
His independent tongue and pen,
And moved, in manhood as in youth,
Pride of his fellow-men.

Strong sense, deep feeling, passions strong,
A hate of tyrant and of knave,
A love of right, a scorn of wrong,
Of coward and of slave;

A kind, true heart, a spirit high,
That could not fear and would not bow,
Were written in his manly eye
And on his manly brow.

Praise to the bard! his words are driven,
Like flower-seeds by the far winds sown,
Where'er beneath the sky of heaven
The birds of fame have flown.

Praise to the man! a nation stood
Beside his coffin with wet eyes—
Her brave, her beautiful, her good—
As when a loved one dies

And still, as on his funeral day,
Men stand his cold earth-couch around,
With the mute homage that we pay
To consecrated ground.

And consecrated ground it is—
The last, the hallowed home of one
Who lives upon all memories,
Though with the buried gone.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

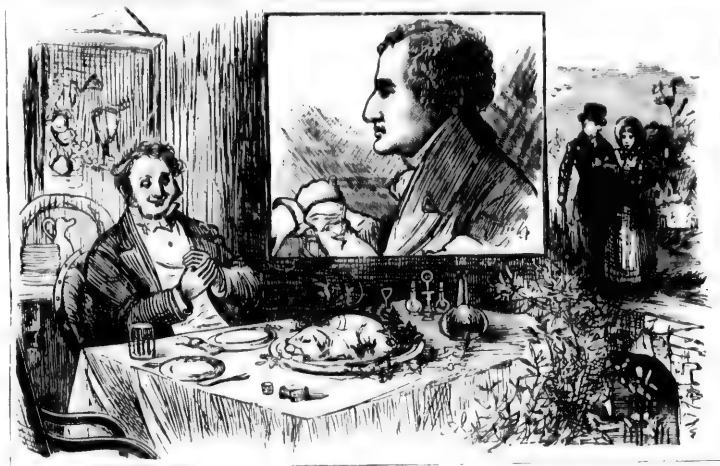
COPERNICUS.

HE is dying, but he leaves a glorious truth as his dying bequest to the world. He bids the friend who has brought it place himself between the window and his bedside, that the sun's rays may fall upon the precious volume, and he may behold it once more before his eye grows dim. He looks upon it, takes it in his hands, presses it to his breast, and expires.

But no, he is not wholly gone. A smile lights up his dying countenance; a beam of returning intelligence kindles in his eye; his lips move; and the

fresh to the eye of memory; he yearns after and covets what soothes the frailty of human nature. That touches him most nearly which is withdrawn to a certain distance, which verges on the borders of oblivion. The streets of London are his fairy-land, seeming with wonder, with life and interest to his retrospective glance, as it did to the eager eye of childhood; he has contrived to weave its tritest traditions into a bright and endless romance.

As an essayist, Lamb will be remembered with the best of his class. He has wisdom and wit of the highest order, exquisite humor, a genuine and



CHARLES LAMB.

friend who leans over him can hear him faintly murmur the beautiful sentiments which the Christian lyricist of a later age has so finely expressed in verse:

"Ye golden lamps of heaven, farewell, with all
your feeble light;
Farewell, thou ever changing moon, pale empress
of the night;
And thou, effulgent orb of day, in brighter flames
arrayed;
My soul, which springs beyond thy sphere, no
more demands thy aid
Ye stars are but the shining dust of my divine
abode,
The pavement of those heavenly courts where I
shall reign with God."

So died the great Columbus of the heavens.
EDWARD EVERETT.

CHARLES LAMB.

LAMB'S style runs pure and clear, though it may often take an underground course, or be conveyed through old-fashioned conduits. He delights to dwell on that which is

cordial vein of pleasantry, and the most heart-touching pathos. His thoughts are always his own. Even when his words seem cast into the very mould of others, the perfect originality of his thinking is felt and acknowledged. An instance of this is his delightful essay on "Roast Pig"—an essay that is fairly succulent with the juices of the oven, and is enough to tickle the palate of even a man who is not fond of this product of the farm-yard. The sweet stream of thought bubbles and sparkles with witty fancies such as I do not remember to have elsewhere met with, except in Shakespeare.

WILLIAM HAZLITT.

THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

WOE unto us, not her; for she sleeps well:
The fickle reek of popular breath, the
ton, ue

Of hollow counsel, the false oracle,
Which from the birth of monarchy hath rung
Its knell in princely ears, till the o'erstung
Nations have armed in madness, the strange late

Which tumbles mightiest sovereigns, and hath
flung
Against their blind omnipotence a weight
Within the opposing scale, which crushes soon or
late—

These might have been her destiny; but no,
Our hearts deny it: and so young, so fair,
Good without effort, great without a foe;
But now a bride and mother,—and now *there!*
How many ties did that stern moment tear!
From thy sire's to his humblest subject's breast
Is linked the electric chain of that despair,
Whose shock was as an earthquake's, and
opprest
The land which loved thee so that none could
love thee best.

LORD BYRON.

HENRY CLAY'S POPULARITY.

OF our public men of the sixty years pre-
ceding the war, Henry Clay was certainly
the most shining figure. Was there
ever a public man, not at the head of a state, so
beloved as he? Who ever heard such cheers,
so hearty, distinct, and ringing, as those which
his name evoked? Men shed tears at his defeat,
and women went to bed sick from pure sym-
pathy with his disappointment. He could not
travel during the last thirty years of his life,
but only make progresses. When he left his
home the public seized him and bore him
along over the land, the committee of one State
passing him on to the committee of another,
and the hurrahs of one town dying away as
those of the next caught his ear. The country
seemed to place all its resources at his disposal;
all commodities sought his acceptance.

Passing through Newark once, he thoughtlessly
ordered a carriage of a certain pattern: the same
evening the carriage was at the door of his hotel
in New York, the gift of a few Newark friends.
It was so everywhere and with everything. His
house became at last a museum of curious gifts.
There was the counterpane made for him by a lady
ninety-three years of age, and Washington's cam-
poblet given him by a lady of eighty; there were
pistols, rifles, and fowling-pieces enough to defend
a citadel; and, among a bundle of walking-sticks,
was one cut for him from a tree that shaded
Cicero's grave. There were gorgeous prayer-
books, and Bibles of exceeding magnitude and
splendor, and silver-ware in great profusion.

On one occasion there arrived at Ashland the
substantial present of twenty-three barrels of salt.
In his old age, when his fine estate, through the
misfortunes of his sons, was burdened with mort-
gages to the amount of thirty-thousand dollars,
and other large debts weighed heavily upon his

soul, and he feared to be compelled to sell the
home of fifty years and seek a strange abode, a
few old friends secretly raised the needful sum,
secretly paid the mortgages and discharged the
debts, and then caused the aged orator to be
informed of what had been done, but not of the
names of the donors.

"Could my life insure the success of Henry
Clay, I would freely lay it down this day," ex-
claimed an old Rhode Island sea-captain on the
morning of the Presidential election of 1844.
Who has forgotten the passion of disappointment,



HENRY CLAY AT LEXINGTON, KY.

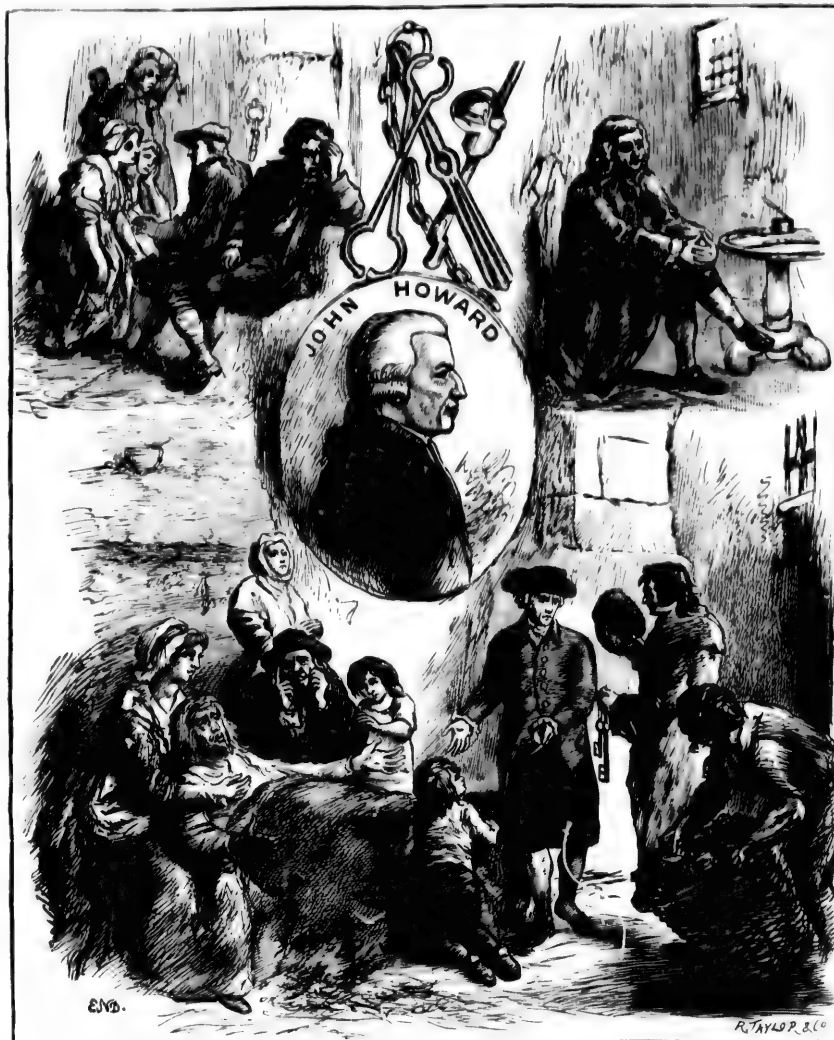
the amazement and despair, at the result of that
day's fatal work? Fatal we thought it then, little
dreaming that, while it precipitated evil, it brought
nearer the day of deliverance.

JAMES PARTON.

JOHN HOWARD.

THE prisons of Europe previous to Howard's
great reformatory work almost surpassed
description. They were dungeons without
a ray of light to cheer. If human in-
genuity had set itself to work to inflict the most
abject misery upon condemned criminals it could
not have achieved a greater success. Man was

nothing more than a brute. There was no pity for his chains, no sympathy for his sorrows. The cold walls of his cell were no more unfeeling than the Great Britain and Europe were grander than triumphal marches. If the victims of the dark dungeons could have been released for a moment



hearts of his judicial tormentors. One loud groan went up to heaven from every prison in Europe.

John Howard came. He was human, sympathetic, wise. He heard the moan of the prisoner; if he did not turn it into music he at least made it less dolorous. Howard's journeys through

they would have strewn palm-branches in his way. The sun rose upon a night of darkness. Uplifted eyes and broken hearts hailed the coming of John Howard, the prisoner's friend. Better to have the blessings of the poor and oppressed than to live in bronze and granite.

Never before had been heard such music—the clanking of chains stricken off by his half-omnipotent hand. A new era had dawned in civilization. Not that there was any effort to prevent the rigid exercise of justice, but the angel of pity, almost a stranger in the earth, bent down over the weak, the suffering, the abused, the doomed, and there was heaven in her eyes.

HENRY DAVENPORT.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

MAN is the grief of those whose faith
Is bounded by the shores of death;
From out whose mists of doubt and gloom

No rainbow arches o'er the tomb
Where love's last tribute of a tear
Lies with dead flowers upon the bier.

O thou revered, beloved!—not yet,
With sob of bells, with eyes tear-wet,
With faltering pulses, do we lay
Thy greatness in the grave away;
Not Auburn's consecrated ground
Can hold the life that wraps thee round.

Still shall thy gentle presence prove
Its ministry of hope and love;
Thy tender tones be heard within
The story of Evangeline;
And by the fireside, midst the rest,
Thou oft shalt be a welcome guest.

Again the mystery will be clear;
The august Tuscan's shades appear;
Moved by thy impulse, we shall feel
New longings for thy high ideal;
And under all thy forms of art
Feel beatings of a human heart.

As in our dreams we follow thee
With longing eyes beyond the sea,
We see thee on some loftier height
Across whose trembling bridge of light
Our voices of the night are borne,
Clasp with white hand the stars of morn.

O happy poet! Thine is not
A portion of the common lot;
Thy works shall follow thee; thy verse
Shall still thy living thoughts rehearse;
The ages shall to thee belong—
An immortality of song.

FRANCIS F. BROWNE.

RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE.

OH, Mother Earth! upon thy lap
Thy weary ones receiving,
And o'er them, silent as a dream,
Thy grassy mantle weaving—
Fold softly in thy long embrace
That heart so worn and broken,
And cool its pulse of fire beneath
Thy shadows old and oaken.

Shut out from him the bitter word

And serpent hiss of scorning;

Nor let the storms of yesterday

Disturb his quiet morning.

Breathe over him forgetfulness

Of all save deeds of kindness,

And, save to smiles of grateful eyes,

Press down his lids in blindness.

There, where with living ear and eye

He heard Potomac's flowing,

And, through his tall, ancestral trees

Saw autumn's sunset glowing,

He sleeps—still looking to the west,

Beneath the dark wood shadow,

As if he still would see the sun

Sink down on wave and meadow.

Bard, sage, and tribune!—in himself

All moods of mind contrasting—

The tenderest wail of human woe,

The scorn like lightning blasting;

The pathos which from rival eyes

Unwilling tears could summon,

The stinging taunt, the fiery burst

Of hatred scarcely human!

Mirth, sparkling like a diamond-shower,

From lips of life-long sadness,

Clear picturings of majestic thought

Upon a ground of madness;

And over all, romance and song

A classic beauty throwing,

And laurelled Clio at his side

Her storied pages showing.

All parties feared him: each in turn

Beheld its schemes disjoined,

As right or left his fatal glance

And spectral finger pointed.

Sworn foe of cant, he smote it down

With trenchant wit, unsparing,

And, mocking, rent with ruthless hand

The robe pretence was wearing.

Too honest or too proud to feign

A love he never cherished,

Beyond Virginia's border line

His patriotism perished.

While others hailed in distant skies,

Our eagle's dusky pinion,

He only saw the mountain bird

Stoop o'er his Old Dominion!

Still through each change of fortune strange,

Racked nerve, and brain all burning,

His loving faith in mother-land

Knew never shade of turning;

By Britain's lakes, by Neva's wave.

Whatever sky was o'er him,

He heard her rivers' rushing sound,

Her blue peaks rose before him.

J. G. WHITTIER.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.



Longfellow consists rather in the wise and tasteful use of his materials than in their richness and their originality. He illustrates the gentler themes of song, and pleads for justice, humanity, and particularly the beautiful, with a poet's deep conviction of their eternal claims upon the distinctive recognition of the man.

ONE of the greenest of laurels adorns the brow of this favorite American poet, who, it has been said, is even more extensively read and admired in England than at home. Many of his productions are as familiar in the homes of the people as the old-time almanac used to be in the homesteads of our grandfathers.

Longfellow studied the principles of verbal melody, and rendered himself master of the mysterious affinities which exist between sound and sense, word and thought, feeling and expression. There is an aptitude, gracefulness and vivid beauty in many of his stanzas which at once impress the memory and win ear and heart. There is in the tone of his poetry little passion, but much quiet earnestness.

His ideas and metaphors are often striking and poetical, but there is no effluence of imagery or wonderful glow of emotion such as take us captive in Byron or Shelley; the claim of Long-

THE GREAT SENATORS.

OUR great triumvirate—Clay, Webster, Calhoun—last appeared together in public life in the Senate of 1849-50; the two former figuring conspicuously in the debates which preluded and resulted in what was termed the Compromise of that year—Mr. Calhoun dying as they had fairly opened, and Messrs. Clay and Webster not long after their close. These lines are, therefore, in some sort, my humble tribute to their genius and their just renown.

I best knew and loved Henry Clay; he was by nature genial, cordial, courteous, gracious, magnetic, winning. When General Glascock, of Georgia, took his seat in Congress as a Representative, a mutual friend asked, "General, may I introduce you to Henry Clay?" "No, sir!" was the stern response; "I am his adversary, and choose not to subject myself to his fascination." I think it would have been hard to constitute for three or four years a legislative body whereof Mr. Clay was a member, and not more than four-sevenths were his pledged, implacable opponents, whereof he would not have been the master-spirit, and the author and inspirer of most of its measures, after the first or second year.

Mr. Webster was colder, graver, sterner, in his general bearing; though he could unbend and be sunny and blithe in his intercourse with those admitted to his intimacy. There were few gayer or more valued associates on a fishing or sailing party. His mental calibre was much the larger; I judge that he had read and studied more; though neither could boast much erudition, not even intense application. I believe each was about thirty years in Congress, where Mr. Clay identified his name with the origin or success of at least half a

dozen important measures to every one thus blended with Mr. Webster's. Though Webster's was far the more massive intellect, Mr. Clay as a legislator evinced far the greater creative, constructive power.

I once sat in the Senate Chamber when Mr. Douglas, who had just been transferred from the House, rose to move forward a bill in which he was interested. "We have no such practice in the Senate, sir," said Mr. Webster, in his deep, solemn voice, fixing his eye on the mover, but without rising from his seat. Mr. Douglas at once varied his motion, seeking to achieve his end in a somewhat different way. "That is not the way we do business in the Senate, sir," rejoined Mr. Webster, still more decisively and sternly. "The Little Giant" was a bold, ready man, not easily over-awed or disconcerted; but, if he did not quiver under the eye and voice of Webster, then my eyesight deceived me—and I was very near him.

Mr. Calhoun was a tall, spare, earnest, evidently thoughtful man, with stiff, iron-gray hair, which reminded you of Jackson's about the time of his accession to the Presidency. He was eminently a logician—terse, vigorous, relentless. He courted the society of clever, aspiring young men who inclined to fall into his views, and exerted great influence over them. As he had abandoned the political faith which I distinguish and cherish as National while I was yet a school boy, I never met him at all intimately; yet once, while I was connected with mining on Lake Superior, I called on him, as on other leading members of Congress, to explain the effect of the absurd policy then in vogue of keeping mineral lands out of market, and

attempting to collect a per centage of the mineral as rent accruing to the Government.

He received me courteously, and I took care to make my statement as compact and perspicuous as I could, showing him that, even in the lead region, where the system had attained its full development, the Treasury did not receive enough rent to pay the salaries of the officers employed in collecting it.

"Enough," said Mr. Calhoun; "you are clearly right. I will vote to give away these lands, rather than perpetuate this vicious system." "We only ask, Mr. Calhoun," I rejoined, "that Congress fix on the lands whatever price it may deem just, and sell them at that price to those lawfully in possession; they failing to purchase, then to whosoever will buy them." "That plan will have my hearty support," he responded; and it did. When the question came at length to be taken, I believe there was no vote in either House against selling the mineral lands.

HORACE GREELEY.

NAPOLEON.

'TIS done—but yesterday a king!
And armed with kings to strive—
And now thou art a nameless thing;
So abject—yet alive!

Is this the man of thousand thrones.
Who strewed our earth with hostile bones,
And can he thus survive?
Since he, miscalled the Morning Star,
Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so far.

Ill-minded man! why scourge thy kind
Who bowed so low the knee?
By gazing on thyself grown blind,
Thou taught'st the rest to see.
With might unquestioned—power to save—
Thine only gift hath been the grave
To those that worshipped thee;
Nor till thy fall could mortals guess
Ambition's less than littleness!

Thanks for that lesson—it will teach
To after warriors more
Than high philosophy can preach,
And vainly preached before.
That spell upon the minds of men
Breaks never to unite again,
That led them to adore
Those Pagod things of sabre sway,
With fronts of brass and feet of clay.

The triumph and the vanity,
The rapture of the strife;
The earthquake voice of victory,
To thee the breath of life;
The sword, the sceptre, and that sway
Which man seemed made but to obey,
Wherewith renown was rife—

All quelled!—Dark spirit! what must be
The madness of thy memory!

The desolator desolate!
The victor overthrown!
The arbiter of others' fate
A suppliant for his own!
Is it some yet imperial hope,
That with such change can calmly cope?
Or dread of death alone?
To die a prince, or live a slave—
Thy choice is most ignobly brave!

He who of old would rend the oak
Dreamed not of the rebound;
Chained by the trunk he vainly broke—
Alone—how looked he round?
Thou, in the sternness of thy strength,
An equal deed hast done at length,
And darker fate hast found:
He fell, the forest-prowlers' prey;
But thou must eat thy heart away!

Thine evil deeds are writ in gore,
Nor written thus in vain;
Thy triumphs tell of fame no more,
Or deepen every stain.
If thou hadst died as honor dies,
Some new Napoleon might arise,
To shame the world again;
But who would soar the solar height,
To set in such a starless night?

Weighed in the balance, hero dust
Is vile as vulgar clay;
Thy scales, mortality! are just
To all that pass away:
But yet methought the living great
Some higher spark should animate,
To dazzle and dismay;
Nor deemed contempt could thus make mirth
Of these, the conquerors of the earth.

LORD BYRON.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

FROM THE "COMMEMORATION ODE."

LIFE may be given in many ways,
And loyalty to truth be sealed
As bravely in the closet as the field,
So bountiful is fate;
But then to stand beside her,
When craven churls deride her,
To front a lie in arms and not to yield,
This shows, methinks, God's plan
And measure of a stalwart man,
Limbed like the old heroic breeds,
Who stand self-poised on manhood's solid
earth,
Not forced to frame excuses for his birth,
Fed from within with all the strength he needs.

Such was he, our martyr-chief,
 Whom late the nation he had led,
 With ashes on her head,
 Wept with the passion of an angry grief:
 Forgive me, if from present things I turn
 To speak what in my heart will beat and burn,
 And hang my wreath on his world-honored urn,
 Nature they say, doth dote,
 And cannot make a man
 Save on some worn-out plan,
 Repeating us by rote:
 For him her Old World moulds aside she threw,
 And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
 Of the unexhausted west,
 With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
 Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.

How beautiful to see
 Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,
 Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead;
 One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,
 Not lured by any cheat of birth,
 But by his clear-grained human worth,
 And brave old wisdom of sincerity!
 They knew that outward grace is dust;
 They could not choose but trust
 In that sure-footed mind's unfaltering skill,
 And supple-tempered will
 That bent like perfect steel to spring again and
 thrust.

His was no lonely mountain-peak of mind,
 Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars,
 A sea-mark now now lost in vapors blind;
 Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lined,
 Fruitful and friendly for all human kind,
 Yet also nigh to heaven and loved of loftiest
 stars.

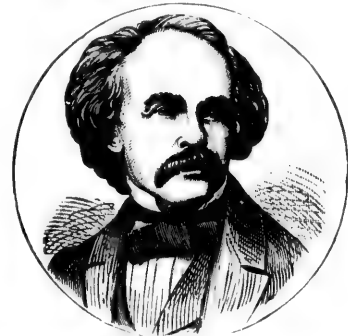
Nothing of Europe here,
 Or, then, of Europe fronting mornward still,
 Ere any names of Serf and Pech
 Could Nature's equal scheme deface;
 Here was a type of the true elder race,
 And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face to
 face.

I praise him not; it were too late;
 And some innate weakness there must be
 In him who condescends to victory
 Such as the Present gives, and cannot wait,
 Safe in himself as in a fate.
 So always firmly he:
 He knew to bide his time,
 And can his fame abide.
 Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
 Till the wise years decide.
 Great captains, with their guns and drums,
 Disturb our judgment for the hour,
 But at last silence comes;
 These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,

Our children shall behold his fame,
 The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
 Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
 New birth of our new soil, the first American.
 J. R. LOWELL.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

IN his style he early developed that maturity of dignified composure, free from constraint, or affectation, and that lucid expression which are among its most characteristic traits. With little faculty for the harmonies of verse, he had a singular command over the musical qualities of prose, enabling him to produce periods remarkable for their sonorous richness and delicate cadences, that sometimes raised them almost to the plane of poetry, yet never



HAWTHORNE.

destroy their character as prose by interjecting the actual rhythms of verse. Although exceptionally fitted for conveying subtleties of fancy and thought, his style is equally adapted to the comprehension of children, being invariably clear and strongly marked by common sense.

Another noticeable peculiarity is that in the entire range of his writings quotation is almost never resorted to, the author's mind apparently feeling no need of aid or illustration from other writers. The superlative merits of Hawthorne's style were but slowly recognized in his own country, but his fame has rapidly and steadily increased since his death, and he is now generally esteemed as one of the greatest imaginative minds of the century, holding a place in the first rank among masters of modern English prose.

The personal appearance of Hawthorne was tall, vigorous and commanding. Powerful physically, and in every way a strong specimen of manhood, he yet, in his manner and presence, showed the gentleness of a woman. His intimates

were few, but with them, he was a genial comrade, as he was also a delightful companion in his household. The union in him of strength and sensitiveness has been well described by James Russell Lowell:

First, he from sympathy still held apart
By shrinking, over-eagerness of heart—
New England's poet, soul-reserved and deep,
November nature with a name of May.

G. P. LATHROP.

LORD BYRON.

WITH nature's self
He seemed an old acquaintance, free to
jest

At will with all her glorious majesty.
He laid his hand upon "the Ocean's mane,"
And played familiar with his hoary locks;
Stood on the Alps, stood on the Apennines,
And with the thunder talked as friend to friend;
And wove his garland of the lightning's wing,
In sportive twist—the lightning's fiery wing,
Which, as the footsteps of the dreadful God,
Marching upon the storm in vengeance seemed;
Then turned, and with the grasshopper, who sung
His evening song beneath his feet, conversed.
Suns, moons, and stars, and clouds his sisters were;
Rocks, mountains, meteors, seas, and winds, and
storms

His brothers, younger brothers, whom he scarce
As equals deemed. All passions of all men,
The wild and tame, the gentle and severe;
All thoughts, all maxims, sacred and profane;
All creeds, all seasons, time eternity;
All that was hated, and all that was dear;
All that was hoped, all that was feared, by man,—
He tossed about, as tempest-withered leaves;
Then, smiling, looked upon the wreck he made.

With terror now he froze the cowering blood,
And now dissolved the heart in tenderness;
Yet would not tremble, would not weep himself;
But back into his soul retired, alone,
Dark, sullen, proud, gazing contemptuously
On hearts and passions prostrate at his feet.
So ocean, from the plains his waves had late
To desolation swept, retired in pride,
Exulting in the glory of his might,
And seemed to mock the ruin he had wrought.

As some fierce comet of tremendous size,
To which the stars did reverence as it passed,
So he, through learning and through fancy, took
His flights sublime, and on the loftiest top
Of fame's dread mountain sat; not soiled and
worn,

As if he from the earth had labored up,
But as some bird of heavenly plumage fair
He looked, which down from higher regions came,
And perched it there, to see what lay beneath.

The nations gazed, and wondered much and
praised.

Critics before him fell in humble plight;
Confounded fell; and made debasing signs
To catch his eye; and stretched and swelled them-
selves

To bursting high, to utter bulky words
Of admiration vast; and many too,
Many that aimed to imitate his flight,
With weaker wing, unearthly fluttering made,
And gave abundant sport to after days.

Great man! the nations gazed and wondered
much,

And praised; and many called his evil good.

Wits wrote in favor of his wickedness;

And kings to do him honor took delight.

Thus full of titles, flattery, honor, fame;

Beyond desire, beyond ambition, full—

He died—he died of what? Of wretchedness;

Drank every cup of joy, heard every trump

Of fame; drank early, deeply drank; drank
draughts

That common millions might have quenched, then
died

Of thirst, because there was no more to drink.

His goddess, nature, wooed, embraced, enjoyed,

Fell from his arms, abhorred; his passions died,

Died, all but dreary, solitary pride;

And all his sympathies in being died.

As some ill-guided bark, well built and tall,

Which angry tides cast out on desert shore,

And then, retiring, left it there to rot

And moulder in the winds and rains of heaven;

So he, cut from the sympathies of life,

And cast ashore from pleasure's boisterous surge,

A wandering, weary, worn, and wretched thing,

Scorched and desolate and blasted soul,

A gloomy wilderness of dying thought—

Repined, and groaned, and withered from the
earth.

His groanings filled the land his numbers filled;

And yet he seemed ashamed to groan.—Poor

man!

Ashamed to ask, and yet he needed help.

ROBERT POLLOK.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

LORD ALFRED TENNYSON has been called
the Shakespeare of his time. It is some-
what invidious to compare him with any
poet who ever lived. He is a mountain summit
by himself, standing alone, majestic and grand,
yet anything but cold and forbidding. He is
superior in intellectual grasp, original expression,
and subtle emotion.

Mr. Tennyson was an artist before he was a
poet. I suppose it is in some respects this lavish
native strength which has given him his delight in

great variety and richness of materials, showing a tropical luxuriance of natural gifts. What his poetical faculty delights in most are rich landscapes, in which either nature or man has accumulated a lavish variety of effects. It is in the scenery of the mill, the garden, the chase, the rich pastures, the harvest fields, the palace plea-



ALFRED TENNYSON.

sure-grounds, fair parks and domains, glowing with sylvan beauty, that Mr. Tennyson most delights.

He has a strong fascination for old legends, as well as for those common tales of achievement and adventure which delight the popular heart. There is always the movement of real life in his poems, a kind of stately tread and marching forward, which seizes the reader as the mighty tide lays hold of the floating skiff and carries it away on its heaving bosom. His pen-pictures, it may be said, succeed each other too rapidly, yet for the most part his style ripples along with perfect ease and grace.

Not exactly cypress, but a wreath of weeping willow, should encircle his name. He is enamored with ideal beauty and purity of soul, and he

sings the praises of holy and exalted friendship more than the warmer passion of love. He may be characterized as an elevated philosopher with a poet's expression, which a delicate perception of the beautiful and true has given him.

His harp is not strung with strings whose wild, loud notes shall first awaken, and then petrify the snoring world, but with silken, silvery, gossamer chords, whose fairy melody is heard only by the delicate spiritual ear.

Yet keeps he perhaps too close to the shores of time, and dares not, or will not, sail the mighty oceans of mind, and bring us, like golden fruit, from beyond their distant shores sublime and inspiring ideas of futurity. He keeps his wings too closely furled, when we consider his poetical powers.

R. H. HUTTON.

CAMP-BELL.

CHARADE.

COME from my first, ay, come!
The battle dawn is nigh;
And the screaming trump and the thundering drum
Are calling thee to die!

Fight as thy father fought;
Fall as thy father fell;
Thy task is taught; thy shroud is wrought;
So forward and farewell!

Toll ye my second! toll!
Fling high the flambeau's light,
And sing the hymn for a parted soul
Beneath the silent night!

The wreath upon his head,
The cross upon his breast;
Let the prayer be said and the tear be shed,
So—take him to his rest!

Call ye my whole—ay, call
The lord of lute and lay;
And let him greet the sable pall
With noble song to-day.

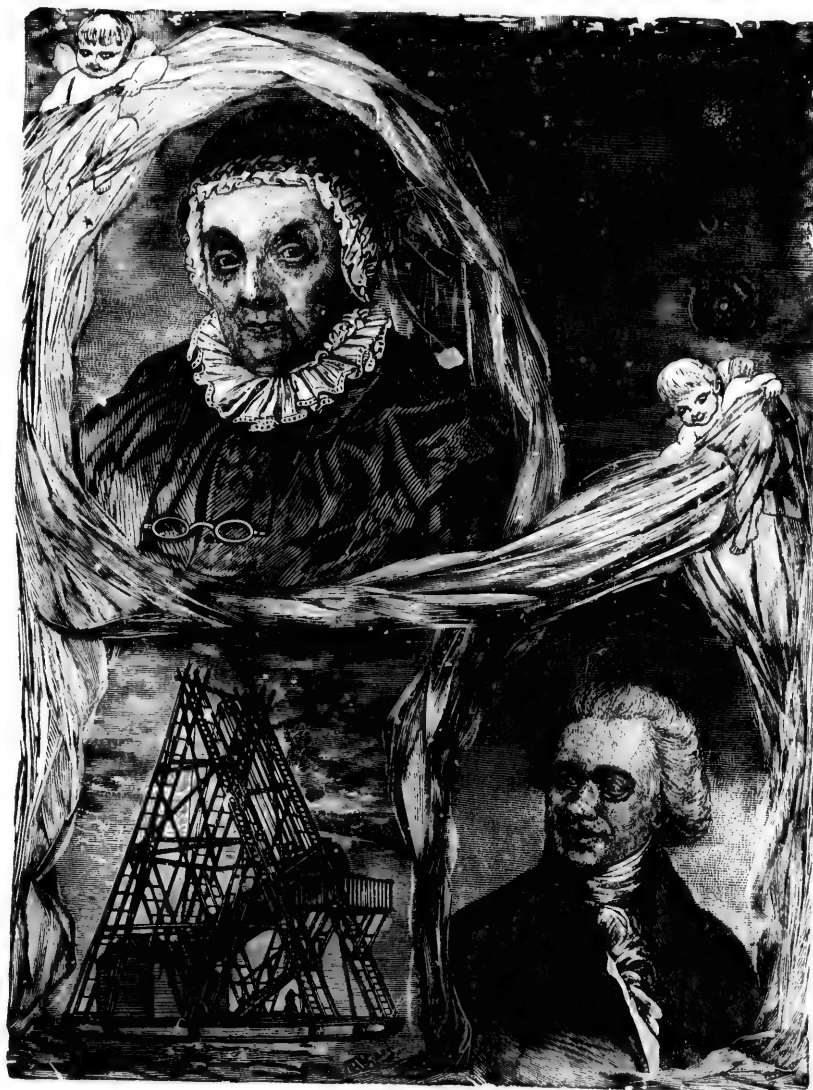
Go, call him by his name!
No fitter hand may crave
To light the flame of a soldier's fame
On the turf of a soldier's grave.

W. M. PRAED.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

MOURN, for to us he seems the last;
Remembering all his greatness in the past.
No more in soldier fashion will he greet
With lifted hand the gazer in the street.
O friends, our chief state-oracle is mute;
Mourn for the man of long-enduring blood,
The state-man-warrior, moderate, resolute.
Whole in himself, a common good.

ALFRED TENNYSON.



CAROLINE AND SIR WILLIAM HERSCHEL.

TWO CELEBRATED ASTRONOMERS.

THE name of Herschel is as bright as the stars in company with which those who bore the name spent a good part of their lives. Their look seemed to be upward, always exploring the mysteries of the heavens. Brilliant discoveries came within range of their vision, and the great

volumes in the library of science are more numerous to-day than as if the Herschels had never lived. They held companionship with the starry heavens, and were on the best of terms with distant worlds.

Caroline was the sister of Sir William Herschel, whom she assisted in his astronomical observa-

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D TENNYSON.

tions and computations. There have been several women who have excelled in the science of astronomy. It is a science which appeals to their love

impression upon the scientific thought of his time. He was the first to behold the planet Uranus floating in the far depths of space. This was one of the most important discoveries of modern times, and gave to Herschel a name henceforth to be held in honor.



PRISCILLA.

MILES STANDISH, the famous captain of Plymouth Colony, feeling the desolation of his bachelorhood, resolved to take unto himself a wife, and also resolved that this wife should be the fair Puritan maid Priscilla. Standish sent his dutiful secretary, John Alden, to make known his wishes and to do the courting. Standish himself felt that he was more skillful in the arts of war than in those of courtship. Maidens are known sometimes to have minds of their own, and Priscilla, not being lost in admiration of Miles Standish, and knowing a good chance when she saw it, executed a flank movement, and said, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

John was not slow to speak after receiving such encouragement, and Captain Miles Standish was compelled to doff his plumes to the man who had been commissioned to do the courting. It was not long before there were wedding festivities, the termination of which is beautifully described by Longfellow:

Onward the bridal procession now
moved to their new habitation,
Happy husband and wife, and friends
conversing together.
Pleasantly murmured the brook as they
crossed the ford in the forest,
Pleased with the image that passed, like
a dream of love through its bosom,
Tremulous, floating in air, o'er the
depths of the azure abysses.

Down through the golden leaves the sun
was pouring his splendors,
Gleaming on purple grapes, that, from
branches above them suspended,
Mingled their odorous breath with the
balm of the pine and the fir-tree,

Wild and sweet as the clusters that grew in the
valley of Eschol.

Like a picture it seemed of the primitive, pastoral
ages,
Fresh with the youth of the world and recalling
Rebecca and Isaac,

of the beautiful and the sublime, while at the same time many are gifted with mathematical talent equal to the study. In 1798 Caroline published a valuable catalogue of over 500 stars. Her brother William distinguished himself by many important discoveries, which created a profound

Old and yet ever new, and simple and beautiful
 always,
 Love immortal and young in the endless succession
 of lovers.
 So through the Plymouth woods passed onward
 the bridal procession.

ON A BUST OF DANTE.

SEE, from this counterfeit of him
 Whom Arno shall remember long,
 How stern of lineament, how grim,
 The father was of Tuscan song!
 There but the burning sense of wrong,
 Perpetual care, and scorn, abide—
 Small friendship for the lordly throng,
 Distrust of all the world beside.

Faithful if this wan image be,
 No dream his life was, but a fight;
 Could any Beatrice see
 A lover in that anchorite?
 To that cold Ghibelline's gloomy sight
 Who could have guessed the visions came
 Of beauty, veiled with heavenly light,
 In circles of eternal flame?

The lips as Cumæ's cavern close,
 The cheeks with fast and sorrow thin,
 The rigid front, almost morose,
 But for the patient hope within,
 Declare a life whose course hath been
 Unsullied still, though still severe,
 Which, through the wavering days of sin,
 Kept itself icy-chaste and clear.

Not wholly such his haggard look
 When wandering once, forlorn, he strayed,
 With no companion save his book,
 To Corvo's hushed monastic shade;
 Where, as the Benedictine laid
 His palm upon the pilgrim guest,
 The single boon for which he prayed
 The convent's charity was rest.

Peace dwells not here—this rugged face
 Betrays no spirit of repose;
 The sullen warrior sole we trace,
 The marble man of many woes.
 Such was his mien when first arose
 The thought of that strange tale divine—
 When hell he peopled with his foes,
 The scourge of many a guilty line.

War to the last he waged with all
 The tyrant canker-worms of earth;
 Baron and duke, in hold and hall,
 Cursed the dark hour that gave him birth;
 He used Rome's harlot for his mirth;
 Plucked bare hypocrisy and crime;
 But valiant souls of kingly worth
 Transmitted to the rolls of time.

O Time! whose verdicts mock our own,
 The only righteous judge art thou;
 That poor, old exile, sad and lone,
 Is Latium's other Virgil now.
 Before his name the nations bow;
 His words are parcel of mankind,
 Deep in whose hearts, as on his brow,
 The marks have sunk of Dante's mind.

THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS.

LADY HENRY SOMERSET.

OF noble birth, yet nobler in heart and soul,
 Lady Somerset is one of the famous
 women of our time, by virtue of her
 broad charity, her arduous labors in the cause of
 reform, especially that of temperance, and that



LADY SOMERSET.

spirit of self-sacrifice which has devoted fortune
 and noble birth to the uplifting of the poor and
 degraded. Her name is known in both hemi-
 spheres. In America she has shed the light and
 glow of her great heart and nature from ocean to
 ocean. Of rare personal attractions, cultured
 manners, graceful and forcible speech, untiring
 labor and enthusiasm, she illustrates vividly what
 can be accomplished by woman when inspired by
 a great aim and moved by a holy purpose.

Lady Somerset in no degree loses her dignity
 and refinement by her public life. There is no
 appearance of coming down; of stepping from

some lofty pedestal; of abandoning a sacred sphere, such as the world has always conceded to woman. She lifts up, adorns, purifies, glorifies what she touches, and like the aroma of flowers is the influence of her life.

HENRY DAVENPORT.

THE EXECUTION OF MONTROSE.

EXECUTED 1650.

THE morning dawned full dark;
The rain came flashing down,
And the jagged streak of the levin-bolt
Lit up the gloomy town.
The thunder crashed across the heaven,
The fatal hour was come;
Yet aye broke in, with muffled beat,
The 'larum of the drum.
There was madness on the earth below
And anger in the sky.
And young and old, and rich and poor,
Came forth to see him die.
Ah God! that ghastly gibbet!
How dismal 't is to see
The great tall spectral skeleton,
The ladder and the tree!
Hark! hark! it is the clash of arms—
The bells begin to toll—
"He is coming! he is coming!
God's mercy on his soul!"
One last long peal of thunder—
The clouds are cleared away,
And the glorious sun once more looks down
Amidst the dazzling day.
"He is coming! he is coming!"
Like a bridegroom from his room
Came the hero from his prison
To the scaffold and the doom.
There was glory on his forehead,
There was lustre in his eye,
And he never walked to battle
More proudly than to die.

There was color in his visage,
Though the cheeks of all were wan;
And they marvelled as they saw him pass,
That great and goodly man!

He mounted up the scaffold,
And he turned him to the crowd;
But they dared not trust the people,
So he might not speak aloud.
But he looked upon the heavens,
And they were clear and blue,
And in the liquid ether
The eye of God shone through:
Yet a black and murky battlement
Lay resting on the hill,
As though the thunder slept within—
All else was calm and still.

The grim Geneva ministers
With anxious scowl drew near,
As you have seen the ravens flock
Around the dying deer.
He would not deign them word nor sign,
But alone he bent the knee;
And veiled his face for Christ's dear grace
Beneath the gallows-tree.
Then, radiant and serene, he rose,
And cast his cloak away;
For he had ta'en his latest look
Of earth and sun and day.

A beam of light fell o'er him,
Like a glory round the shriven,
And he climbed the lofty ladder
As it were the path to heaven.
Then came a flash from out the cloud,
And a stunning thunder-roll;
And no man dared to look aloft,
For fear was on every soul.
There was another heavy sound,
A hush, and then a groan;
And darkness swept across the sky—
The work of death was done!

W. F. AYTOUN.



THOUGHT AND SENTIMENT:

CONTAINING

CHOICE PRODUCTIONS FROM MASTER MINDS.



THE VILLAGE WEAVER.

HE weaver is sitting before his loom,
All day long in a curious room,
Weaving a carpet of various hues;
Here and there is a shade of green,
With brighter colors woven between,
And various tints of browns and blues.

Strangers and neighbors visit the room,
And children, as well, to see the loom,
Who ponder awhile and go away.
Of the visitors that kindly call,
The little ones please him best of all,
With rapturous songs of mirth and play.

Forward and backward the shuttle goes.
Followed by loud and creaking blows,
While the faithful weaver works away.
He turns a selvedge with skillful hands,
Shaping a pattern of various brands,
Out of black and a mixture of gray.

His back is bent and his hair is white,
For many a year has taken flight
Since he on the loom began to weave.
During that time, I may safely say,
The woof that has crossed the warp each day
Could encircle the world, I believe.

I often watch him plying his trade,
Blending with harmony every shade,
And forming a carpet quaint and fine.
On much the same as the weaver planned
Each life is wrought with a filmy strand,
And deeds, like colors, form some design.

Time is a weaver whose shuttles hum,
Until the end of our life has come,
And the soul parts from its dusty loom.
Youth is bright color that fades away,
Age and years are the dark and gray,
And the world is the curious room.

GEORGE S. JOHNSON.

A JEWEL IN DISGUISE.

I'VE met with a good many people
In jogging over life's varied way—
I've encountered the clever, the simple,
The crabbed, the grave and the gay.
I have traveled with beauty, with virtue,
I've been with the ugly, the bad,
I've laughed with the ones who were merry,
And wept with the ones who were sad.

One thing I have learned in my journey,
Never to judge one by what he appears—
The eyes that seem sparkling with laughter
Out battle to keep back the tears;

And long sanctimonious faces
Hide often the souls that are vile,
While the heart that is merry and cheerful
Is often the freest from guile.

And I've learned not to look for perfection
In one of our frail human kind;
In hearts the most gentle and loving
Some blemish or fault we can find.
But yet I have not found the creature
So low, or depraved, or so mean,
But had some good impulse, some virtue
That 'mong his bad traits might be seen.

A DREAM.

O IT was but a dream I had
While the musicians played—
, And here the sky and here the glad
O d ocean kissed the glade;
And here the laughing ripples ran,
And here the roses grew
That threw a kiss to every man
That voyaged with the crew.

Our silken sails in lazy folds
Dropped in the breathless breeze
As o'er a field of marigolds
Our eyes swam o'er the seas;
While here the eddies lisp'd and purled
Around the island's rim,
And up from out the underworld
We saw the mermen swim.

And it was dawn and middle day
And midnight—for the moon
On silver rounds across the bay
Had climbed the skies of June—
And here the glowing, glorious king
Of day ruled o'er the realm,
With stars of midnight glittering
About the diadem.

The sea-gull reeled on languid wing
In circles round the mast;
We heard the songs the sirens sing
As we went sailing past,
And up and down the golden sands
A thousand fairy throngs
Flung at us from their flashing hand
The echoes of their songs.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

THE DAYS OF THE MODERN BELLE.

O H, for the time of the minnette
When stately movement on movement
swayed,
And soft eyes spoke some quaint regret;
Gone are the days of the old brocade;
In the tripping time of the waltz is made
Some deft enchantment, and 'neath its spell
Her dainty heart on his sleeve is laid,
These are the days of the modern belle.

When Hetty was pretty in homespun yet,
And every fold her grace betrayed—
Ah, sombre jewels of coral and jet!
Gone are the days of the old brocade.
From the shops of Paris, we find obeyed
The hints that Virot and Worth may tell,
And gentle simplicity flees dismayed,
These are the days of the modern belle.

'Till now grave memories anxiously fret
At the glittering splendor and gay parade,

And sigh for the times of Polly and Bet—
Gone are the days of the old brocade,
When softest blushes in beauty strayed,
And brimming dimples would come—ah well!
Those gentle years were meant to fade—
These are the days of the modern belle.

Ah, memory listens to fancy's aid,
Gone are the days of the old brocade;
And their very follies our loves impel,
These are the days of the modern belle.

THE FORTUNATE ISLES.

YOU sail and you seek for the Fortunate Isles—
The old Greek Isles of the yellow birds'
song?

Then steer straight on through the watery miles,
Straight on, straight on, and you can't go wrong
Nay, not to the left, nay, not the right,
But on, straight on, and the Isles are in sight,
The Fortunate Isles where the yellow birds sing,
And life lies girt with a golden ring.

These Fortunate Isles they are not so far,
They lie within reach of the lowliest door;
You can see them gleam by the twilight star;
You can hear them sing by the moon's whiteshore.
Nay, never look back! Those leveled grave-stones,
They were landing-steps; they were steps into
thrones

Of glory for souls that have sailed before,
And have set white feet on the fortunate shore

And what are the names of the Fortunate Isles?
Why, duty and love and a large content.
Lo! these are the Isles of the watery miles
That God let down from the firmament;
Lo! duty and love, and a true man's trust;
Your forehead to God, and your feet in the dust;
Lo! duty and love, and sweet babe's smiles,
And these, O friend, are the Fortunate Isles.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

IT NEVER COMES AGAIN.

THERE are gains for all our losses,
There are balms for all our pains;
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again.

We are stronger, and are better,
Under manhood's sterner reign;
Still we feel that something sweet
Followed youth with flying feet,
And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain;
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth and in the air;
But it never comes again.

R. H. STODDARD.



THE bird that soars on highest wing,
Builds on the ground its lowly nest,
And she that doth most sweetly sing,
Sings in the shade when all things rest.

J. M. BENTLEY.

GLORY.

THE crumbling tombstone and the gorgeous mausoleum, the sculptured marble, and the venerable cathedral, all bear witness to the instinctive desire within us to be remembered by coming generations. But how short-lived is the immortality which the works of our hands can confer! The noblest monuments of art that the world has ever seen are covered with the soil of twenty centuries. The works of the age of Pericles lie at the foot of the Acropolis in indiscriminate ruin. The ploughshare turns up the marble which the hand of Phidias had chiselled into beauty, and the Mussulman has folded his flock beneath the falling columns of the temple of Minerva.

But even the works of our hands too frequently survive the memory of those who have created them. And were it otherwise, could we thus carry down to distant ages the recollection of our existence, it were surely childish to waste the energies of an immortal spirit in the effort to make it known to other times, that a being whose name was written with certain letters of the alphabet, once lived, and flourished, and died. Neither

sculptured marble, nor stately column, can reveal to other ages the lineaments of the spirit; and these alone can embalm our memory in the hearts of a grateful posterity. As the stranger stands beneath the dome of St. Paul's, or treads, with religious awe, the silent aisles of Westminster Abbey, the sentiment, which is breathed from every object around him, is, the utter emptiness of sublunary glory.

FRANCIS WAYLAND.

SOMETIME.

I AM waiting for the shadows round me lying
To drift away;
I am waiting for the sunlight, always flying,
To come and stay;
I know there's light beyond the cloudy curtain,
A light sublime!
That it will shine on me I now am certain,
Sometime! sometime!

I am waiting for the summer's golden lustre—
Now far away—
When golden fruits around my life shall cluster
Each sunny day!

We read of fadeless flowers in fabled story,
In far-off clime,
And I shall pluck them in their pristine glory.
Sometime! sometime!

Then I shall hear the voice of loved ones call me
To their dear side;
And I shall then, whatever may befall me,
Rest satisfied!
For on my ear sweet notes of love shall tremble
In matchless rhyme,
From heart and lips that never can dissemble,
Sometime! sometime!

I am waiting; but at times I grow so weary—
Far seems the day
When all the pain which makes our life so dreary
Shall pass away.
I know the heart oft filled with tones of sadness,
Like funeral chime,
Shall echo with songs of love and gladness,
Sometime! sometime!

HOSEA Q. BLAISDELL.

AN OLD VAGABOND.

HE was old and alone, and he sat on a stone
to rest for awhile from the road;
His beard was white, and his eye was bright,
and his wrinkles overflowed
With a mild content at the way life went; and I
closed the book on my knee:
"I will venture a look in this living book," I
thought, as he greeted me,

And I said: "My friend, have you time to spend
to tell me what makes you glad?"
"Oh, ay, my lad," with a smile; "I'm glad that
I'm old, yet am never sad!"

"But why?" said I; and his merry eye made
answer as much as his tongue:
"Because," said he, "I am poor and free who
was rich and a slave when young."

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

THE PITY OF THE PARK FOUNTAIN.

IT WAS a summery day in the last of May—
Pleasant in sun or shade;
And the hours went by, as the poets say,
Fragrant and fair on their flowery way;
And a hearse crept slowly through Broadway—
And the fountain gaily played.

The fountain played right merrily,
And the world looked bright and gay;
And a youth went by, with a restless eye,
Whose heart was sick and whose brain was dry;
And he prayed to God that he might die—
And the fountain played away.

Uprose the spray like a diamond throne,
And the drops like music rang—
And of those who marvelled how it shone,
Was a proud man, left, in his shame, alone;
And he shut his teeth with a smothered groan—
And the fountain sweetly sang.

And a rainbow spanned it changefully.
Like a bright ring broke in twain;
And the pale, fair girl, who stopped to see,
Was sick with the pangs of poverty—
And from hunger to guilt she chose to flee
As the rainbow smiled again.

And all as gay, on another day,
The morning will have shone;
And at noon, unmarked, through bright Broadway,
A hearse will take its silent way;
And the bard who sings will have passed away—
And the fountain will play on!

N. P. WILLIS.

UNDER THE LEAVES.

INTO the lap of the bare brown earth,
Stripped of her beautiful golden sheaves,
As if in sympathy for her dearth,
Flutter and nestle the autumn leaves;
And the lonely landscape hides away
Her face, deep-lined with sad decay,
Under the leaves!

Down from the tall old forest trees
The leafy showers gently fall,
And, taking the wings of the passing breeze,
Softly they cover the earth like a pall.
Ah, would that we the past might fold,
Of blighted hopes and dreams untold,
Under the leaves!

Under the leaves of the flying years
Oh, strive, thou weary soul, to lay
The care and sorrow, the bitter tears,
The dreary burden of yesterday—
Away deep down in the heart's recess,
Under the leaves of forgetfulness,
Under the leaves.

BLANCHE BUSWELL.

THE WATER THAT HAS PASSED.

LISTEN to the water-mill,
Through the livelong day,
How the clanking of the wheels
Wears the hours away!
Languidly the autumn wind
Stirs the greenwood leaves;
From the fields the reapers sing,
Binding up the sheaves,
And a proverb haunts my mind,
As a spell is cast;
"The mill will never grind
With the water that has passed."

Take the lesson to thyself,
Loving heart and true;
Golden years are fleeting by,
Youth is passing too;

Work while yet the daylight shines,
Man of strength and will;
Never does the streamlet glide
Useless by the mill



Learn to make the most of life,
Lose no happy day;
Time will never bring thee back
Chances swept away.
Leave no tender word unsaid;
Love while life shall last—
"The mill will never grind
With the water that has passed."

Wait not till to-morrow's sun
Beams upon the way;
All that thou canst call thine own
Lies in thy to-day.
Power, intellect and health
May not, can not last;
"The mill will never grind
With the water that has passed."

Oh, the wasted hours of life
That have drifted by;
Oh, the good we might have done,
Lost without a sigh,
Love that we might once have saved
By a single word;
Thoughts conceived but never penned,
Perishing unheard.
Take the proverb to thine heart,
Take! oh, hold it fast!—
"The mill will never grind
With the water that has passed."

COURAGE.

COURAGE!—Nothing can withstand
Long a wronged, undaunted land;
If the hearts within her be
True unto themselves and thee,
Thou freed giant, liberty!
Oh! no mountain-nymph art thou,
When the helm is on thy brow,
And the sword is in thy hand,
Fighting for thy own good land!
Courage!—Nothing e'er withstood
Freemen fighting for their good;
Armed with all their father's fame.
They will win and wear a name,
That shall go to endless glory,
Like the gods of old Greek story,
Raised to heaven and heavenly worth,
For the good they gave to earth.

Courage!—There is none so poor,
(None of all who wrong endure,)
None so humble, none so weak,
But may flush his father's cheek;
And his maiden's dear and true,
With the deeds that he may do.
Be his days as dark as night,
He may make himself a light.
What though sunken be the sun!
There are stars when day is done!

Courage!—Who will be a slave,
That have strength to dig a grave,
And therein his fetters hide,
And lay a tyrant by his side?
Courage!—Hope, howe'er he fly
For a time, can never die!
Courage, therefore, brother men!
Cry "God! and to the fight again!"

BARRY CORNWALL.

THE FIRESIDE.

DEAR Chloe, while the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
In folly's maze advance;
Though singularity and pride
Be called our choice, we'll step aside,
Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employs;
No noisy neighbor enters here,
No intermeddling stranger near,
To spoil our heart-felt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam;
The world hath nothing to bestow—
From our own selves our bliss must flow,
And that dear hut, our home.

Our portion is not large, indeed;
But then how little do we need,
For nature's calls are few;
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice,
And make that little do.

We'll therefore relish with content
Whate'er kind Providence has sent,
Nor aim beyond our power;
For, if our stock be very small,
'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,
Nor lose the present hour.

To be resigned when ills betide,
Patient when favors are denied,
And pleased with favors given—
Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part,
This is that incense of the heart
Whose fragrance smells to heaven.

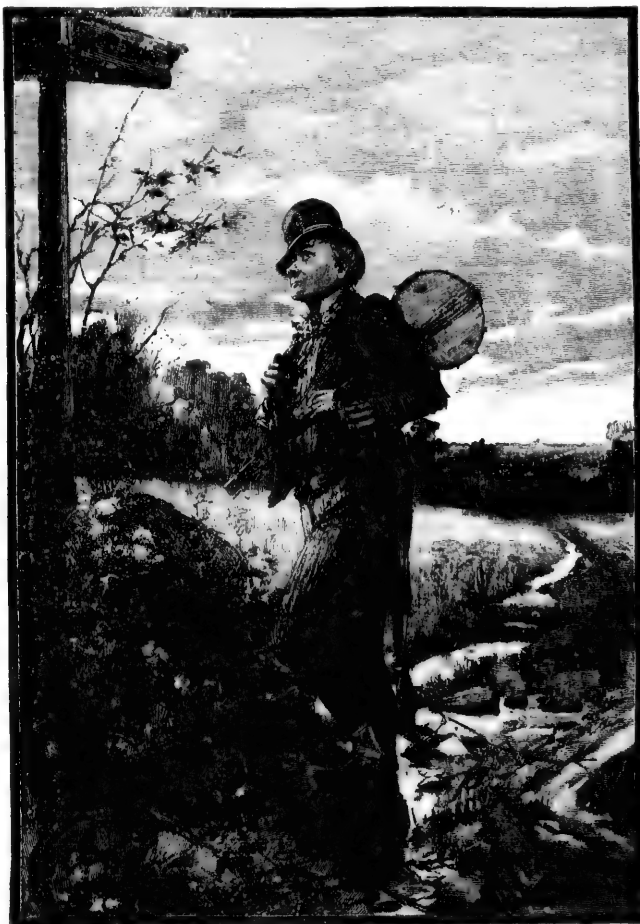
NATHANIEL COTTON.

ROVING NED.

DIVORCED, did they say? What I, Roving
Ned,
Divorced in disgrace from the woman I wed
In the wealth of her beauty, five summers to-night,
'Mid the chiming of bells and happiness bright;
O God, can it be? Have I fallen so low?
Divorced from that bride—and I loved her so?
Was that Eden a dream? Was that husband's
first kiss
But an apple of Sodom in the feast of my bliss?
Were those vows that I spoke but the words of
untruth—
A perjurer's lie to the love of his youth?
Were those visions I saw but a mirage of fate
And the words of endearment the seeds of a hate?
Was that life in the cottage a dream of the past?
And the joy that it brought us too precious to
last?
Did the child that was sent us return in its flight
To escape the dark shadows now clouding this
night?
Were our hopes, then so bright, to be shrouded in
gloom,
And the roses so sweet but the bloom of the tomb?

Bound helpless in sin! Ah, I see it now, plain.
And thou, damning glass, hath enwoven the chain!
O, sparkle and gleam, but I know thee too well;
Thy diamonds of joy are the jewels of hell.

I see a lone wanderer over the earth,
Now shunned and disowned by the kin of his
birth,
So weary of life, but too sinful to die,



The wealth of thy pleasure is sorrow and care
And the spell of thy charm but the gall of despair.

Ah, sparkle and glimmer, I see in thy tide
The hand that was raised to a once-worshipped bride.
Ah, sparkle and glitter! I see a dread flight
From a drunkard enraged through a cold winter's
night.

That husband so proud but a wreck is now left,
Of love and affection and manhood bereft.

With the pangs of remorse 'neath the frowns from
on high.

Far downward he sinks till his oaths sound the
knell

Of a soul that is tottering on the verge of a hell.

Cursed be thee, glass! Is thy conquest complete?

No! I will grind thee, fiend, yet 'neath my feet!

By a mother's last prayer, by the home of my
birth.

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NIEL COTTON.

What I, Roving

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I loved her so?

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to be shrouded in

loom of the tomb?

I will dash thee in fragments down swift to the earth!
 By the love of that woman that once my name bore
 I will rise from a slave to my manhood once more.
 Come, friends of my youth, there's a soul to be saved.
 Give me of thy strength, there are storms to be braved.
 Come back, O my will, with all of thy might
 And make me a giant to battle for right.
 To earth and to heaven again I will call
 And snatch even life from the folds of a pall.
 God help me to stand by the vows that I make;
 God help me, if any, in weakness I break;
 Lead me not to the tempter, but guide me in right
 Until I am strong in thy mercy and night.
 Then lead back my bride to her husband again
 And link with thy blessing the now parted chain.
 SHERMAN D. RICHARDSON.

SYMPATHY.

SYMPATHY has never a harder task than when it finds itself in the presence of suffering which it is powerless to alleviate, and it never is of greater value or greater helpfulness than just there and then. It is comparatively a light task to bend in sympathy over the suffering, when one's every touch takes away some of the pain, and the hopeful eyes of the patient follow with gratitude every motion of him that ministers.

But when the wound is beyond human skill, and all that one can do, is to stand by in silent or in softly spoken sympathy, and see a loved one racked with pain which none can remove, then comes the truest test of the worth of sympathy. The kindly offices of sympathy are then most precious, simply because they cost so largely, and can effect so little. But there are deeper needs in the human soul than the alleviations of either bodily pain or mental anguish; and it is these needs which are met by the presence of that sympathy which is so powerless for things merely material. Though the pain may be no whit the less, a new strength comes to the sufferer when he knows that a fellow-heart is suffering with him, and is sending up aspirations, though seemingly in vain, for his quick deliverance.

The wounded beast may have no other need than to crawl away into some dark spot and moan its life out in loneliness; but from cradle to grave no man lives to himself alone, and none has a right to refuse, when need comes, to fulfill the kindly duty of comforting his brother. Alleviate bodily and mental pain when you can; but when the call of duty comes for your sympathy in a case where you can do neither, know that your ready answer to that call will do more for the sufferer

than the outward eye will see; for by your presence you will share the burden which you cannot lift, and your strength will strengthen the weakness which you cannot remove.

VICTORIA'S TEARS.

“O MAIDEN, heir of kings,
 A king has left his place;
 The majesty of death has swept
 All others from his face.
 And thou, upon thy mother's breast,
 No longer lean adown—
 But take the glory for the rest,
 And rule the land that loves thee best.”
 The maiden wept;
 She wept to wear a crown!

They decked her courtly halls—
 They reined her hundred steeds—
 They shouted at her palace gate,
 “A noble queen succeeds!”
 Her name has stirred the mountains' sleep,
 Her praise has filled the town;
 And mourners God had stricken deep
 Looked hearkening up, and did not weep!
 Alone she wept,
 Who wept to wear a crown.

She saw no purple shine,
 For tears had dimmed her eyes:
 She only knew her childhood's flowers
 Were happier pageantries!
 And while the heralds played their part
 For million shouts to drown—
 “God save the Queen,” from hill to mart—
 She heard, through all her beating heart,
 And turned and wept!
 She wept, to wear a crown.

God save thee, weeping queen!
 Thou shalt be well beloved,
 The tyrant's sceptre cannot move
 As those pure tears have moved;
 The nature in thine eye we see,
 Which tyrants cannot own—
 The love that guardeth liberties;
 Strange blessing on the nation lies,
 Whose sovereign wept,
 Yea, wept, to wear its crown.

God bless thee, weeping queen!
 With blessing more divine;
 And fill with better love than earth's,
 That tender heart of thine:
 That when the thrones of earth shall be
 As low as graves brought down,
 A pierced hand may give to thee,
 The crown which angels wept to see.
 Thou wilt not weep
 To wear that heavenly crown.

ELIZABETH B. BROWNING

DUST FROM THE ROAD OF LIFE.

SOME of the dust from the road of life
Has fallen upon my hair,
And silver threads from my raven locks
Are gleaming out here and there;
And, oh, these meshes of silver gray
Tell of the moments flown—



Of the day that's drawing
to a close,
And the night that's
coming on.

But the coming night seems
cold and dark
And my heart is filled with
fears,

As thought flies backward on weary wings,
O'er the waste of vanished years;
And in the castle of memory
Few jewels are treasured there;
But dross and rubbish that tell of earth
Are visible everywhere.

Even on the faithful register,
That hangs in memory's hall,
I find only worthless deeds are traced—
They are dark and blotted all;
Hence, as approaches the eve of life,
My spirit shrinks back with fear,

For threatening clouds o'erspread the sky,
And the night seems very near.

By faith I turn—in the rosy East
A beautiful star I see
Stand o'er the manger in Bethlehem,
And it seems to shine for me;
And from the city of golden spires,
Whose gates just now are ajar,
I catch a radiant beam of light
From the bright and morning star.

And when upon Jordan's restless wave
I shall launch my way-worn bark,
The "dust from the road of life" shall fall
From my tresses long and dark;
And the lines of care upon my brow,
And the pain within my breast,

Shall pass away as my
bark draws near
This beautiful land of
rest.

MRS. LOUIS BEDFORD.

THE CROWN OF LIFE.

FOR every leaf the loveliest flower
Which beauty sighs for from her bower,
For every star a drop of dew,
For every sun a sky of blue,
For every heart a heart as true!

For every tear by pity shed,
Upon a fellow-sufferer's head,
Oh! be a crown of glory given;—
Such crowns as saints to gain have striven,
Such crowns as seraphs wear in heaven.

For all who toil at honest fame,
A proud, a pure, a deathless name—
For all who love, who loving, bless,
Be life one long, kind, close caress,
Be life all love, all happiness!

J. P. BAILEY.

THE CHAPERON.

I TAKE my chaperon to the play—
She thinks she's taking me—
And the gilded youth who owns the box,
A proud young man is he.
But how would his young heart be hurt
If he could only know
That not for his sweet sake I go,
Nor yet to see the trifling show;
But to see my chaperon flirt.

Her eyes beneath her snowy hair
They sparkle young as mine;
There's scarce a wrinkle in her hand
So delicate and fine.
And when my chaperon is seen,
They come from everywhere—
The dear old boys with silvery hair,
With old-time grace and old-time air,
To greet their old-time queen.

They bow as my young Midas here
Will never learn to bow,
(The dancing masters do not teach
That gracious reverence now);
With voices quavering just a bit,
They play their old parts through,
They talk of folks who used to woo,
Of hearts that broke in 'fifty-two—
Now none the worse for it.

And as those aged crickets chirp
I watch my chaperon's face,
And see the dear old features take
A new and tender grace—
And in her happy eyes I see
Her youth awakening bright,
With all its hope, desire, delight—
Ah, me! I wish that I were quite
As young—as young as she!

TRUE NOBILITY.

IT does not consist in a pompous display of
wealth, a high-sounding name, a long line of
ancestry whom the world delighted to honor;
nor, yet, in jeweled crowns, steel-emblazoned
armor, or costly apparel of purple and fine linen.
Indeed, these adjuncts so frequently indicate the
absence of a truly noble heart and mind as other-
wise. It too often happens that the form instead
of the substance of things is the object desired
and as so many are incapable of distinguishing
between appearance and reality, it is a very easy

matter to dazzle their eyes with a false display of
greatness and goodness. Since the world sets so
much value on a lofty title, it is too frequently the
case that its possessor makes little effort to merit
the name he bears. That man is not to be relied
upon who makes his name and inheritance the
stepping-stone to his entrance into good society.

It is not an evidence of nobility to do a praise-
worthy act at the risk of personal safety when you
have hopes of a liberal reward. There are many
who will expose their lives to save that of another
when they have reason to believe that the risk in-
volved will be amply remunerated who would refuse
to do so when they have no such expectations. We
pay homage to men who have slain thousands on
the bloody field of war and won many battles for
the sake of victory. We call them great; yet a
rough sailor who plunges into the sea to save a
drowning child for humanity's sake alone, has a
far nobler heart beating within his sunburnt bosom
than the victor of a thousand battles. Were I
called upon to name four words as synonymous
with the word nobility, I would say truth, honesty,
bravery, charity.

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

BLACK shadows fall
From the lindens tall,
That lift aloft their massive wall
Against the southern sky;

And from the realms
Of the shadowy elms
A tide-like darkness overwhelms
The fields that round us lie.

But the night is not
And everywhere
A warm, soft vapor fills the air,
And distant sounds seem near;

And above, in the light
Of the star-lit night,
Swift birds of passage wing their flight
Through the dewy atmosphere.

I hear the beat
Of their pinions fleet,
As from the land of snow and sleet
They seek a southern lea.

I hear the cry
Of their voices high
Falling dreamily through the sky,
But their forms I cannot see.

O, say not so!
Those sounds that flow
In murmurs of delight and woe
Come not from wings of birds.

They are the throngs
Of the poet's songs,
Murmurs of pleasures, and pains, and wrongs,
The sound of wingéd words.

This is the cry
Of souls, that high
On toiling, beating pinions fly,
Seeking a warmer clime.

From their distant flight
Through realms of light
It falls into our world of night,
With the murmuring sound of rhyme.
H. W. LONGFELLOW.

DIMES AND DOLLARS.

"DIMES and dollars! dollars and dimes!"
Thus the old miser rang the chimes,
As he sat by the side of an open box,
With ironed angles and massive locks;
And he heaped the glittering coin on high,
And cried in delirious ecstasy—
"Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!"
Ye are the ladders by which man climbs
Over his fellows. Musical chimes!
Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!"

A sound on the gong and the miser rose,
And his laden coffer did quickly close,
And locked secure. "These are the times
For a man to look after his dollars and dimes.
A letter! Ha! from my prodigal son.
The old tale—poverty—pshaw, begone!
Why did he marry when I forbade?
Let him rest as he can on the bed he has made,
As he has sown, so he must reap;
But I my dollars secure will keep.
A sickly wife and starving times!
He should have wed with dollars and dimes."

Thickly the hour of midnight fell;
Doors and windows were bolted well.
"Ha!" cried the miser, "not so bad;—
A thousand guineas to-day I've made.
Money makes money; these are the times
To double and treble the dollars and dimes.
Now to sleep, and to-morrow to plan—
Rest is sweet to a wearied man."
And he fell to sleep with the midnight chimes,
Dreaming of glittering dollars and dimes.

The sun rose high and its beaming ray
Into the miser's room found way.
It moved from the foot till it lit the head
Of the miser's low, uncurtained bed;
And it seemed to say to him, "Sluggard, awake;
Thou hast a thousand dollars to make.
Up, man, up!" How still was the place,
As the bright ray fell on the miser's face!
Ha! the old miser at last is dead;

Dreaming of gold his spirit fled,
And left behind but an earthly clod,
Akin to the cross that he made his god.

What now avails the chinking chimes
Of dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes?
Men of the times! men of the times!
Content may not rest with dollars and dimes.
Use them well, and their use sublimed
The mineral dross of the dollars and dimes.
Use them ill, and a thousand crimes
Spring from a coffer of dollars and dimes.
Men of the times! men of the times!
Let charity dwell with your dollars and dimes.
HENRY MILLS.

THE TOWN PUMP.

THE pump, straight as a soldier stands:
Good friend of mine,
I clasp his hand with my two hands,
And shake it hard and heartily.
Although 'tis not his turn to treat,
He stands out in the open street,
And pours his wine
With wasteful hospitality.
With grateful heart I drink my fill,
From his full cup;
And others come, and drink, and still
The crystal current freely flows
For all the thirsty multitude;
The beverage pure that nature brewed
To cheer us up.
Here's to the drink the pump bestows!
Nor rich nor poor the pump will slight.
Gentile and Jew,
Christian, Moslem and Muscovite,
Thy bounteous gift alike may share;
Thine is a noble, generous deed,
That washes out the lines of creed,
And, like the dew,
Falls pure and stainless in the air.
A benefactor pure thou art,
To thirsty souls.
I feel a quicker pulse of heart,
When my hand touches thine, old friend.
Thy shadow marks the narrow way,
Which, followed, will not lead astray
Where tempting bowls
May bring life to a bitter end.
There, like fair Rachel at the well,
A maiden stands,
Will Jacob come and break the spell
Of her mysterious revery?
Oh, dear old pump, the people's friend,
May benedictions without end
Fill the clean hands
That clasp thy hand outreached and free.
GEORGE W. BUNGEY.

FAULTS.

A MAN has a large emerald, but it is "feathered," and he knows an expert would say, "What a pity that it has such a feather!" it will not bring a quarter as much as it otherwise would; and he cannot take any satisfaction in it. A man has a diamond; but there is a flaw in it, and it is not the diamond that he wants. A man has an opal, but it is imperfect, and he is dissatisfied with it. An opal is covered with little seams, but they must be the right kind of seams. If it has a crack running clear across, it is marred, no matter

water, usually. To get to it you must wade or leap from bog to bog, tearing your raiment and soiling yourself. I see a great many noble men, but they stand in a swamp of faults. They bear fruit that you fain would pluck, but there are briars and thistles and thorns all about it; and to get it you must make your way through all these hindrances.

How many persons there are that are surrounded by a thousand little petty faults! They are so hedged in by these things that you lose all the comfort and joy you would otherwise have in them.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.



how large it is, and no matter how wonderful its reflections are. And this man is worried all the time because he knows his opal is imperfect; and it would worry him even if he knew that nobody else noticed it.

So it is in respect to dispositions, and in respect to character at large. Little cracks, little flaws, little featherings in them, take away their exquisiteness and beauty, and take away that fine finish which make moral art. How many noble men there are who are diminished, who are almost wasted, in their moral influence! How many men are like the red maple! It is one of the most gorgeous trees, both in spring, blossoming, and in autumn, with its crimson foliage. But it stands knee-deep in swamp-

VASTNESS OF THE SEA.

THE sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies,
Or like a cradled creature lies.

BARRY CORNWALL.

THE CHIMES OF AMSTERDAM.

FAR up above the city,
In the gray old belfry tower,
The chimes ring out their music
Each day at the twilight hour;

Above the din and the tumult,
And the rush of the busy street,
You can hear their solemn voices
In an anthem clear and sweet.

When the busy day is dying,
And the sunset gates, flung wide,
Mark a path of crimson glory
Upon the restless tide,
As the white-winged ships drop anchor;
And furl their snowy sails,
While the purple twilight gathers,
And the glowing crimson pales;

Then from the old gray belfry
The chimes peal out again,
And a hush succeeds the tumult,
As they ring their sweet refrain;
No sound of discordant clangor
Mars the perfect melody,
But each, attuned by a master hand,
Has its place in the harmony.

I climbed the winding stairway
That led to the belfry tower,
As the sinking sun in the westward
Heralded twilight's hour;
For I thought that surely the music
Would be clearer and sweeter far
Than when through the din of the city
It seemed to float from afar.

But lo, as I neared the belfry,
No sound of music was there,
Only a brazen clangor
Disturbed the quiet air!
The ringer stood at a keyboard,
Far down beneath the chimes.
And patiently struck the noisy keys,
As he had uncounted times.

He had never heard the music,
Though every day it swept
Out over the sea and the city,
And in lingering echoes crept.
He knew not how many sorrows
Were cheered by the evening strain,
And how men paused to listen
As they heard the sweet refrain.

He only knew his duty,
And he did it with patient care;
But he could not hear the music
That flooded the quiet air;
Only the jar and the clamor
Fell harshly on his ear,
And he missed the yellow chiming
That every one else could hear.

So we from our quiet watch-towers
May be sending a sweet refrain,
And gladdening the lives of the lowly
Though we hear not a single strain.

Our work may seem but a discord,
Though we do the best we can;
But others will hear the music,
If we carry out God's plan.

Far above a world of sorrow,
And o'er the eternal sea,
It will blend with angelic anthems
In sweetest harmony;
It will ring in lingering echoes
Through the corridors of the sky,
And the strains of earth's minor music
Will swell the strains on high.

MINNIE E. KENNEY.

ONLY FRIENDS.

SUMMER'S freshness fell around us,
Nature dreamed its sweetest dream,
Every balmy evening found us
By the meadow or the stream,
With our hearts as free from sadness
As the sunshine heaven sends;
Youth's bright garden bloomed in gladness,
Where we wandered—only friends.

Not a word of love was spoken,
No hot blushes flushed in red;
Love's first sleep was left unbroken,
Bitter tears were never shed.
We were young and merry-hearted,
Dreaming not of future ends,
And without a sigh we parted;
Fate had made us—only friends.

But a little germ of sorrow
Wakened in my heart's recess,
When I wandered on the morrow
By our haunts of happiness,
And this germ found deeper rooting
As the weary days wore on,
Till I felt a blossom shooting
In love's garden all alone.

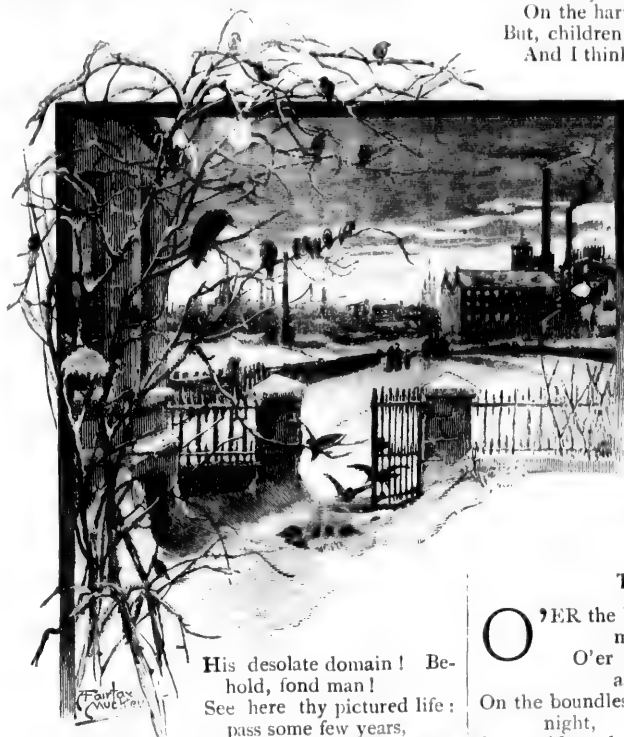
No kind fate threw us together,
We had missed the lucky tide;
Golden-gilded summer weather
Not forever doth abide,
But for me, though vainly sighing
For a love time never sends,
Still is left this thought undying,
We, alas! were—only friends.

THE HELPING HAND.

THE timid hand stretched forth to aid
A brother in his need,
The kindly word in grief's dark hour
That proves the friend indeed,
The plea for mercy softly breathed
When justice threatens nigh,
The sorrows of a contrite heart—
These things shall never die.

LIFE'S WINTER.

'T IS done! dread winter spreads his latest glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquered year.
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful! horror wide extends



His desolate domain! Behold, fond man!
See here thy pictured life: pass some few years,
Thy flowering spring, thy summer's ardent strength,
Thy sober autumn fading into age,
And pale concluding winter comes at last,
And shuts the scene.

JAMES THOMSON.

THE OLD REAPER.

MID the brown-haired and the black-haired men,
With ruddy faces aglow,
The old man stood in the harvest field,
With a head as white as snow.
"Let me cut a sheaf, my boys," he said
"Before it is time to go."

They put the sickle within his hand:
He bowed to the windy wheat;

Pleasantly fell the golden ears,
With the corn flowers at his feet.
He lifted a handful, thoughtfully;
It was ripe and full and sweet.

"Many and many a sheaf," he said,
"I have cut in the years gone past;
And many and many a sheaf these arms
On the harvest wains have cast.
But, children dear, I am weary now,
And I think this is—the last.

"Let me rest awhile beneath
the tree;
For I like to watch you go,
With sickles bright, through the
ripe, full wheat,
And to feel the fresh wind
blow."
And they spread their working
coats for him
'Mong the grasses sweet and
low.

When the sun grew high they
came again,
For a drink and their bread
and meat;
And in the shadow he sleeping
lay,
With sunshine on his feet.
Like a child at night, outspent
with play,
He lay in slumber sweet.

TIME'S FLIGHT.

O'er the level plains, where mountains greet
me as I go,
O'er the desert waste, where fountains
at my bidding flow,
On the boundless beam by day, on the cloud by
night,
I am riding hence away: who will chain my
flight?

War his weary watch was keeping—I have crushed
his spear;
Grief within her bower was weeping—I have dried
her tear;
Pleasure caught a minute's hold—then I hurried
by,
Leaving all her banquet cold and her goblet dry.

Power had won a throne of glory: where is now
his fame?
Genius said: "I live in story," who hath heard
his name?
Love beneath a myrtle bough whispered "Why so
fast?"
And the roses on his brow withered as I past.

I have heard the heifer lowing o'er the wild wave's
bed ;
I have seen the billow flowing where the cattle fed ;
Where began my wanderings ? Memory will not
say !
Where will rest my weary wings ? Science turns
away !

W. M. PRAED.

TO A FRIEND,

ON HER RETURN FROM EUROPE.

HOW smiled the land of France
Under thy blue eye's glance,
Light hearted rover !
Old walls of chateaux gray,
Towers of an early day,
Which the three colors play
Flauntingly over.

Now midst the brilliant train
Thronging the banks of Seine :
Now midst the splendor
Of the wild Alpine range,
Waking with change on change
Thoughts in thy young heart strange,
Lovely, and tender.

Vales, soft Elysian,
Like those in the vision
Of Mirza, when, dreaming,
He saw the long hollow dell,
Touched by the prophet's spell,
Into an ocean swell
With its isles teeming.

Cliffs wrapped in snows of years,
Splintering with icy spears
Autumn's blue heaven :
Loose rock and frozen slide,
Hung on the mountain side,
Waiting their hour to glide
Downward, storm-driven !

Rhine stream, by castle old,
Baron's and robber's hold,
Peacefully flowing ;
Sweeping through vineyards green,
Or where the cliffs are seen
O'er the broad wave between
Grim shadows throwing.

Or, where St. Peter's dome
Swells o'er eternal Rome.
Vast, dim and solemn—
Hymns ever chanting low—
Censers swung to and fro—
Sable stoles sweeping slow
Cornice and column !

Oh, as from each and all
Will there not voices call

Evermore back again ?
In the mind's gallery
Wilt thou not always see
Dim phantoms beckon thee
O'er that old track again ?

New forms thy presence haunt—
New voices softly chant—
New faces greet thee !—
Pilgrims from many a shrine
Hallowed by poet's line,
At memory's magic sign,
Rising to meet thee.

And when such visions come
Unto thy olden home,
Will they not waken
Deep thoughts of Him whose hand
Led thee o'er sea and land
Back to the household band
Whence thou wast taken ?

While, at the sunset time,
Swells the cathedral's chime,
Yet, in thy dreaming,
While to thy spirit's eye,
Yet the vast mountains lie
Piled in the Switzer's sky,
Icy and gleaming :

Prompter of silent prayer,
Be the wild picture there
In the mind's chamber,
And, through each coming day
Him, who, as staff and stay,
Watched o'er thy wandering way,
Freshly remember.

So, when the call shall be
Soon or late unto thee,
As to all given,
Still may that picture live,
All its fair forms survive,
And to thy spirit give
Gladness in heaven !

J. G. WHITTIER.

TEN YEARS AGO.

I TOO am changed—I scarce know why—
Can feel each flagging pulse decay ;
And youth and health, and visions high,
Melt like a wreath of snow away ;
Time cannot sure have wrought thee ill ;
Though worn in this world's sickening strife,
In soul and form, I linger still
In the first summer month of life ;
Yet journey on my path below,
Oh ! how unlike—ten years ago !

But look not thus : I would not give
The wreck of hopes that thou must share,

To bid those joyous hours revive,
 When all around me seemed so fair.
 We've wandered on in sunny weather,
 When winds were low, and flowers in bloom,

Together cleave life's fitful tide;
 Nor mourn, whatever winds may blow,
 Youth's first wild dreams—ten years ago!

MARIE A. WATTS.



IN THE ART GALLERY.

And hand in hand have kept together,
 And still will keep, 'mid storm and gloom;
 Endeared by ties we could not know
 When life was young—ten years ago!

Has fortune frowned? Her frowns were vain,
 For hearts like ours she could not chill;
 Have friends proved false? Their love might
 wane,

But ours grew fonder, firmer still.
 Twin barks on this world's changing wave,
 Steadfast in calms, in tempests tried;
 In concert still our fate we'll brave,

THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

To weary hearts, to mourning homes,
 God's meekest angel gently comes;
 No power has he to banish pain,
 Or give us back our lost again:

And yet in tenderest love, our dear
 And Heavenly Father sends him here.

There's quiet in that angel's glance,
 There's rest in his still countenance!
 He mocks no grief with idle cheer,
 Nor wounds with words the mourner's ear;

But ills and woes he may not cure
He kindly trains us to endure

Angel of Patience! sent to calm
Our feverish brows with cooling palm;
To lay the storms of hope and fear,
And reconcile life's smile and tear;
The throbs of wounded pride to still
And make our own our Father's will!

Oh! thou who mournest on thy way,
With longings for the close of day;
He walks with thee, that angel kind,
And gently whispers "Be resigned:
Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell
The dear Lord ordereth all things well!"

J. G. WHITTIER.

TWO GRAVES.

A RICH man died. They laid him down to rest
Upon a fair slope, slanting toward the west,
And cast about the silence of his tomb
A marble mausoleum's sacred gloom.

They hung within its tower, tall and white,
A chime of sweet-voiced bells; and every night,
Just as the red sun sank below the swell
Of that green hill they tolled his solemn knell.

Another died. They buried him in haste
Within a barren field, a weedy waste.
Rank nettles locked their arms, and thorns were
sown
Above his bed, unmarked by cross or stone.

One lived on many tongues; the other fell
From human memory; and both slept well!

THE BUILDERS.

A LL are architects of fate,
Working in these walls of time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these;
Leave no yawning gaps between;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house, where gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of time,
Broken stairways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.
H. W. LONGFELLOW.

A GOOD NEW YEAR.

A "Good New Year," so let it be,
But, brother, as I take it,
And so I think you will agree,
'Twill be just as you make it.

A "good new year," the wish is good,
None will presume to doubt it;
Still, wishes are but flimsy food,
What will you *do* about it?

If you have vowed to snap and bite
At all men as you meet them,
The year will hardly come out right—
Men don't want churls to greet them.

If you're resolved to curse your stars,
At every little trouble,
And let your spite breed mimic wars,
You'll find your sorrows double.

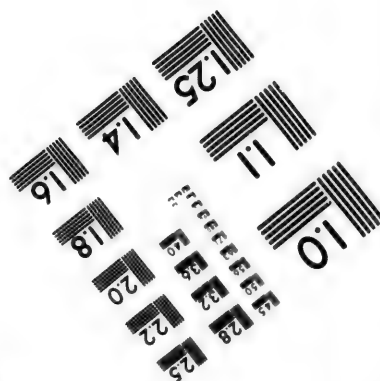
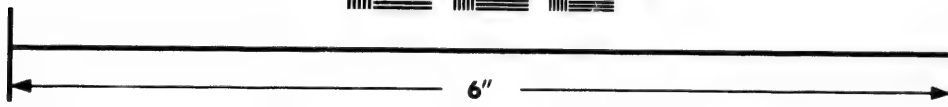
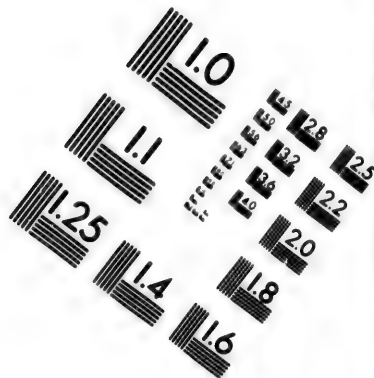
But should you think that life is short
And strive to make it sunny,
My head for yours, you'll find the sport
Better than all your money.

The years don't grow upon the trees,
To pull as you may choose them;
They come and go just as they please,
'Tis yours to mar or use them.

'Tis well to wish a good new year,
If wishing so would do it;
Kind words, kind deeds, and smiles of cheer,
Will better help you through it.

WILLIAM LYLE.





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WE'LL GO TO SEA NO MORE.

O BLITHELY shines the bonny sun
 Upon the Isle of May,
 And blithely comes the morning tide
 Into St. Andrew's Bay.
 Then up, gudeman, the breeze is fair,
 And up, my braw bairns, three ;

When squalls capsize our wooden walls,
 When the French ride at the Nore,
 When Leith meets Aberdour hal' way,
 We'll go to sea no more—
 No more,
 We'll go to sea no more.



There's goud in yonder bonny boat
 That sails sae weel the sea !
 When haddocks leave the Firth o' Forth,
 And mussels leave the shore,
 When oysters climb up Berwick Law,
 We'll go to sea no more—
 No more,
 We'll go to sea no more.

I've seen the waves as blue as air,
 I've seen them green as grass ;
 But I never feared their heaving yet,
 From Grangemouth to the Bass,
 I've seen the sea as black as pitch,
 I've seen it white as snow ;
 But I never feared its foaming yet,
 Though the winds blew high or low.

I never liked the landsman's life,
 The earth is aye the same ;
 Gie me the ocean for my dower,
 My vessel for my hame.
 Gie me the fields that no man plows,
 The farm that pays no fee ;
 Gie me the bonny fish that glance
 So gladly through the sea
 When sails hang flapping on the masts
 While through the waves we snore,
 When in a calm we're tempest-tossed,
 We'll go to sea no more—
 No more,
 We'll go to sea no more.

The sun is up, and round Inchkeith
 The breezes softly blaw ;

The gudeman has the lines on board—

Awa, my bairns, awa!

An' ye be back by gloamin' gray,

An' bright the fire will glow,

An' in your tales and sangs we'll tell

How weel the boat ye row.

When life's last sun gaes feebly down

And death comes to our door,

When a' the world's a dream to us,

We'll go to sea no more—

No more,

We'll go to sea no more.

ADELAIDE CORBETT.

A HAND PRESSURE.

ONLY a pressure of the hand,
Nothing more,

For on the valley side we stand!

The avalanche holds his mighty weight,

Poised for a breath to overthrow.

Speak not a word. 'Tis the hush of fate.

What if the load be tears or snow,

If a life is o'er!

Up on the high, clear mountain peak

Near the sun,

There with a calm heart one may speak,

There where the hawk goes circling round,

Seeking the cleft she builded in,

Far above drifts and ice-vent ground,

At the last height, where the skies begin

Is the burden done.

CURTIS MAY.

LUCK AND LABOR.

IT has been denied that any other credit than that of good luck is due to Fulton for his invention. Gentlemen would have us suppose that good luck is the parent of all that we admire in science or in arms. If this be so, why, then, indeed, what a bubble is reputation! How vain and how idle are the anxious days and sleepless nights devoted to the service of one's country! Admit this argument and you strip from the brow of the scholar his bay, and from those of the statesman and soldier their laurel.

Why do you deck with chaplets the statue of the Father of his Country, if good luck, and good luck alone, be all that commends him to our gratitude and love? A member of this House retorts, "Bad luck would have made Washington a traitor." Ay, but in whose estimation? Did the great and holy principles which produced and governed our Revolution depend, for their righteousness and truth, upon success or defeat? Would Washington, had he suffered as a rebel on the scaffold—would Washington have been regarded as a traitor by Warren and Hancock and Greene and Hamilton—by the crowd of patriots who encompassed him,

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partners of his toil and sharers of his patriotism? Was it good luck that impelled Columbus, through discouragement, conspiracy and poverty, to persevere in his path of danger, until this western world blessed his sight, and rewarded his energy and daring? Does the gentleman emulate the glory of the third king of Rome, Tullus Hostilius—and would he erect in our own land a temple to fortune? It cannot be that he would seriously promulgate such views;—that he would take from human renown all that gives it dignity and worth, by making it depend less on the virtue of the individual than on his luck!

OGDEN HOFFMAN.

ROCK ME TO SLEEP.

BACKWARD, turn backward, O time, in your flight,

Make me a child again just for to-night!

Mother, come back from the echoless shore,

Take me again to your heart as of yore;

Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,

Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;

Over my slumbers your loving watch keep;—

Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Backward, flow backward, oh, tide of the years!

I am so weary of toil and of tears—

Toil without recompense, tears all in vain—

Take them, and give me my childhood again!

I have grown weary of dust and decay—

Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away;

Weary of sowing for others to reap;—

Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,

Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you!

Many a summer the grass has grown green,

Blossomed and faded, our faces between;

Yet, with strong yearning and passionate pain,

Long I to-night for your presence again.

Come from the silence so long and so deep;—

Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Over my heart, in the days that are flown,

No love like mother-love ever has shone;

No other worship abides and endures—

Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours:

None like a mother can charm away pain

From the sick soul and the world-weary brain.

Slumber's soft calms o'er my heavy lips creep;—

Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,

Fall on your shoulders again as of old;

Let it drop over my forehead to-night,

Shading my faint eyes away from the light;

For with its sunny-edged shadows once more

Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore;

Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep;—

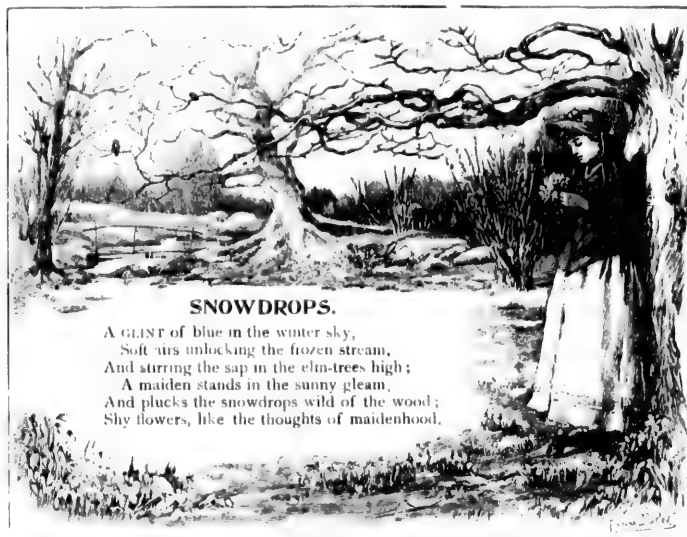
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long
 Since I last listened your lullaby song;
 Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem
 Womanhood's years have been only a dream,
 Clapsed to your heart in a loving embrace,
 With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
 Never hereafter to wake or to weep:—
 Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

ELIZABETH A. ALLEN.

How happy he,
 The saint to be
 Of the girls and all the boys!
 He hears his praise
 Through the holidays,
 As they eat their sweets, and break their toys.

So still he smiles,
 And the time beguiles



SNOWDROPS.

A GLINT of blue in the winter sky,
 Soft airs unlocking the frozen stream,
 And stirring the sap in the elm-trees high;
 A maiden stands in the sunny gleam,
 And plucks the snowdrops wild of the wood;
 Shy flowers, like the thoughts of maidenhood.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

THE snow is white
 On the roofs to-night;
 The moon looks down with her silvery smile;
 And the wind blows free
 Through bush and tree,
 And whistles along for mile on mile.

And ah! hark there!
 On the midnight air.
 Comes the faintest tinkle of fairy bells.
 They are coming near,
 They are coming here,
 And their sweet sound swelling of joy foretells.

It is Santa Claus,
 And he cannot pause;
 But down the chimney he quickly glides;
 Each stocking fills,
 Till it almost spills,
 Then gayly chuckles, and off he glides.

Concocting schemes our hearts to cheer;
 He loves us all,
 And great and small
 Regret that he comes but once a year.

WILLIAM B. DUNHAM.

FORGIVE ME NOW.

WAIT not the morrow, but forgive me now;
 Who knows what late to-morrow's dawn
 may bring?
 Let us not part with shadow on thy brow,
 With my heart hungering.
 Wait not the morrow, but entwine thy hand
 In mine, with sweet forgiveness full and free;
 Of all life's joys I only understand
 This joy of loving thee.

Perhaps some day I may redeem the wrong.
 Repair the fault—I know not when or how
 Oh, dearest, do not wait—it may be long—
 Only forgive me now.

IN THE CAGE.

DOST thou use me as fond children do
 Their birds, show me my freedom in a
 string,
 And, when thou'st played with me a while, then
 pull
 Me back again, to languish in my cage?

SIR W. DAVENANT.

NATIONAL HATRED.

NO, Sir! no, Sir! We
 are above all this. Let
 the Highland clans-
 man, half naked, half civil-
 ized, half blinded by the peat-
 smoke of his cavern, have his
 hereditary enemy and his
 hereditary enmity, and keep
 the keen, deep and precious
 hatred, set on fire of hell,
 alive, if he can; let the North
 American Indian have his,
 and hand it down from father
 to son, by Heaven knows
 what symbols of alligators,
 and rattlesnakes, and war-
 clubs smeared with vermilion
 and entwined with scarlet;
 let such a country as Poland
 —cloven to the earth, the
 armed heel on the radiant
 forehead, her body dead, her
 soul incapable to die—let her
 remember the “wrongs of
 days long past;” let the lost
 and wandering tribes of Israel
 remember theirs—the manli-
 ness and the sympathy of the
 world may allow or pardon
 this to them; but shall Amer-
 ica, young, free, prosperous,
 just setting out on the high-
 way of Heaven, “decorating
 and cheering the elevated
 sphere she just begins to move
 in, glittering like the morning
 star, full of life and joy,”
 shall she be supposed to be
 polluting and corroding her noble and happy
 heart, by moping over old stories of stamp act,
 and tea tax, and the firing of the “Leopard” upon
 the “Chesapeake” in a time of peace? No, Sir!
 no, Sir! a thousand times no!

Why, I protest I thought all that had been set-
 tled. I thought two wars had settled it all. What
 else was so much good blood shed for, on so
 many more than classical fields of Revolutionary
 glory? For what was so much good blood more
 lately shed at Lundy's Lane, at Fort Erie, before

and behind the lines at New Orleans, on the deck
 of the “Constitution,” on the deck of the “Java,”
 on the lakes, on the sea, but to settle exactly
 these “wrongs of past days?” And have we
 come back sulky and sullen from the very field of
 honor? For my country I deny it.

Mr. President, let me say that, in my judgment,
 this notion of a national enmity of feeling towards



Great Britain belongs to a past age of our history.
 My younger countrymen are unconscious of it.
 They disavow it. That generation in whose opin-
 ions and feelings the actions and the destiny of
 the next are unfolded, as the tree in the germ, do
 not at all comprehend your meaning, nor your
 fears, nor your regrets. We are born to happier
 feelings. We look to England as we look to
 France. We look to them, from our new world—
 not unrenowned, yet a new world still—and the
 blood mounts to our cheeks; our eyes swim; our

voices are stifled with emulousness of so much glory; their trophies will not let us sleep; but there is no hatred at all; no hatred,—no barbarian memory of wrongs, for which brave men have made the last expiation to the brave. RUFUS CHOATE.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,

And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl doth to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke,
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre;

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll.
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest;
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If 'chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say;
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old, fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove;
Now drooping, woeful, wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

"One morn I missed him on the 'customed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree;
Another came—nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

"The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him
borne;
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown;
Fair science frowned not on his humble birth,
And melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to misery all he had—a tear;
He gained from heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode:
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God

THOMAS GRAY.

THE FOOLISH VIOLET.

"I WAS so lonely," a violet said,
As she nestled close to an eagle's
breast,
"So tired, too, of the dusk and the dew,
God sent you, I think, to give me rest.
Bear me away to the gates of day,
To heights that forever are glad and green,

And soft on your breast as a bird in its nest,
Let me learn what living and loving mean."

The wind crept cold by the eyrie's edge
That night, in his cavern beside the sea,
The bird slept well, but the pride of the dell,
Forgotten and faded, cried, "Ah! me!
For the sweet, sweet dream by the shadowing
stream,
For the lonely life that I used to hate
For the dusk and the dew so tender and true!"
But the wind made answer, "Too late! too
late!"

To-day in the calm of his cold content,
High on the cliffs the bold bird sits,
And never a thought of the harm he wrought
Through the sunny space of his memory flits;
But the wind in glee creeps up from the sea,
And, finding the violet doomed and dead,
Waits it away from the gates of day,
And buries it down where the dusks are shed.

NEW EVERY MORNING.

EVERY day is a fresh beginning,
Every morn is a world made new;
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
Here is a beautiful hope for you;
A hope for me and a hope for you.

All the past things are past and over,
The tasks are done and the tears are shed;
Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover;
Yesterday's wounds which smarted and bled,
Are healed with the healing which night has shed.

Yesterday now is a part of forever,
Bound up in a sheaf which God holds tight,
With glad days and sad days and bad days which
never
Shall visit us more with their bloom and their
blight,
Their fulness of sunshine or sorrowful night.

Let them go since we cannot relieve them,
Cannot undo and cannot atone;
God in his mercy receive, forgive them,
Only the new days are our own;
To-day is ours and to-day alone.

Here are the skies all burnished brightly,
Here is the spent earth all reborn,
Here are the tired limbs springing lightly
To face the sun and to share with the morn
In the chrism of dew and the cool of dawn.

Every day is a fresh beginning;
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,
And spite of old sorrow and older sinning,
And puzzles forecasted and possible pain,
Take heart with the day, and begin again.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

THE MEN OF OLD.

I KNOW not that the men of old
Were better than men now,
Of heart more kind, of hand more bold,
Of more ingenious brow;
I heed not those who pine for force
A ghost of time to raise.
As if they thus could check the course
Of these appointed days.

Still is it true, and over-true,
That I delight to close
This book of life self-wise and new,
And let my thoughts repose
On all that humble happiness
The world has since foregone—
The daylight of contentedness
That on those faces shone!

With rights, though not too closely scanned,
Enjoyed, as far as known—
With will, by no reverse unmanned—
With pulse of even tone—
They from to-day and from to-night
Expected nothing more,
Than yesterday and yesternight
Had proffered them before.

A man's best things are nearest him,
Lie close about his feet,
It is the distant and the dim
That we are sick to greet;
For flowers that grow our hands beneath
We struggle and aspire—
Our hearts must die except they breathe
The air of fresh desire.

R. MONCTON MILNES.

SUGGESTIONS.

SURELY 'tis worth more than ducats
That one can go through the mart,
And the crowd never guess, from one's visage,
The secrets that hide in the heart.
Whether of joy or of sorrow;
Whether of pleasure or pain;
Or whether the smile cloaks a teardrop;
Or the thoughts be of losses or gain.

For one can look out on the follies
Of fashion, and those in its thrall,
And laugh in one's sleeve at the medley,
But keep a straight face over all.
'Tis best not to rail at distortions,
Or waste one's wise logic on fools;
And useless to grow misanthropic;
Or think to guide others by rules.

As long as the earth keeps its orbit
Sweet sunshine will gladden the sight;
So why, like a mole in the darkness,
Should one burrow away from the light?

Prepare to have mixed with your potion
The bitter as well as the sweet;
But "wear not your heart on your sleeve," friend,
Let your face tell no tales on the street.

ANNA C. STARBUCK.

SONG OF THE MYSTIC.

I WALK down the valley of silence,
Down the dim, voiceless valley alone
And I hear not the fall of a footstep
Around me save God's and my own.
And the hush of my heart is as holy
As hovers where angels have flown!

Long ago was I weary of voices,
Whose music my heart could not win;
Long ago I was weary of noises
That fretted my soul with their din;
Long ago was I weary of places
Where I met but the human—and sin.

I walked in the world with the worldly;
I craved what the world never gave;
And I said: "In the world each ideal
That shines like a star on life's wave,
Is wrecked on the shores of the real,
And sleeps like a dream in a grave."

And still did I pine for the perfect,
And still found the false with the true;
I sought 'mid the human for heaven,
But caught a mere glimpse of its blue;
And I wept when the clouds of the mortal
Veiled even that glimpse from my view.

And I toiled on, heart-tired of the human;
And I moaned 'mid the mazes of men;
Till I knelt long ago at an altar,
And heard a voice call me—since then
I walk down the valley of silence
That lies far beyond mortal ken.

Do you ask what I found in the valley?
'Tis my trysting place with the Divine,
And I fell at the feet of the Holy,
And above me a voice said: "Be mine."
And there arose from the depth of my spirit
An echo—"My heart shall be thine."

Do you ask how I live in the valley?
I weep, and I dream, and I pray.
But my tears are as sweet as the dewdrops
That fall on the roses in May;
And my prayer, like a perfume from censers,
Ascendeth to God night and day.

In the hush of the valley of silence
I dream all the songs that I sing;
And the music floats down the dim valley,
'Till each finds a word for a wing,
That to hearts, like the dove of the deluge,
A message of peace they may bring.

But far on the deep there are billows
That never shall break on the beach;
And I have heard songs in the silence
That never shall float into speech;
And I have had dreams in the valley
Too lofty for language to reach.

And I have seen thoughts in the valley—
Ah me! how my spirit was stirred!
And they wear holy veils on their faces;
Their footsteps can scarcely be heard.
They pass through the valley, like virgins,
Too pure for the touch of a word.

Do you ask me the place of the valley?
Ye hearts that are harrowed by care!
It lieth afar between mountains,
And God and his angels are there;
And one is the dark mount of sorrow,
And one—the bright mountain of prayer.

ABRAM J. RYAN.

THE SINGERS.

GOD sent his singers upon earth
With songs of sadness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men,
And bring them back to heaven again.

The first, a youth, with soul of fire,
Held in his hand a golden lyre;
Through groves he wandered, and by streams,
Playing the music of our dreams.

The second, with a bearded face,
Stood singing in the market-place,
And stirred with accents deep and loud
The hearts of all the listening crowd.

A gray, old man, the third and last,
Sang in cathedrals dim and vast,
While the majestic organ rolled
Contrition from its mouths of gold.

And those who heard the singers three
Disputed which the best might be;
For still their music seemed to start
Discordant echoes in each heart.

But the great Master said, "I see
No best in kind, but in degree;
I gave a various gift to each,
To charm, to strengthen, and to teach.

"These are the three great chords of might,
And he whose ear is tuned aright
Will hear no discord in the three,
But the most perfect harmony."

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

SOUR GRAPES

A FOX was trotting on one day,
And just above his head
He spied a vine of luscious grapes,
Rich, ripe, and purple-red;
Eager he tried to catch the fruit,
But, ah! it was too high!
Poor Reynard had to give it up,
And, heaving a deep sigh,
He curled his nose and said, "Dear me!
I would not waste an hour
Upon such mean and common fruit—
I'm sure those grapes are sour!"
'Tis thus we often wish through life,
When seeking wealth and power;
And when we fail, say, like the fox,
We're "sure the grapes are sour!"

BE IN EARNEST.

NEVER be ashamed to say, "I do not know."
Men will then believe you when you say,
"I do know."

Never be ashamed to say, "I can't afford it;"
"I can't afford to waste time in the idleness to
which you invite me," or "I can't afford the
money you ask me to spend." Never affect to be
other than you are—either wiser or richer.

Learn to say "No" with decision; "Yes" with
caution. "No" with decision whenever it resists
temptation; "Yes" with caution whenever it im-
plies a promise; for a promise once given is a bond
inviolable.

A man is already of consequence in the world
when it is known that we can implicitly rely upon
him. Often have I known a man to be preferred
in stations of honor and profit because he had this
reputation: when he said he knew a thing, he
knew it; and when he said he would do a thing,
he did it.

E. BULWER LYTTON.

A USEFUL HINT.

TENDER-HANDED stroke a nettle,
And it stings you for your pains;
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains.

'Tis the same with common natures,
Use them kindly they rebel;
But be rough as nutmeg graters,
And the rogues obey you well.

A. HILL.

CONTENTMENT.

THERE is a jewel which no Indian mines can
buy,

No chemic art can counterfeit;
It makes men rich in greatest poverty,
Makes water wine, turns wooden cups to gold,
The homely whistle to sweet music's strain;
Seldom it comes, to few from heaven sent,
That much in little—all in naught—contentment.

THE NEW MORNING.

LIFE! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy
weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time,
Say not "Good night," but in some brighter
clime
Bid me "Good-morning."

ANNA L. BARBAULD.



OLD LETTERS.

DO you like letter-reading? If you do,
I have some twenty dozen very pretty
ones:
Gay, sober, rapturous, solemn, very true.
And very lying stupid ones and witty ones;
On gilt-edged paper, blue perhaps, or pink.
And frequently in fancy-colored ink.

ESPES SARGENT.

THE OLD MAN WITH IRON SHOES.

WE are told by men of science that all the
ventures of mariners on the sea, all that
counter-marching of tribes and races
that confounds old history with its dust and rumor,
sprung from nothing more abstruse than the laws
of supply and demand, and a certain natural in-
stinct for cheap rations. To any one thinking
deeply, this will seem a dull and pitiful explana-

tion. The tribes that came swarming out of the
North and East, if they were indeed pressed
onward from behind by others, were drawn at the
same time by the magnetic influence of the
South and West. The fame of other lands had
reached them; the name of the eternal city rang in
their ears; they were not colonists, but pilgrims;
they traveled toward wine and gold and sunshine,
but their hearts were set on something higher.

That divine unrest, that old stinging trouble of
humanity that makes all high achievements and all
miserable failure, the same that spread wings with

Icarus, the same that sent
Columbus into the desolate
Atlantic, inspired and sup-
ported these barbarians on
their perilous march. There
is one legend which pro-
foundly represents their spirit,
of how a flying party of these
wanderers encountered a very
old man shod with iron. The
old man asked them whither
they were going; and they
answered, with one voice:
"To the Eternal City?" He
looked upon them gravely. "I
have sought it," he said, "over
the most part of the world.
Three such pairs as I now carry
on my feet have I worn out
upon this pilgrimage, and now
the fourth is growing slender
underneath my steps. And all
this while I have not found
the city." And he turned and
went his own way alone, leav-
ing them astonished.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THE OLD YEAR.

BLESS the old year! He's almost gone;
I heard him utter a dismal moan;
"I'm weary—I'm lonely—I'm wasting,"
said he;

"Will no one breathe a blessing on me?"

"Thou poor old man, with the snow white hair,
I'll bless thee," said a lady fair;
"For thou in thy youth didst bring to me
My beautiful babe in its purity!"

"Bless the old year!" the young man cried;
"In merry spring he brought me my bride—
The richest gift to mortal given—
Brought her from the gate of heaven!"

"Bless the old year!" the sick one said,
And gently raised his drooping head;
"Its hours are past, and I shall be
From pain, from grief, from anguish free!"

The mourner breathed in tones of sadness,
 "Bless it, tho' it brought no gladness;
 I learned on earth no home to make;
 Bless it for its lesson's sake!"

"Bless the old year!" cried the child with glee;
 "In its merry hours I was happy and free;
 It has brought me frolic for every day;
 Bless the old year ere it passes away!"

Bless the old year! Come one and all;
 Answer to his lonely call;
 Let it so be the last sound he shall hear
 Shall echo a blessing! Bless the old year!

LILIAN F. MENTOR.

YOU THINK I AM DEAD.

"YOU think I am dead,"
 The apple tree said,
 'Because I have never a leaf to show,
 Because I stoop
 And my branches droop,
 And the dull gray mosses over me grow!
 But I'm alive in trunk and shoot;
 The buds of next May
 I fold away,
 But I pity the withered grass at my root.'

"You think I am dead,"
 The quick grass said,
 'Because I have parted with stem and blade!
 But under the ground
 I am safe and sound,
 With the snow's thick blanket over me laid.
 I'm all alive and ready to shoot,
 Should the spring of the year
 Come dancing here;
 But I pity the flower without branch or root.'

"You think I am dead,"
 A soft voice said,
 'Because not a branch or root I own!
 I have never died,
 But close I hide
 In a plummy seed that the wind has sown,
 Patient I wait through the long winter hours;
 You will see me again—
 I shall laugh at you then,
 Out of the eyes of a hundred flowers.'"

I THANK THEE, GOD! FOR WEAL AND WOE.

I THANK thee, God! for all I've known
 Of kindly fortune, health and joy;
 And quite as gratefully I own
 The bitter drops of life's alloy.

Oh! there was wisdom in the blow
 That wrung the sad and scalding tear
 That laid my dearest idol low,
 And left my bosom lone and drear.

I thank thee, God! for all of smart
 That thou hast sent, for not in vain
 Has been the heavy, aching heart,
 The sigh of grief, the throbb of pain.

What if my cheek had ever kept
 Its healthful color, glad and bright?
 What if my eyes had never wept
 Throughout a long and sleepless night?

Then, then, perchance, my soul had not
 Remembered there were paths less fair,
 And, selfish in my own blest lot,
 Ne'er strove to soothe another's care.

But when the weight of sorrow found
 My spirit prostrate and resigned,
 The anguish of the bleeding wound
 Taught me to feel for all mankind.

Even as from the wounded tree
 The goodly, precious balm will pour,
 So in the rived heart there'll be
 Mercy that never flowed before.

'Tis well to learn that sunny hours
 May quickly change to mournful shade;
 'Tis well to prize life's scattered flowers,
 Yet be prepared to see them fade.

I thank thee, God! for weal and woe;
 And, whatso'er the trial be,
 'Twill serve to wean me from below,
 And bring my spirit nigher thee.

ELIZA COOK.

CROSSING THE BAR.

The following was the last poem of the celebrated author.
 It was sung at his funeral.

SUNSET and evening star,
 And one clear call for me;
 And may there be no moaning of the bar
 When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
 Too full for sound and foam,
 When that which drew from out the boundless deep
 Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
 And after that the dark;
 And may there be no sadness of farewell
 When I embark;

For, though from out our bourne of time and
 place,
 The flood may bear me far,
 I hope to see my Pilot face to face
 When I have crossed the bar.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE FRIENDSHIP FLOWER.

WHEN first the friendship flower is planted
 Within the garden of your soul,
 Little of care or thought are wanted
 To guard its beauty fresh and whole :
 But when the one impassioned age
 Has full revealed the magic bloom,
 A wise and holy tutelage
 Alone can shun the open tomb.

It is not absence you should dread—
 For absence is the very air
 In which, if sound at root, the head
 Shall wave most wonderful and fair ;
 With sympathies of joy and sorrow
 Fed, as with morn and even dews,
 Ideal coloring it may borrow
 Richer than ever earthly hues

But oft the plant, whose leaves unsere
 Refresh the desert, hardly brooks
 The common-peopled atmosphere
 Of daily thoughts, and words, and looks ;
 It trembles at the brushing wings
 Of many a careless fashion-fly,
 And strange suspicious aim: their stings
 To taint it as they wanton by.

Rare is the heart to bear a flower,
 That must not wholly fall and fade,
 Where alien feelings, hour by hour,
 Spring up, beset, and overshadow ;
 Better, a child of care and toil,
 To glorify some needy spot,
 Than in a glad redundant soil
 To pine neglected and forgot.

Yet when, at last, by human slight,
 Or close of their permitted day,
 From the sweet world of life and light
 Such fine creations lapse away—
 Bury the relics that retain
 Sick odors of departed pride—
 Hoard as ye will your memory's gain,
 But let them perish where they died.

RICHARD M. MILNES.

THE PERFECT WOMAN.

THE perfect woman is as beautiful as she is
 strong, as tender as she is sensible. She is
 calm, deliberate, dignified, leisurely. She
 is gay, graceful, sprightly, sympathetic.
 She is severe upon occasion and upon occasion
 playful. She has fancies, dreams, romances, ideas.
 She organizes neatness, and order, and comfort,
 but they are merely the foundation whereon rises
 the temple of her home, beautiful for situation, the
 joy of the whole earth.

GAIL HAMILTON.

EASY ALL!

"EASY all!" rings out the order,
 And the muscles cease to strain,
 And the swing of oars in rowlocks
 Stops the rhythmical refrain
 And the sinking heart beats freely,
 And the spent breath comes again.

"Easy all!" O, joyous mandate
 To the strugglers on life's flood,
 Be it but a passing respite,
 For the brain, and strength, and blood.
 Though far distant be the guerdon;
 Fame, or wealth, or livelihood!

When the summer sunshine brightens
 Grimy street and sullen wall,
 From the strips of azure heaven
 Seems to come the kindly call ;

"Rest a while, ye weary toilers,
 Drop your oars, and easy all!"

EXPERIENCE.

A CHILD laid in the grave ere it had known
 Earth held delight beyond its mother's
 kiss ;

A fair girl passing from a world like this
 Unto God's vast eternity alone ;

A brave man's soul in one brief instant thrown
 To deepest agony from highest bliss ;

A woman steeling her young heart to mis-
 All joy in life, one dear one having flown ;
 These have I seen ; yet happier these, I said,

Than one who, by experience made strong,
 Learning to live without the precious dead,
 Survive despair, outlive remorse and wrong.

Can say when new grief comes, with unbowed
 head,

"Let me not mourn! I shall forget ere long!"

ALICE MARLAND ROLLINS.

MIRANDA.

ADMIRED Miranda!
 Indeed the top of admiration ; worth
 What's dearest to the world! Full many
 a lady

I have eyed with best regard ; and many a time
 The harmony of their tongues hath into bond-
 age

Brought my too diligent ear ; for several virtues
 Have I liked several women ; never any
 With so full soul but some defect in her
 Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owned
 And put it to the foil. But you, O you,
 So perfect, and so peerless, are created
 Of every creature's best.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

TRAGEDY AND SORROW:

COMPRISING

PATHETIC SELECTIONS FROM THE MOST DISTINGUISHED AUTHORS.

THE DRIVER OF THE MAIL.



MAKE me the signal, dear," she cried,
The little wife of the engineer,
"As you drive the mail to the North to-night,
Three low whistles, sharp and clear."
"Nay, never fear, sweet wife!" he said,
Kissing away her tears that fell,
"You'll hear the sign, as we sweep the line,
Three low whistles that 'All is well!'"

She sat her down at her window bright,
Waiting, and watching the darkening sky,
She saw the gleam of the junction light,
And heard the roar as the trains went by.
"God watch over him!" soft she prayed,
Down by her baby's bed she fell;
But there came no sign from the ringing line,
Never a note to say "All's well."

Night wore on, but she could not sleep,
Out she crept 'neath the morning sky;
There he lies! by his engine wrecked!
Dead at his post, as a man should die.
Was it for this she loved him so?
Was it for this her tears that fell?
Peace! let him rest! God's will is best!
All is well! All is well!

FREDERIC E. WEATHERLY.

ROVER'S PETITION.

LAST POEM OF THE AUTHOR.

"KIND traveler, do not pass me by,
And thus a poor old dog forsake;
But stop a moment on your way,
And hear my woe, for pity's sake!

"My name is Rover; yonder house
Was once my home for many a year;
My master loved me; every hand
Caressed young Rover, far and near.

"The children rode upon my back,
And I could hear my praises sung;
With joy I licked their pretty feet,
As round my shaggy sides they clung.

"I watched them while they played or slept;
I gave them all I had to give;
My strength was theirs from morn till night;
For only them I cared to live.

"Now I am old, and blind, and lame,
They've turned me out to die alone,
Without a shelter for my head,
Without a scrap of bread or bone.

"This morning I can hardly crawl,
While shivering in the snow and hail,
My teeth are dropping one by one;
I scarce have strength to wag my tail;

"I'm palsied grown with mortal pains,
My withered limbs are useless now;
My voice is almost gone, you see,
And I can hardly make my bow.

"Perhaps you'll lead me to a shed
Where I may find some friendly straw
On which to lay my aching limbs,
And rest my helpless broken paw.

"Stranger, excuse this story long,
And pardon, pray, my last appeal;
You've owned a dog yourself, perhaps,
And learned that dogs, like men, can feel."
Yes, poor old Rover, come with me;
Food, with warm shelter, I'll supply—
And heaven forgive the cruel souls
Who drove you forth to starve and die!

JAMES T. FIELDS.

ADIEU TO HIS NATIVE LAND.

"**A** DIEU, adieu! my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue:
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
Yon sun that sets upon the sea
We follow in his flight;
Farewell awhile to him and thee,
My native land—good-night!

"A few short hours, and he will rise
To give the morrow birth;
And I shall hail the main and skies,
But not my mother earth.
Deserted in my own good hall,
Its hearth is desolate;
Wild weeds are gathering on the wall;
My dog howls at the gate

"Come hither, hither, my little page!
Why dost thou weep and wail?
Or dost thou dread the billow's rage,
Or tremble at the gale?
But dash the tear-drop from thine eye;
Our ship is swift and strong:
Our fleetest falcon scarce can fly
More merrily along."

"Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high,
I fear not wave nor wind:
Yet marvel not, Sir Childe, that I
Am sorrowful in mind;
For I have from my father gone,
A mother whom I love,
And have no friend, save these alone,
But thee—and One above."

LORD BYRON.

THE THREE LITTLE CHAIRS.

THEY sat alone by the bright wood fire,
The gray-haired dame and the aged sire,
Dreaming of days gone by;
The tear-drops fell on each wrinkled cheek,
They both had thoughts that they could not
speak,
And each heart uttered a sigh.

For their sad and tearful eyes descried
Three little chairs placed side by side,
Against the sitting-room wall;
Old fashioned enough as there they stood,

Their seats of flag and their frames of wood,
With their backs so straight and tall.

Then the sire shook his silvery head,
And with trembling voice he gently said—

"Mother, those empty chairs!
They bring us such sad, sad thoughts to-night,
We'll put them forever out of sight,
In the small dark room up-stairs."

But she answered. "Father, no, not yet,
For I look at them and I forget

That the children are away:
The boys come back, and our Mary, too,
With her apron on, of checkered blue,
And sit here every day.

"Johnny still whittles a ship's tall masts,
And Willie his leaden bullets casts,
While Mary her patch-work sews;
At evening time three childish prayers
Go up to God from those little chairs,
So softly that no one knows.

"Johnny comes back from the billow deep,
Willie wakes from his battle-field sleep,
To say good-night to me;
Mary's a wife and a mother no more,
But a tired child whose play-time is o'er,
And comes to rest on my knee.

"So let them stand there, though empty now,
And every time when alone we bow,
At the Father's throne to pray,
We'll ask to meet the children above,
In our Saviour's home of rest and love,
Where no child goeth away."

EARLY DEATH.

SHE passed away, like morning dew,
Before the sun was high;
So brief her time, she scarcely knew
The meaning of a sigh.

As round the rose its soft perfume,
Sweet love around her floated;
Admired she grew—while mortal doom
Crept on, unfeared, unnoted.

Love was her guardian angel here,
But love to death resign'd her;
Though love was kind, why should we fear,
But holy death is kinder?

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

KINDNESS.

Speak gently, kindly, to the poor;
Let no harsh term be heard;
They have enough they must endure
Without an unkind word.

DAVID BATES.

THINK OF ME.

FAREWELL!—and never think of me
In lighted hall or lady's bower!
Farewell!—and never think of me
In spring sunshine or summer hour!

But when you see a lonely grave,
Just where a broken heart might be,
With not one mourner by its sod,
Then—and then only—think of me!

LETITIA E. LONDON.



IT CANNOT BE.

THE dying lips of a dear friend
At parting spoke to me,
Saying: "Wheresoe'er your path may trend
There ever I shall be.

"Go walk where over Egypt's sand
The burning simoons blow,
Or in Alaska's sunless land,
Your wake my wings shall know.

"When winter's nights are long and dark
I'll lead you by the hand,
And when the waves beat on your bark
Will beacon you to land."

He died. I watched his spirit go
Across death's darkening sea:
He came not back, and now I know
Of things that cannot be.

CY WARMAN

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EY COLERIDGE.
the poor;
heard;
must endure
rd.
DAVID BATES.



A WIDOW bird sat mourning for her love
 Upon a wintry bough ;
 The frozen wind crept on above,
 The freezing stream below.

There was no leaf upon the forest bare,
 No flower upon the ground,
 And little motion in the air,
 Except the mill-wheel's sound.

P. B. SHELLEY.

THE AUCTIONEER'S GIFT.

THE auctioneer leaped on a chair, and bold
 and loud and clear,
 He poured his cataract of words, just like
 an auctioneer.

An auction sale of furniture, where some hard
 mortgagee
 Was bound to get his money back, and pay his
 lawyer's fee.

A humorist of wide renown, this doughty auc-
 tioneer,
 His joking raised the loud guffaw, and brought the
 answering jeer,

He scattered round his jests, like rain, on the un-
 just and the just ;
 Sam Sieeman said he "lafterd so much he thought
 that he would bust."

He knocked down bureaus, beds, and stoves, and
 clocks and chandeliers,
 And a grand piano, which he swore would last a
 thousand years ;"

He rattled out the crockery, and sold the silver-
 ware ;
 At last they passed him up to sell a little baby's
 chair.

"How much? how much? Come, make a bid;
is all your money spent?"
And then a cheap, facetious wag came up and bid,
"One cent."

Just then a sad-faced woman, who stood in silence
there,

Broke down and cried, "My baby's chair! My
poor, dead baby's chair!"

"Here, madam, take your baby's chair," said the
softened auctioneer,

"I know its value all too well, my baby died last
year;

And if the owner of the chair, our friend, the
mortgagee,

Objects to this proceeding, let him send the bill
to me!"

Gone was the tone of raillery; the humorist
auctioneer

Turned shamefaced from his audience, to brush
away a tear;

The laughing crowd was awed and still, no tear-
less eye was there

When the weeping woman reached and took her
little baby's chair.

S. W. Foss.

THE LOST LEADER.

JUST for a handful of silver he left us;
Just for a riband to stick in his coat—
Found the one gift of which Fortune bereft
us,

Lost all the others she lets us devote.
They, with the gold to give, doled him out silver,
So much was theirs who so little allowed.

How all our copper had gone for his service!
Rags—were they purple, his heart had been
proud!

We that had loved him so, followed him, honored
him.

Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,
Learned his great language, caught his clear ac-
cents,

Made him our pattern to live and to die!
Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,
Burns, Shelley, were with us—they watch from
their graves!

He alone breaks from the van and the freemen;
He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves!

We shall march prospering—not through his pres-
ence;

Songs may inspire us—not from his lyre;
Deeds will be done—while he boasts his quies-
cence,

Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire.
Blot out his name, then, record one lost soul more,

One task more declined, one more footpath un-
trod,

One more triumph for devils, and sorrow for
angels,
One wrong more to man, one more insult to
God!

Life's night begins; let him never come back to
us!

There would be doubt, hesitation, and pain,
Forced praise on our part—the glimmer of twi-
light,

Never glad, confident morning again!
Best fight on well, for we taught him—strike gal-
lantly,

Aim at our heart ere we pierce through his own;
Then let him receive the new knowledge and wait
us,

Pardoned in heaven, the first by the throne!

ROBERT BROWNING.

THE THREE WEEPERS.

SORROW weeps!
And drowns its bitterness in tears;
My child of sorrow,
Weep out the fulness of thy passionate grief,
And drown in tears
The bitterness of lonely years.
God gives the rain and sunshine mild,
And both are best, my child!

Joy weeps!
And overflows its banks with tears;
My child of joy,
Weep out the gladness of thy pent-up heart,
And let thy glistening eyes
Run over in their ecstasies;
Life needeth joy; but from on high
Descends what cannot die!

Love weeps!
And feeds its silent life with tears;
My child of love,
Pour out the riches of thy yearning heart,
And like the air of even,
Give and take back the dew of heaven;
And let that longing heart of thine
Feed upon love divine! HORATIUS BONAR.

WHERE SHALL WE MAKE HER GRAVE?

WHERE shall we make her grave?
Oh, where the wild flowers wave
In the free air!

When shower and singing bird
'Midst the young leaves are heard—
There—lay her there!

Harsh was the world to her—
Now may sleep minister
Balm for each ill;
Low on sweet nature's breast
Let the meek heart find rest
Deep, deep and still!

Murmur, glad waters, by !
Faint gales, with happy sigh,
Come wandering o'er
That green and mossy bed
Where, on a gentle head,
Storms beat no more !

Oh, then, where wild-flowers wave,
Make ye her mossy grave
In the free air !

Where shower and singing bird
'Midst the young leaves are heard—
There, lay her there !

FELICIA D. HEMANS.



What though for her in vain
Falls now the bright spring-rain,
Plays the soft wind ?
Yet still, from where she lies,
Should blessed breathings rise,
Gracious and kind.

Therefore let song and dew
Thence in the heart renew
Life's vernal glow !
And o'er that holy earth
Scents of the violet's birth
Still come and go !

UNDER THE SNOW.

DEAR little hands, I loved them so !
And now they are lying under the snow !
Under the snow, so cold and white,
I cannot see them, or touch them to-night.
They are quiet and still at last, ah me !
How busy and restless they used to be ! [snow—
But now they can never reach up through the
Dear little hands, I loved them so !

Dear little hands, I miss them so !
All through the day, wherever I go—
All through the night, how lonely it seems,

For no little hands wake me out of my dreams.
I miss them all through the weary hours;
I miss them as others miss sunshine and flowers;
Day time, or night time, wherever I go,
Dear little hands, I miss them so!

Dear little hands, they have gone from me now,
Never again will they rest on my brow—
Never again smooth my sorrowful face,
Never again clasp me in childish embrace,
And now my forehead grows wrinkled with care,
Thinking of little hands once resting there,
But I know in a happier, heavenlier clime,
Dear little hands I will clasp you some time.

Dear little hands, when the Master shall call
I'll welcome the summons that comes to us all—

When lying on my earthly bed
In icy sleep,
Who there by pure affection led
Will come and weep?
By the pale moon implant the rose
Upon my breast,
And bid it cheer my dark repose,
My lonely rest?
Could I but know when I'm sleeping
Low in the ground,
One faithful heart would then be keeping
Watch all round,
As if some gem lay shrouded beneath
That cold sod's gloom,
'Twould mitigate the pangs of death
And light the tomb.



When my feet touch the waters so dark and so
cold,
I'll catch my first glimpse of the city of gold
If I keep my eyes fixed on the heavenly gate
Over the tide where the white-robed ones wait,
Shall I know you, I wonder, among the bright
bands?
Will you beckon me over, oh! dear little hands?

FOR ALL WHO DIE.

The following poem was regarded by Edgar A. Poe as
the most beautiful and touching of its kind in the language.
Strange to say, the author is unknown.

I 'T hath been said for all who die
There is a tear.
Some paining, bleeding heart to sigh
O'er every bier;
But in that hour of pain and dread
Who will draw near
Around my humble couch and shed
A farewell tear?
Who'll watch the first departing ray
In deep despair,
And soothe the spirit on its way
With holy prayer?
What mourner round my couch will come
In words of woe,
And follow me to my long home,
Solemn and slow?

Yet in that hour, if I could feel
From the halls of glee
And beauty's pressure one would steal
In secrecy,
And come and sit or stand by me
In night's deep noon;
Oh! I would ask of memory
No other boon.

But, ah! a lonelier fate is mine,
A deeper woe,
From all I've loved in youth's sweet time
I soon must go,
Draw round me my pale robes of white
In a dark spot,
To sleep through death's long dreamless night
Lone and forgot.

ONE VOICE IS SILENT.

ONE voice is silent, round the evening fire,
One form comes not to cheer us with its
gladness;
There brother, sister mingle—babe and sire,
But tongues are mute and bosoms chilled with
sadness;
Thought dwells on past communion unforgot;
One voice is silent, and we hear it not!
One voice is silent! at the place of prayer
When morning breaks, or twilight gathers o'er,

That sainted form no more is bending there,
 Those lips in holy accents breathe no more;
 Death's hand hath thrown strange light upon the
 brow;
 One voice is silent, and it pleads not now!
 One voice is silent! from the couch of pain,
 Which she hath pressed in summer-time and
 spring,
 The words of counsel shall not come again—
 No anxious thought that gentle bosom wring;
 The shrouded eye hath parted with its tear;
 One voice is silent—one we loved to hear.
 One voice is silent! ay, no more that tone,
 Fond sister, o'er our pleasant home is stealing;
 The mother's life is done, and we are lone!
 But, oh, remember, in this pang of feeling,
 How dear the hope that God to us hath given.
 One voice is silent—but it wakes in heaven!

FAGIN'S LAST NIGHT ALIVE.

Few passages from the pen of Dickens, the world's greatest fictionist, are more thrilling than his description of the last night of Fagin, one of the prominent characters in "Oliver Twist." Fagin lived by tempting others, particularly boys and girls, to crime, and lived on the profits of their pilferings and bolder burglaries. At last the fearful consequences of his misdoings overtook him. He fell into the clutches of the law, was tried, convicted, and sentenced to death. The scene as depicted by the novelist is one of the most startling ever written.

THE court was paved, from floor to roof, with human faces. Inquisitive and eager eyes peered from every inch of space. From the rail before the dock, away into the sharpest angle of the smallest corner in the galleries, all looks were fixed upon one man—Fagin. Before him and behind; above, below, on the right and on the left; he seemed to stand surrounded by a firmament, all bright with gleaming eyes.

He stood there, in all this glare of living light, with one hand resting on the wooden slab before him, the other held to his ear, and his head thrust forward to enable him to catch with greater distinctness every word that fell from the presiding judge, who was delivering his charge to the jury. At times, he turned his eyes sharply upon them to observe the effect of the slightest feather-weight in his favor; and when the points against him were stated with terrible distinctness, looked towards his counsel, in mute appeal that he would, even then, urge something in his behalf. Beyond these manifestations of anxiety, he stirred not hand or foot. He had scarcely moved since the trial began; and now that the judge ceased to speak, he still remained in the same strained attitude of close attention with his gaze bent on him, as though he listened still.

A slight bustle in the court recalled him to himself. Looking round, he saw that the jurymen

had turned together, to consider their verdict. As his eyes wandered to the gallery, he could see the people rising above each other to see his face; some hastily applying their glasses to their eyes; and others whispering to their neighbors with looks expressive of abhorrence. A few there were who seemed unmindful of him, and looked only to the jury, in impatient wonder how they could delay. But in no one face—not even among the women, of whom there were many there—could he read the faintest sympathy with himself, or any feeling but one of all-absorbing interest that he should be condemned.

As he saw all this in one bewildered glance, the death-like stillness came again, and, looking back, he saw that the jurymen had turned towards the judge. Hush! They only sought permission to retire.

He looked, wistfully, into their faces, one by one, when they passed out, as though to see which way the greater number leant; but that was fruitless. The jailer touched him on the shoulder. He followed mechanically to the end of the dock, and sat down on a chair. The man pointed it out, or he would not have seen it.

He looked up into the gallery again. Some of the people were eating, and some fanning themselves with handkerchiefs, for the crowded place was very hot. There was one young man sketching his face in a little note-book. He wondered whether it was like him, and looked on when the artist broke his pencil-point, and made another with his knife, as any idle spectator might have done.

In the same way, when he turned his eye towards the judge, his mind began to busy itself with the fashion of his dress, and what it cost, and how he put it on. There was an old fat gentleman on the bench, too, who had gone out, some half an hour before, and now come back. He wondered within himself whether this man had been to get his dinner, what he had had, and where he had it; and pursued this train of careless thought until some new object caught his eye and roused another.

Not that, all this time, his mind was, for an instant, free from one oppressive overwhelming sense of the grave that opened at his feet; it was ever-present to him, but in a vague and general way, and he could not fix his thoughts upon it. Thus, even while he trembled, and turned burning hot at the idea of speedy death, he fell to counting the iron spikes before him, and wondering how the head of one had been broken off, and whether they would mend it, or leave it as it was. Then he thought of all the horrors of the gallows and the scaffold—and stopped to watch a man sprinkling the floor to cool it—and then went on to think again.

At length there was a cry of silence, and a breathless look from all towards the door. The

jury returned, and passed him close. He could glean nothing from their faces; they might as well have been of stone. Perfect stillness ensued—not a rustle—not a breath—Guilty.

The building rang with a tremendous shout, and another, and another, and then it echoed loud groans, that gathered strength as they swelled out, like angry thunder. It was a peal of joy from the populace outside, greeting the news that he would die on Monday.

The noise subsided, and he was asked if he had anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon him. He had resumed his listening attitude, and looked intently at his questioner while the demand was made; but it was twice repeated before he seemed to hear it, and then he only muttered that he was an old man—an old man—an old man—and so, dropping into a whisper, was silent again.

The judge assumed the black cap, and the prisoner still stood with the same air and gesture. A woman in the gallery uttered some exclamation, called forth by this dread solemnity; he looked hastily up as if angry at the interruption, and bent forward yet more attentively. The address was solemn and impressive; the sentence fearful to hear. But he stood, like a marble figure, without the motion of a nerve. His haggard face was still thrust forward, his under-jaw hanging down, and his eyes staring out before him, when the jailer put his hand upon his arm, and beckoned him away. He gazed stupidly about him for an instant, and obeyed.

They led him through a paved room under the court, where some prisoners were waiting till their turns came, and others were talking to their friends, who crowded round a gate which looked into the open yard. There was nobody there to speak to him; but, as he passed, the prisoners fell back to render him more visible to the people who were clinging to the bars; and they assailed him with opprobrious names, and screeched and hissed. He shook his fist, and would have spat upon them; but his conductors hurried him on, through a gloomy passage lighted by a few dim lamps, into the interior of the prison.

Here he was searched, that he might not have about him the means of anticipating the law; this ceremony performed, they led him to one of the condemned cells, and left him there—alone.

He sat down on a stone bench opposite the door, which served for seat and bedstead; and casting his blood-shot eyes upon the ground, tried to collect his thoughts. After a while he began to remember a few disjointed fragments of what the judge had said; though it had seemed to him, at the time, that he could not hear a word. These gradually fell into their proper places, and by degrees suggested more; so that, in a little time, he

had the whole, almost as it was delivered. To be hanged by the neck till he was dead—that was the end. To be hanged by the neck till he was dead.

CHARLES DICKENS.



SLEEPING.

IF thou wilt ease thy heart
Of love, and all its smart—

Then sleep, dear, sleep!
And not a sorrow
Hang any tear on your eyelashes;
Lie still and deep,
Sad soul, until the sea-wave washes
The rim o' the sun to-morrow,
In eastern sky.

But wilt thou cure thine heart
Of love, and all its smart—
Then die, dear, die!
'Tis deeper, sweeter,
Than on a rose-bank to lie dreaming
With folded eye;
And then alone, amid the beaming
Of love's stars, thou'lt meet her
In eastern sky.

THOMAS L. BEDDOES.

DIRGE IN CYMBELINE.

SUNG BY GUIDERUS AND ARVIRAGUS OVER FIDELE, SUPPOSED
TO BE DEAD.

TO fair Fidele's grassy tomb
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet of earliest spring,
And rifle all the breathing bloom.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove;
But shepherd lads assembled here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No withered witch shall here be seen—
No goblins lead their nightly crew;
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

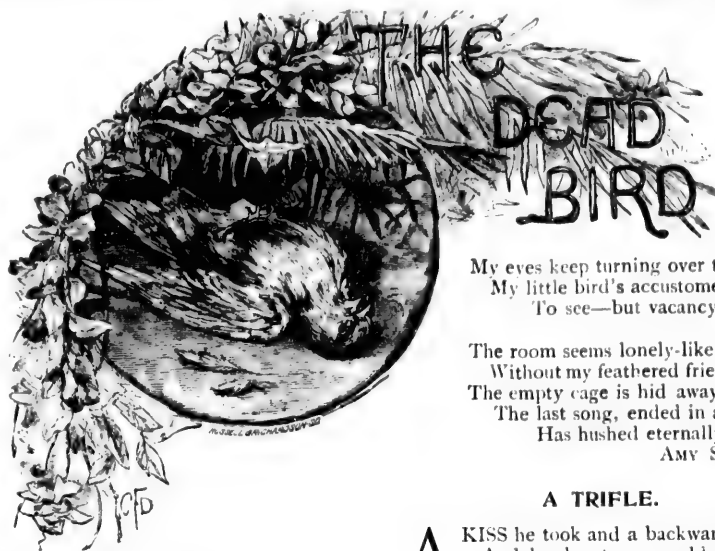
The redbreast oft, at evening hours,
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gathered flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds and beating rain
In tempests shake the sylvan cell,

Or 'midst the chase, on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed;
Beloved till life can charm no more,
And mourned till pity's self be dead.

WILLIAM COLLINS



My eyes keep turning over there—
My little bird's accustomed spot—
To see—but vacancy.

The room seems lonely-like to-day
Without my feathered friend near by;
The empty cage is hid away,
The last song, ended in a sigh,
Has hushed eternally.

AMY S. WOLFF.

FOR many years my little bird
Had shared my daily life with me;
By kindly fortune still preserved,
Both near and dear, two friends were we,
In closest company.

He hourly wooed my thoughts from care
With sprightly glance, with happiest song;
And, swinging in his cage—just there—
Tweet, tweet, would murmur all day long,
With loving constancy.

When I was glad, he fluttered round,
Would nod and bob his yellow head
To right, to left, first up, then down;
And flirt his beak, his wings outspread,
Then sing uproariously.

Were I aggrieved? His little eyes
Would meet mine almost pityingly;
They really seemed so wondrous wise,
I felt he knew and yearned for me
To show his sympathy.

And as I sit here in my chair
The pen drops idly, half forgot;

A KISS he took and a backward look,
And her heart grew suddenly lighter;
A trifle, you say, to color a day,
Yet the dull gray morn seemed brighter,
For hearts are such that a tender touch
May banish a look of sadness;
A small, bright thing can make us sing,
But a frown will check our gladness.

The cheeriest ray along our way
Is the little act of kindness,
And the keenest sting some careless thing
That was done in a moment of blindness.
We can bravely face life in a home where
strife
No foothold can discover,
And be lovers still if we only will,
Though youth's bright days are over.

Ah, sharp as swords cut the unkind words
That are far beyond recalling,
When a face lies hid 'neath a coffin lid,
And bitter tears are falling,
We fain would give the lives we live
To undo our idle scorning;
Then let's not miss the smile and kiss
When we part in the light of morning.

THY LONG DAY'S WORK.

NOW is done thy long day's work ;
 Fold thy palms across thy breast—
 Fold thine arms, turn to thy rest.
 Let them rave.
 Shadows of the silver birch
 Sweep the green that folds thy grave
 Let them rave.



Thee nor carketh care nor slander ;
 Nothing but the small cold worm
 Fretteth thine enshrouded form.
 Let them rave.
 Light and shadow ever wander
 O'er the green that folds thy grave.
 Let them rave.

Thou wilt not turn upon thy bed ;
 Chanteth not the brooding bee
 Sweeter tones than calumny ?
 Let them rave.
 Thou wilt never raise thine head
 From the green that folds thy grave.
 Let them rave.

Crocodiles wept tears for thee ;
 The woodbine and eglare
 Drip sweeter dew than traitor's tear.
 Let them rave.
 Rain makes music in the tree
 O'er the green that folds thy grave.
 Let them rave.

Round thee blow, self-pleached deep,
 Bramble roses, faint and pale,
 And long purples of the dale.
 Let them rave.
 These in every shower creep
 Through the green that folds thy grave.
 Let them rave.

The gold-eyed kingcups fine,
 The frail blue-bell peereth over
 Rare broid'ry of the purple clover.
 Let them rave.
 Kings have no such couch as
 thine,
 As the green that folds thy
 grave.
 Let them rave.

Wild words wander here and there ;
 God's great gift of speech abused
 Makes thy memory confused—
 But let them rave.
 The balm-cricket carols clear
 In the green that folds thy grave.
 Let them rave. ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE DIRGE OF IMOGEN.

FEAR no more the heat o' the sun,
 Nor the furious winter's rages :
 Thou thy world task hath done,
 Home art gone and ta'en thy wages :
 Golden lads and girls all must
 As chimney-sweepers come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great—
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak.
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finished joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation have;
And renowned be thy grave!

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

OH! SNATCHED AWAY IN BEAUTY'S BLOOM.

OH! snatched away in beauty's bloom,
On thee shall press no ponderous tomb;
But on thy turf shall roses rear
Their leaves, the earliest of the year;
And the wild cypress wave in tender gloom.

And oft by yon blue gushing stream
Shall sorrow lean her drooping head,
And feed deep thought with many a dream,
And lingering pause and lightly tread—
Fond wretch! as if her step disturbed the dead.

Away! we know that tears are vain,
That death nor heeds nor hears distress:
Will this unteach us to complain?
Or make one mourner weep the less?
And thou who tell'st me to forget,
Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.

LORD BYRON.

LOST AND FOUND.

SOME miners were sinking a shaft in Wales—
(I know not where,—but the facts have
filled
A chink in my brain, while other tales
Have been swept away, as, when pearls are spilled,
One pearl rolls into a chink in the floor);
Somewhere, then, where God's light is killed,
And men tear in the dark at the earth's hearth-
core.
These men were at work, when their axes knocked
A hole in the passage closed years before.
A slip in the earth, I suppose, had blocked
This gallery suddenly up with a heap
Of rubble, as safe as a chest is locked,

Till these men picked it! and 'gan to creep
In, on all fours. Then a loud shout ran
Round the black roof—"Here's a man asleep!"

They all pushed forward, and scarce a span
From the mouth of the passage, in sooth, the lamp
Fell on the upturned face of a man.

No taint of death, no decaying damp
Had touched that fair young brow, whereon
Courage had set its glorious stamp.

Calm as a monarch upon his throne,
Lips hard clenched, no shadow of fear,
He sat there, taking his rest, alone.

He must have been there for many a year;
The spirit had fled, but there was its shrine,
In clothes of a century old or near!

The dry and embalming air of the mine
Had arrested the natural hand of decay,
Nor faded the flesh, nor dimmed a line.

Who was he then? No man could say
When the passage had suddenly fallen in—
Its memory, even, had passed away!

In their great rough arms, begrimed with coal,
They took him up, as a tender lass
Will carry a babe, from that darksome hole,

To the outer world of the short warm grass.
Then up spoke one, "Let us send for Bess,
She is seventy-nine, come Martinmas;

"Older than any one here, I guess!
Belike, she may mind when the wall fell there,
And remember the chap by his comeliness."

So they brought old Bess, with her silver hair,
To the side of the hill, where the dead man lay
Ere the flesh had crumbled in outer air.

And the crowd around them all gave way,
As with tottering steps old Bess drew nigh,
And bent o'er the face of the unchanged clay.

Then suddenly rang a sharp low cry!
Bess sank on her knees, and wildly tossed
Her withered arms in the summer sky.

"O Willie! Willie! my lad! my lost!
The Lord be praised! after sixty years
I see you again! The tears you cost,

"O Willie, darlin', were bitter tears!
They never looked for ye underground,
They told me a tale to mock my fears!

"They said ye were auver the sea—ye'd found
A lass ye loved better nor me, to explain
How ye'd a-vanished fra sight and sound!

"O darlin', a long, long life o' pain
I ha' lived since then! And now I'm old,
Seems a'most as if youth were come back again.

"Seeing ye there wi' your locks o' gold,
And limbs as straight as ashen beams,
I a'most forgot how the years ha' rolled

"Between us! O Willie! how strange it seems
To see ye here as I've seen you oft,
Auer and auer again in dreams!"

In broken words like these, with soft
Low wail she rocked herself. And none
Of the rough men around her scoffed.

For surely a sight like this, the sun
Had rarely looked upon. Face to face,
The old dead love and the living one!

The dead, with its undimmed fleshy grace
At the end of the three-score years; the quick,
Puckered, and withered, without a trace

Of its warm girl beauty! A wizard's trick
Bringing the youth and the love that were,
Back to the eyes of the old and sick!

These bodies were just of one age; yet there
Death, clad in youth, had been standing still,
While life had been fretting itself threadbare!

But the moment was come (as a moment will
To all who have loved, and have parted here,
And have toiled alone up the thorny hill;

When, at the top, as their eyes see clear,
Over the mists in the vale below,
Mere specks their trials and toils appear,

Beside the eternal rest they know)—
Death came to old Bess that night, and gave
The welcome summons that she should go.
And now, though the rains and winds may rave,
Nothing can part them. Deep and wide,
The miners that evening dug one grave!

And there, while the summers and winters glide
Old Bess and young Willie sleep side by side!

HAMILTON HIDE.

OVER THE RANGE.

HALF-SLEEPING, by the fire I sit,
I start and wake, it is so strange
To find myself alone, and Tom
Across the Range.

We brought him in with heavy feet
And eased him down; from eye to eye,
Though no one spoke, there passed a fear
That Tom must die.

He rallied when the sun was low,
And spoke; I thought the words were strange;
"It's almost night, and I must go
Across the Range."

"What, Tom?" He smiled and nodded:

"Yes,
They've struck it rich there, Jim, you know,
The parson told us; you'll come soon;
Now Tom must go."

I brought his sweetheart's pictured face:
Again that smile, so sad and strange.



"Tell her," said he, "that Tom has gone
Across the Range."

The last night lingered on the hill.
"There's a pass, somewhere," then he said,
And lip, and eye, and hand were still;
And Tom was dead.

Half-sleeping, by the fire I sit:
I start and wake, it is so strange
To find myself alone, and Tom
Across the Range.

J. HARRISON MILLS.

SOLITUDE

IT is not that my lot is low
That makes the silent tear to flow;
It is not grief that bids me moan;
It is that I am all alone.

In woods and glens I love to roam,
When the tired hedger hies him home;
Or by the woodland pool to rest,
When pale the star looks on its breast.

Yet when the silent evening sighs
With hallowed airs and symphonies,
My spirit takes another tone,
And sighs that it is all alone.

The autumn leaf is sere and dead—
It floats upon the water's bed;
I would not be a leaf, to die
Without recording sorrow's sigh!

The woods and winds, with sullen wail,
Tell all the same unvaried tale;
I've none to smile when I am free,
And when I sigh to sigh with me.

Yet in my dreams a form I view,
That thinks on me, and loves me too;
I start, and when the vision's flown,
I weep that I am all alone.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

THE VOICELESS.

WE count the broken lyres that rest
Where the sweet wailing singers slumber,
But o'er their silent sister's breast
The wild flowers who will stoop to number?
A few can touch the magic string,
And noisy fame is proud to win them;
Alas for those that never sing,
But die with all their music in them!

Nay, grieve not for the dead alone,
Whose song has told their heart's sad story:
Weep for the voiceless, who have known
The cross without the crown of glory!
Not where Leucadian breezes sweep
O'er Sappho's memory-haunted billow,
But where the glistening night-dews weep
On nameless sorrow's church-yard pillow.

O hearts that break, and give no sign,
Save whitening lip and fading tresses,
Till Death pours out his cordial wine,
Slow-dropped from misery's crushing presses!
If singing breath or echoing chord
To every hidden pang were given,
What endless melodies were poured,
As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven!

O. W. HOLMES.

A LAMENT.

SWIFTER far than summer's flight,
Swifter far than youth's delight,
Swifter far than happy night,
Art thou come and gone;
As the earth when leaves are dead,
As the night when sleep is sped,
As the heart when joy is fled,
I am left alone, alone.

The swallow, summer, comes again;
The owl, night, resumes her reign;
But the wild swan, youth, is fain
To fly with thee, false as thou.
My heart each day desires the morrow;
Sleep itself is turned to sorrow;
Vainly would my winter borrow
Sunny leaves from any bough.

Lilies for a bridal bed,
Roses for a matron's head,
Violets for a maiden dead—
Pansies let my flowers be;
On the living grave I bear,
Scatter them without a tear,
Let no friend, however dear,
Waste one hope, one fear for me.

P. B. SHELLEY.

SONG OF THE SILENT LAND.

FROM THE GERMAN.

INTO the silent land!
Ah! who shall lead us thither!
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand:
Who leads us with a gentle hand
Thither, oh, thither!
Into the silent land?

Into the silent land!
To you, ye boundless regions
Of all perfection! Tender morning-visions
Of beauteous souls! The future's pledge and band!
Who in life's battle firm doth stand
Shall bear hope's tender blossoms
Into the silent land!

O land! O land!
For all the broken-hearted
The mildest herald by our fate allotted
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand
To lead us with a gentle hand
Into the land of the great departed—
Into the silent land!

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE MOTHER'S DREAM.

I'D a dream to-night
As I fell asleep,
Oh! the touching sight
Makes me still to weep:

Of my little lad,
Gone to leave me sad,
Aye, the child I had,
But was not to keep.

Night that no morn shall break,
Till joy shall overtake
Her perfect peace.

CHRISTINA G. ROSETTI

As in heaven high,
I my child did seek,
There, in train, came by
Children fair and meek
Each in lily white,
With a lamp alight;
Each was clear to sight,
But they did not speak.

Then, a little sad,
Came my child in turn,
But the lamp he had,
Oh! it did not burn;
He, to clear my doubt,
Said, half turned about,
"Your tears put it out;
Mother, never mourn!"

WILLIAM BARNES.

DREAM-LAND.

WHERE sunless rivers
weep
Their waves into the
deep,
She sleeps a charmed sleep;
Awake her not.
Led by a single star,
She came from very far,
To seek where shadows are
Her pleasant lot.

She left the rosy morn,
She left the fields of corn,
For twilight cold and lorn
And water-springs.
Through sleep, as through a
veil,
She sees the sky look pale,
And hears the nightingale
That sadly sings.

Rest, rest, a perfect rest
Shed over brow and breast;
Her face is toward the west,
The purple land.

She cannot see the grain
Ripening on hill and plain;
She cannot feel the rain
Upon her hand.

Rest, rest, for evermore
Upon a mossy shore;
Rest, rest at the heart's core
Till time shall cease:
Sleep that no pain shall wake,



Symon.

DEATH OF THE FIRST-BORN.

This beautiful extract from "Arthur Bonnicastle," will be read with deep and tender interest by many whose experience it truthfully portrays.

I STAND in a darkened room before a little casket that holds the silent form of my first-born. My arm is around the wife and mother, who weeps over the lost treasure and

cannot, till tears have had their way, be comforted. I had not thought that my child could die—that *my* child could die. I knew that other children had died, but I felt safe. We laid the little fellow close by his grandfather at last; we strew his grave with flowers, and then return to

ordination to their helplessness, they have taught me patience, self-sacrifice, self-control, truthfulness, faith, simplicity and purity.

Ah! this taking to one's arms a little group of souls, fresh from the hand of God, and living with them in loving companionship through all

their stainless years, is, or ought to be, like living in heaven, for of such is the heavenly kingdom. To no one of these am I more indebted than to the boy who went away from us before the world had touched him with a stain. The key that shut him in the tomb was the only key that could unlock my heart, and let in among its sympathies the world of sorrowing men and women who mourn because their little ones are not.

The little graves, alas! how many they are! The mourners above them, how vast the multitude! Brothers, sisters, I am one with you. I press your hands, I weep with you, I trust with you, I belong to you. Those waxen, folded hands; that still breast which I have so often pressed warm to my own; those sleep-bound eyes which have been so full of love and life; that sweet, unmoving, alabaster face—ah! we have all looked upon them, and they have made us one and made us better. There is no fountain which the angel of healing troubles with his restless and life-giving wings so con-

stantly as the fountain of tears, and only those too lame and bruised to bathe, miss the blessed influence.

J. G. HOLLAND.

HOPE.

THE wretch condemned with life to part,
Still, still on hope relies;
And ev'ry pang that rends the heart,
Bids expectation rise.
Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.



our saddened home with hearts united in sorrow as they had never been united in joy, and with sympathies forever opened toward all who are called to a kindred grief.

I wonder where he is to-day, in what mature angelhood he stands, how he will look when I meet him, how he will make himself known to me, who have been his teacher! He was like me: will his grandfather know him? I never can cease thinking of him as cared for and led by the same hand to which my own youthful fingers clung, and as hearing from the fond lips of my own father, the story of his father's eventful life. I feel how wonderful to me has been the ministry of my children—how much more I have learned from them than they have ever learned from me—how by holding my own strong life in sweet sub-

THE GATES OF PEARL:

OR

SACRED POEMS AND SELECTIONS.

FORGIVENESS.



WHEN on the fragrant sandal-tree
The woodman's axe descends,
And she who bloomed so beautifully
Beneath the keen stroke bends,
E'en on the edge that wrought her death
Dying she breathed her sweetest breath,
As if to token in her fall,
Peace to her foes, and love to all.

How hardly man this lesson learns,
To smile, and bless the hand that spurns;
To see the blow, to feel the pain,
But render only love again!

This spirit not to earth is given—
ONE had it, but He came from heaven.
Reviled, rejected and betrayed,
No curse He breathed, no 'plaint He made,
But when in death's deep pang He sighed,
Prayed for His murderers, and died.

BETHLEHEM TOWN.

THERE burns a star o'er Bethlehem town—
See, O my eyes!
And gloriously it beameth down
Upon a Virgin Mother meek
And Him whom solemn Magi seek;
Burn on, O star! and be the light
To guide us all to Him this night.

The angels walk in Bethlehem town—
Hush, O my heart!

The angels come and bring a crown
To Him, our Saviour and our King,
And sweetly all this night they sing;
Sing on in rapture, angel throng,
That we may learn that heavenly song.

Near Bethlehem town there blooms a tree—
O heart, beat low!
And it shall stand on Calvary;
But from the shade thereof we turn
Unto the star that still shall burn
When Christ is dead and risen again,
To mind us that He died for men.

There is a cry in Bethlehem town—
Hark, O my soul!
'Tis of the Babe that wears the crown;
It telleth us that man is free—
That He redeemeth all and me.
The night is sped—behold the morn—
Sing, O my soul, the Christ is born!

EUGENE FILL.

THE LOST CHORD.

SEATED one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the ivory keys;
I know not what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then,
But I struck one chord of music
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight
Like the close of an angel's psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit
With a touch of infinite calm.
It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife;
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed meanings
 Into one perfect peace,
 And trembled away into silence
 As if it were loth to cease.
 I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
 That one lost chord divine
 Which came from the soul of the organ
 And entered into mine.

It may be that death's bright angel
 Will speak in that chord again;
 It may be that only in heaven
 I shall hear that grand Amen.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR.

"PLEASE TO SAY AMEN."

IN the bonny Scottish Highlands
 At a manse I was a guest—
 All the land a flush of heather,
 Glowing sweet the summer weather,
 Filling me with balm and rest.

Seven precious little children
 Made a heaven of the manse,
 With their coaxes, loves and kisses,
 Singing ecstasies and blisses,
 Ever circling in a dance.

Jessie was my dove, my darling,
 Oh, she came from elfin land!
 With her eyes of starry splendor,
 Rosy mouth so sweet and tender,
 Little queen of all the band.

To the kirk upon the Sunday
 Jessie took me o'er the lea.
 Soon her golden head low bending,
 Soft she whispered, "Now descending
 Holy Spirit, come to me."

Then she said, her eyes uplifted
 Bright with the momentous news,
 "My papa it is who preaches,
 And the *gospital* he teaches
 To the people in the pews.

"That *big bookie* is the Bible;
 It was written long ago.
 Now the bell has ceased its ringing,
 We'll have praying, we'll have singing,
 Like a little heaven below."

So that lovely wee thing taught me,
 And of earthly thoughts beguiled;
 There I listened to the preaching,
 But the *gospital*, the teaching,
 Was from heaven through the child.

At the quiet manse that evening
 Came an aged friend to stay;
 All the bonny bairns before us,
 And the moonlight flooding o'er us,
 Knelt he slowly down to pray.

Jessie nestled close beside me,
 Tiny hands were folded tight,
 Baby face composed so quaintly,
 Clothed upon with whiteness saintly,
 By the mystic sweet moonlight.

Long and solemn was the praying.
 Then there came a gentle touch.
 "I'll be quiet as a mouseie,
 But oh, never in my housie
 Did my papa pray so much!"

Soft she rose—I never hindering—
 Stepping light on tiptoe then
 Crept she close where he was praying,
 In his ear she whispered, saying,
 "Oh sir, please to say Amen!"

"From the mouths of babes and sucklings
 Hast thou, Father, perfect praise."
 Rather say "Amen" when weary,
 Than to render homage dreary
 To the Author of our days.

THE OLD MAN IN THE NEW CHURCH.

THEY'VE left the old church, Nancy, and
 gone into a new;
 There's paintings on the windows, and
 cushions in each pew;
 I looked up at the shepherd, then around upon the
 sheep.
 And thought what great inducements for the
 drowsy ones to sleep.

Yes! When I saw the cushions, and the flowers
 fine and gay,
 In all the sisters' bonnets, I couldn't help but
 say,
 "Must I be carried to the skies on flowery beds
 of ease
 While others fought to win the prize and sailed
 through bloody seas?"

The preacher read the good old hymns sung in our
 youthful days—
 "Oh for a thousand tongues to sing my great Re-
 deemer's praise!"
 And, though a thousand tongues were there, they
 didn't catch the fire.
 And so the good old hymn was sung by a new-
 fangled choir.

I doubt not but the people called the music very
 fine,
 But if they heard a word they said, they've better
 ears than mine;
 For the new tune in the new church was a very
 twisting thing,
 And not much like the tunes of old that Christians
 used to sing.

Why, Nancy, in the good old times, the singing sounded more
 Like the noise of many waters as they beat upon the shore ;

"The Lord's ear is not heavy." He can hear a sinner's cry
 "In a church that is not painted like a rainbow in the sky ;



For everybody knew the tunes, and everybody sang,
 And the churches, though not quite so fine, with hallelujahs rang.

Now I'm not an old fogy, but I sometimes want to scold,
 When I see our people leave good ways simply because they're old ;
 I've served the Lord nigh forty years, and, till I'm 'neath the sod,
 I shall always love the simple, good old ways of serving God.

"The Lord's arm is not shortened." He will save a sinner, now,
 Though he may in lonely hovel, on a cold earth-altar bow.

But they've left the old church, Nancy, and gone into a new,
 And I fear they've gone in more for style than for the good and true ;
 And, from what little I heard said I fear that, sadder yet,
 In beating other churches, they've got badly into debt.

We didn't think of lotteries and grab-bags, years ago,
As means of raising money to make a better show;
When the church demanded dollars, we all, with one accord,
Put our hands down in our pockets and gave them to the Lord.

While I sat there at the meetin', looking 'round from pew to pew,
I saw no familiar faces, for the faces all were new;
When the services were ended all the members passed me by;
None were there to greet the old man with gray hairs and failing eye.

Then I knew that God had taken to the temple in the skies
All the soldiers that with you and I fought hard to win the prize;
I some doubt if Christians now-a-days will reach the gates of gold
Any better in the new ways than they did in the old.

For the Lord looks not on tinsel; His spirit will depart
When the love of worldly grandeur takes possession of the heart;
Oh! I know the Lord of glory will pass through a hovel door,
Sooner than through temple portals where are no seats for the poor.

In a little while, dear Nancy, we will lay our armor down,
And from the King Eternal we'll receive our starry crown;
Then we'll meet the blessed pilgrims that we worshipped with of old,
And we'll worship there, together, in the city built of gold.

JOHN H. YATES.

SOMETIME, SOMEWHERE.

UNANSWERED yet! The prayer your lips have pleaded
In agony of heart, these many years?
Does faith begin to fail, is hope departing,
And think you all in vain those falling tears?
Say not the Father hath not heard your prayer;
You shall have your desire, sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? though when you first presented
This one petition to the Father's throne,
It seemed you could not wait the time of asking,
So urgent was your heart to make it known.
Though years have passed since then, do not despair;
The Lord will answer you sometime somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Nay, do not say, ungranted!
Perhaps your part is not yet wholly done.
The work began when first your prayer was uttered,
And God will finish what He has begun.
If you will keep the incense burning there,
His glory you shall see, sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Faith cannot be unanswered,
Her feet are firmly planted on the Rock;
Amid the wildest storms she stands undaunted,
Nor quails before the loudest thunder shock.
She knows Omnipotence has heard her prayer,
And cries, "It shall be done, sometime, somewhere."
ROBERT BROWNING.

HEAVENWARD.

SO many hills arising, green and gray,
On earth's large round, and that one hill to say:

"I was his bearing place!" On earth's wide breast

So many maids! And she—of all most blest—
Heavily mounting Bethlehem, to be
His mother!—Holy Maid of Galilee!
Hill with the olives and the little town!
If rivers from their crystal founts flow down,
If 'twas the dawn which did day's gold unbar
Ye were beginnings of the best we are,
The most we see, the highest that we know,
The lifting heavenward of man's life below.

Heaven aglow!
And the mild burden of its minstrelsy;
Peace beginning to be,
Deep as the sleep of the sea
When the stars their faces glass
In its blue tranquillity;
Hearts of men upon earth
From the first to the second birth
To rest as the wild waters rest
With the colors of heaven on their breast.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

A LITTLE DREAM.

THESE years of life! What do they seem?
A little dream
Of pain and pleasure blent together;
A time of sharply changing weather,
When brilliant sunbeams gleam and die
On heavy storm-clouds sailing by—
Where falling tears
Are bright with hope and cold with fears.
What shall the future progress be
Of life with me?
God knows. I roll on Him my care;
Night is not night if He be there.
When daylight is no longer mine,
And stars forbidden are to shine,
I'll turn my eyes
To where eternal days shall rise.

THE WIDOW'S LIGHTHOUSE.

IT is related that on a small, and rocky, and almost inaccessible island, is the residence of a poor widow. The passage of the place is exceedingly dangerous to vessels, and her cottage is called the "Lighthouse," from the fact that she uniformly keeps a lamp burning in her little window at night. Early and late she may be seen trimming her lamp with oil, lest some misguided bark may perish through her neglect. For this she asks no reward. But her kindness stops not here. When any vessel is wrecked, she rests not till the chilled mariners come ashore to share her little board, and be warmed by her glowing fire. This poor woman in her younger, perhaps not happier days, though happy they must have been, for sorrow cannot lodge in such a heart, witnessed her husband struggling with the waves and swallowed up by the remorseless billows,

"In sight of home and friends who thronged to save."

This directed her benevolence towards those who brave the dangers of the deep; this prompted her present devoted and solitary life, in which her only, her sufficient enjoyment is in doing good. Sweet and blessed fruit of bereavement! What beauty is here! a loveliness I would little speak of, but more revere! a flower crushed indeed, yet sending forth its fragrance to all around! Truly, as the sun seems greatest in his lowest estate, so did sorrow enlarge her heart and make her appear the more noble, the lower it brought her down. We cannot think she was unhappy, though there was a remembered grief in her heart. A grieved heart may be a richly stored one. Where charity abounds, misery cannot.

"Such are the tender woes of love,
Fostering the heart, they bend."

HERMAN HOOKER.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

IN the bleak midwinter
Frosty wind made moan;
Earth stood hard as iron,
Water like to stone;

Snow had fallen, snow on snow,
Snow on snow.
In the bleak midwinter
Long ago.

Our God, heaven cannot hold Him,
Nor earth sustain;
Heaven and earth shall flee away
When He comes to reign;



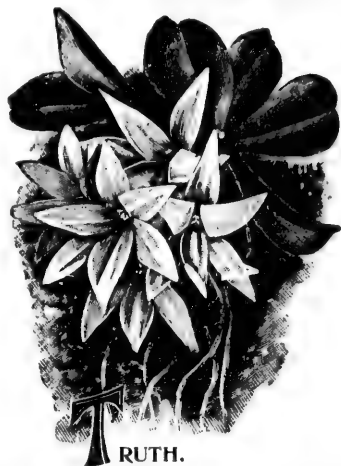
In the bleak midwinter
A stable-place sufficed
The Lord God Almighty—
Jesus Christ.

Enough of Him, whom cherubim
Worship night and day;
A breastful of milk
And a manger of hay
Enough for Him whom angels
Fall down before,
The ox and ass and camel
Which adore.

Angels and archangels
May have gathered there,
Cherubim and seraphim
Thronged the air;
But only His mother
In her maiden bliss
Worshiped the beloved
With a kiss.

What can I give Him,
 Poor as I am?
 If I were a shepherd
 I would bring a lamb,
 If I were a wise man
 I would do my part—
 Yet what I can I give Him?
 Give my heart.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.



THE **RUTH.**
 PEACE to the true man's ashes! weep for those
 Whose days in old delusions have grown dim;
 Such lives as his are triumphs, and their close
 An immortality: weep not for him.

As feathers wafted from the eagle's wings
 Lie bright among the rocks they cannot warm,
 So lie the flowery lays that genius brings,
 In the cold turf that wraps his honored form.

A practical rebuker of vain strife,
 Bolder in deeds than words, from beardless youth
 To the white hairs of age, he made his life
 A beautiful consecration to the truth.

ALICE CARY.

IN ANSWER.

“**M**ADAM, we miss the train at B——.”
 “But can't you make it, sir?” she
 gasped.

“Impossible; it leaves at three,
 And we are due a quarter past.”
 “Is there no way? O, tell me, then,
 Are you a Christian?” “I am not.”

“And are there none among the men
 Who run the train?” “No—I forgot—

I think this fellow over here,
 Oiling the engine, claims to be.”
 She threw upon the engineer
 A fair face, white with agony.

“Are you a Christian?” “Yes, I am.”
 “Then, O sir, won't you pray with me,
 All the long way, that God will stay,
 That God will hold the train at B——?”
 “'Twill do no good, it's due at three
 And”—“Yes, but God *can* hold the train;
 My dying child is calling me,
 And I *must* see her face again.
 O, *won't* you pray?” “I will,” a nod
 Emphatic, as he takes his place.
 When Christians grasp the arm of God
 They grasp the power that rules the rod.

Out from the station swept the train,
 On time, swept on past wood and lea;
 The engineer, with cheeks aflame,
 Prayed, “O Lord, hold the train at B——.”
 Then flung the throttle wide, and like
 Some giant monster of the plain,
 With panting sides and mighty strides,
 Past hill and valley, swept the train.

A half, a minute, two are gained;
 Along those burnished lines of steel
 His glances leap, each nerve is strained,
 And still he prays with fervent zeal.
 Heart, hand, and brain, with one accord,
 Work while his prayer ascends to heaven,
 “Just hold the train eight minutes, Lord,
 And I'll make up the other seven.”

With rush and roar through meadow lands,
 Past cottage homes and green hillsides,
 The panting thing obeys his hands,
 And speeds along with giant strides.
 They say an accident delayed
 The train a little while; but **He**
 Who listened while His children prayed,
 In answer, held the train at B——.

ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.

SOMETIME.

SOMETIME, dear heart, yes, sometime,
 The brighter days will come,
 And floods of golden sunlight
 Will flash across thy gloom.

Sometime for thee will open
 The fairest flowers that be,
 And sometime in the future
 The birds will sing for thee.

To all there comes a morning
 Who wait the end of night—
 For every hour of darkness
 There dawneth one of light.

Then, oh, my heart, take courage,
 The east begins to glow—
 'Tis always morning somewhere,
 'Twill come to thee I know.



The Sisters' Evening Hymn

I SAT at an open window,
Alone in a city street,
And thought of the far-off meadows,
Where blossoms and grass were sweet;
Till the murmur of lovers straying,
At home on the daisied lea,
And the songs of the children playing
Came back in a dream to me.

My soul was weary longing,
The meaning of life was dim,
But angels came in the twilight
To sing me a vesper hymn;
There were voices floating, and thrilling
My heart in its silent gloom,
As they came through the casement, filling
With music that dusky room.

They sang of the sheep that wandered,
Now safe in the blessed fold;
Of new love sweeter and purer
Than all that we dreamed of old;
Of the golden links that were shattered,
Now joined in one glorious chain;
Of the dear ones parted and scattered,
All gathered and found again.

Sweet sisters, singing at even
To gladden a stranger's breast!
Their song was a song of heaven,
A message of bliss and rest;

30

Of saints from the shadows ascended
They sang to the watcher here;
And long ere their anthem was ended
The meaning of life was clear.

SARAH DOUDNEY.

THE WELL OF LOCH MAREE.

CALM on the breast of Loch Maree
A little isle reposes;
A shadow woven of the oak
And willow o'er it closes.

Within, a Druid's mound is seen,
Set round with stony warders;
A fountain, gushing through the turf,
Flows o'er its grassy-borders.

And whoso bathes therein his brow,
With care or madness burning,
Feels once again his healthful thought
And sense of peace returning.

O! restless heart and fevered brain,
Unquiet and unstable,
That holy well of Loch Maree
Is more than idle fable!

Life's changes vex, its discords stun,
Its glaring sunshine blindeth,
And blest is he who on his way
That fount of healing findeth!

The shadows of a humbled will
 And contrite heart are o'er it:
 Go read its legend—"TRUST IN GOD"—
 On Faith's white stones before it,
 J. G. WHITTIER.

THE CHRISTIAN'S WARFARE.

SOLDIER go—but not to claim
 Mouldering spoils of earth-born treasure;
 Not to build a vaunting name,
 Not to dwell in tents of pleasure.
 Dream not that the way is smooth,
 Hope not that the thorns are roses;
 Turn no wishful eye of youth
 Where the sunny beam reposes:—
 Thou hast sterner work to do,
 Hosts to cut thy passage through
 Close behind thee gulfs are burning—
 Forward! there is no returning.

Soldier rest—but not for thee
 Spreads the world her downy pillow;
 On the rock thy couch must be,
 While around thee chafes the billow:
 Thine must be a watchful sleep,
 Wearier than another's waking;
 Such a charge as thou dost keep
 Brooks no moment of forsaking.
 Sleep as on the battle-field,
 Girded—grasping sword and shield.
 Those thou canst not name nor number
 Steal upon thy broken slumber.

Soldier, rise!—the war is done,
 Lo! the hosts of hell are flying;
 'Twas thy Lord the battle won;
 Jesus vanquished them by dying.
 Pass the stream—before thee lies
 All the conquered land of glory;
 Hark what songs of rapture rise,
 These proclaim the victor's story.
 Soldier, lay thy weapon down;
 Quit the cross and take the crown:
 Triumph! all thy foes are banished,
 Death is slain and earth has vanished.

CHARLOTTE E. TONNA.

THE MAGI'S GIFTS.

TWO thousand years have rolled around
 Since, strangely led, the Magi found
 The Babe of Bethlehem's retreat
 And bowed in worship at His feet;
 Then sealed their worship, we are told,
 With myrrh, and frankincense, and gold—
 A Gentile hand the first to bring
 An offering to the new-born King!

Whence came the gold, perhaps none knew,
 Nor whence the fragrant perfume grew;

But sure it is, no gold more fine
 Was ever dug from Ophir's mine;
 Nor since has Orient sun and air
 Distilled a perfume half so rare,
 Save that which loving Mary poured
 Upon the head of Christ her Lord.

The child-King's hands, too small to lift,
 They barely touch the Magi's gift,
 But lo! what light illumines each gem
 Touched by the Babe of Bethlehem!
 Far down the years it sheds its ray,
 Dissolving darkness into day.
 O, Magi's gold! what alchemist
 E'er dreamed of such a change as this!

Nor did the frankincense that shed
 Its perfume o'er the infant's bed,
 Its fragrance lose by night or day,
 But, as the ages passed away,
 Its hallowed sweetness filled the air
 That man might breathe it everywhere.
 Its scented breath diffuses wide
 And sweetens now our Christmastide.

Dear Lord, we may not bring Thee much.
 Transmute it, Master, by Thy touch;
 Purge out the dross of selfish thought,
 With which our gifts so oft are fraught;
 And though we cannot bring the gold
 Nor frankincense like them of old,
 Take Thou our lives and let them be,
 A living incense, Lord, for Thee.

S. C. KIRK.

ANGEL GUARDIANS.

BRAVE hearts that wage a never-ending strife
 Against temptations manifold and large,
 Concerning ye, so saith the Book of Life,
 God gives His angels charge.

Ye who proclaim the story sweet of old,
 To spread Christ's love, wide as the world is
 wide,

In danger, weariness and want—behold
 The angels at your side.

Ye sinners who have drained the bitter cup,
 But now, repentant, mourn and weep o'er sin,
 Despair not *now!* look up—to Christ look up!
 And let the angels in!

And ye who serve the Master here below
 In sweet humility and holy fear,
 Be strong to bear the burden of earth's woe,
 God's angels hover near!

What need ye dread, O servants of the King?
 Though dangers menace, imminent and large;
 O'er ye to bend upon protecting wing,
 "He gives His angels charge."

BEATRICE CLAYTON.

WHAT WAS HIS CREED?

HE left a load of anthracite
 In front of a poor widow's door
 When the deep snow, frozen and
 white
 Wrapped street and square, mountain and
 moor—
 That was his deed;
 He did it well;
 "What was his creed?"
 I cannot tell.

Blessed "in his basket and his store,"
 In sitting down and rising up;
 When more he got he gave the more,
 Withholding not the crust and cup;
 He took the lead
 In each good task;
 "What was his creed?"
 I did not ask.

His charity was like the snow,
 Soft, white, and silken in its fall;
 Not like the noisy winds that blow
 From shivering trees the leaves; a pall
 For flower and weed,
 Dropping below;
 "What was his creed?"
 The poor may know.

He had great faith in loaves of bread
 For hungry people, young and old;
 And hope inspired, kind words he said,
 To those he sheltered from the cold,
 For he must feed
 As well as pray;
 "What was his creed?"
 I cannot say.

In words he did not put his trust,
 In faith his words he never writ;
 He loved to share his cup and crust
 With all mankind who needed it;
 In time of need
 A friend was he;
 "What was his creed?"
 He told not me.

He put his trust in Heaven, and
 Worked right well with hand and head;
 And what he gave in charity
 Sweetened his sleep and daily bread.
 Let us take heed,
 For life is brief;
 "What was his creed?"
 "What was his belief?"

GETTIN' RELIGION.

I AIN'T much on religion, nor prayer-meeting
 beside.
 I've never jined the church as yet, nor ain't
 been sanctified;
 But a tender sort of feeling draws me nearer to
 the skies,
 Since I got a peep of heaven through a pair of
 trusting eyes.

Time was when nothing moved my thoughts above
 this sinful world;
 No preacher's words could stir me up, in wrath
 an' fury hurled;
 But lately I've been drifting nigher to the better land,
 And the force that leads me upward is a little
 dimpled hand.

Seems like the bad thoughts sneak away, with that
 wee chap hard by;
 And cuss words that were handy once won't come
 when he is nigh;
 Fact is, it sort o' shames me to see those clear,
 blue eyes
 Look at me (when I'm gettin' riled) in pity an'
 surprise.

I don't know much of heaven or angels an' such
 things;
 But somehow, when I picture 'em, it ain't with
 harps and wings;
 But with yellor curls all tangled, and tender eyes
 that shine,
 An' lips that's soft and loving, like that little
 chap of mine.

Then, when he folds his dimpled hands, in his
 little bed at night,
 An' whispers, "Now I lay me," why thar's some-
 thing ails my sight,
 An' my throat gits sort of husky when he blesses
 me, an' then
 I'm dead sure I've got religion by the time he
 says, "Amen!" IDA G. MORRIS.

HEAVEN OVERARCHES.

LAST POEM OF THE GIFTED AUTH'R.

HEAVEN overarches earth and sea.
 Earth-sadness and sea-bitterness,
 Heaven overarches you and me;
 A little while and we shall be—
 Please God—where there is no more sea
 Nor barren wilderness.

Heaven overarches you and me,
 And all earth's gardens and her graves.
 Look up with me, until we see
 The daybreak and the shadows flee,
 What though to-night wrecks you and me,
 If so to-morrow saves!

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.



MERCY.

The quality of mercy is not strained ;
It droppeth as the gentle dew from heaven
Upon the place beneath : it is twice blessed ;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes :
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

BEYOND.

A WANDERER far in the gloomy night
Had traversed his way, alone ;
Nor compass, nor chart, nor beacon light,
On his tortuous pathway shone ;
And the storm came on, like a demon's tread,
And the labors of man were tost
On the seething tempest, as hope were fled,
And the weary soul were lost ;
But soft through that tempest's billowy wrath,
A bright ray glinted across the path ;
Like the voice of an angel, far and free,
Rang "Near—er, my God, to Thee—
Near—er to Thee!"

The rage of that tempest, fierce and wild,
Like the marshaled hosts of wrong,
Dispelled, as the voice of the gentle child
Continued its heaven-taught song.
And the wanderer bravely struggled on
Toward that doubly sacred goal,
For the blissful light of a perfect dawn
Had gladdened his eager soul ;
He stood, transfixed by a mystic spell,
As the song like an inspiration fell :
"Still—all—my—song—shall—be,
Near—er, my God, to Thee—
Near—er to Thee!"

Oh, thus do the bitter storms conceal
The light of a perfect day ;
Thus does the sacred song reveal
Hope's beauteous beacon ray ;

Gethsemane heard the pilgrim's cry
That echoed in worlds above ;
The thunders that crashed from Sinai
But opened the gates of love ;
The song that is echoing down the years,
With their heaving tempest of doubts and fears,
The wanderer's compass and chart shall be !
"Near—er, my God, to Thee—
Near—er to Thee!"

MARY MAGDAEEN.

FROM THE SPANISH.

BLESSED, yet sinful one, and broken-hearted!
The crowd are pointing at the thing for-
lorn,
In wonder and in scorn !
Thou weepest days of innocence departed ;
Thou weepest, and thy tears have power to move
The Lord to pity and love.

The greatest of thy follies is forgiven,
Even for the least of all the tears that shine
On that pale cheek of thine.
Thou didst kneel down, to Him who came from
heaven,
Evil and ignorant, and thou shalt rise
Holy, and pure, and wise.

It is not much that to the fragrant blossom
The ragged brier should change ; the bitter fir
Distil Arabian myrrh !
Nor that, upon the wintry desert's bosom,
The harvest should rise plenteous, and the swain
Bear home the abundant grain.

But come and see the bleak and barren mountains
Thick to their tops with roses ; come and see
Leaves on the dry dead tree ;
The perished plant, set out by living fountains,
Grows fruitful, and its beauteous branches rise,
For ever, toward the skies.

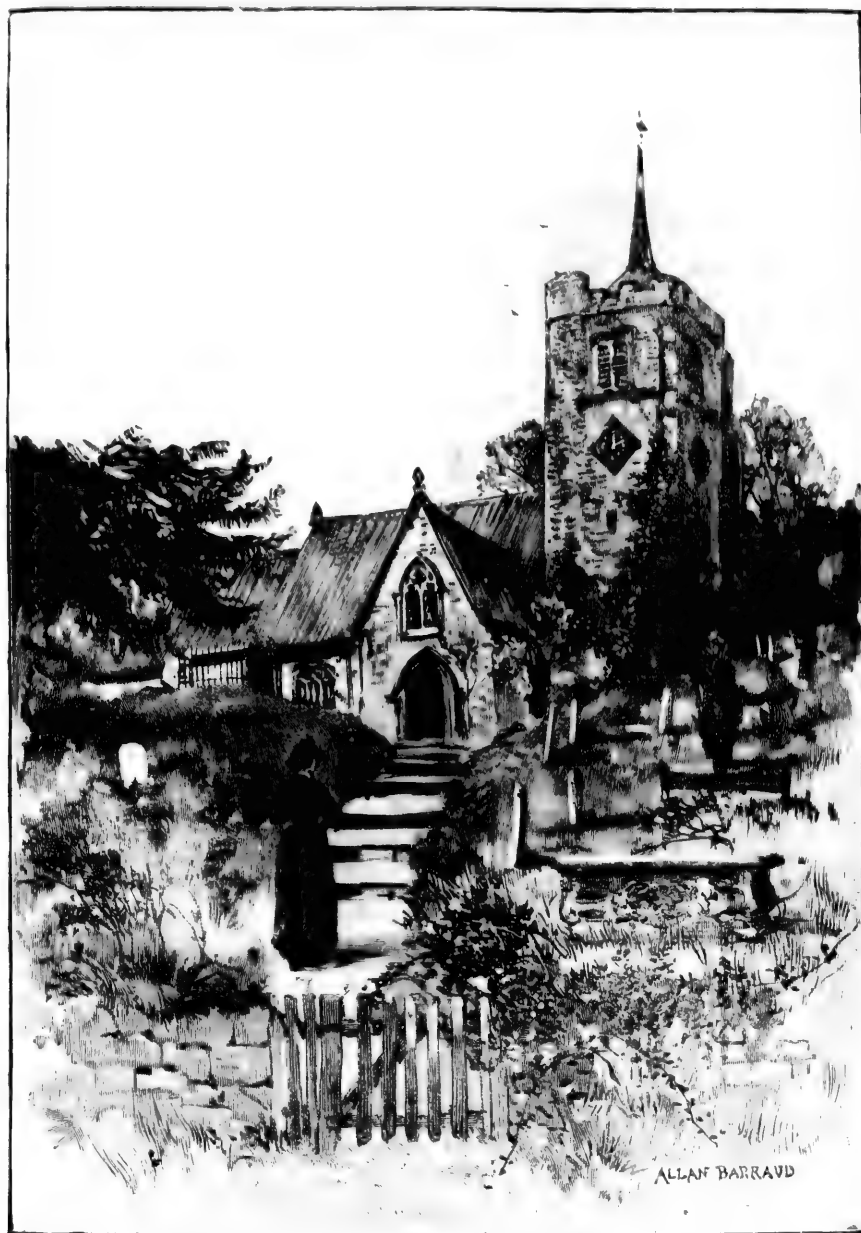
W. C. BRYANT.

THE QUAKER OF THE OLDEN TIME.

THE Quaker of the olden time !—
How calm and firm and true,
Unspotted by its wrong and crime,
He walked the dark earth through ;
The lust of power, the love of gain,
The thousand lures of sin
Around him, had no power to stain
The purity within.

With that deep insight which detects
All great things in the small,
And knows how each man's life affects
The spiritual life of all,
He walked by faith and not by sight,
By love and not by law ;
The presence of the wrong or right
He rather felt than saw.

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 C. BRYANT.
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THE OLD BEDFORD CHURCH.

He felt that wrong with wrong partakes,
That nothing stands alone,
That whoso gives the motive, makes
His brother's sin his own.
And, pausing not for doubtful choice
Of evils great or small,
He listened to that inward voice
Which called away from all.

from their habitations, and, with solemn demeanor, bend their measured steps to the meeting-house;—the families of the minister, the squire, the doctor, the merchant, the modest gentry of the village, and the mechanic and laborer, all arrayed in their best, all meeting on even ground, and all with that consciousness of independence and equality, which breaks down the pride of the rich,



Oh! Spirit of that early day,
So pure and strong and true,
Be with us in the narrow way
Our faithful fathers knew.
Give strength the evil to forsake,
The cross of truth to bear,
And love and reverent fear to make
Our daily lives a prayer!

J. G. WHITTIER.

A SABBATH IN THE COUNTRY.

THE Sabbath morning is as peaceful as the first hallowed day. Not a human sound is heard without the dwellings, and, but for the lowing of the herds, the crowing of the cocks, and the gossiping of the birds, animal life would seem to be extinct, till, at the bidding of the church-going bell, the old and young issue

and rescues the poor from servility, envy, and discontent. If a morning salutation is reciprocated, it is in a suppressed voice; and if, perchance, nature, in some reckless urchin, burst forth in laughter—"My dear, you forget it's Sunday," is the ever-ready reproof.

Though every face wears a solemn aspect, yet we once chanced to see even a deacon's muscles relaxed by the wit of a neighbor, and heard him allege, in a half-deprecating, half-laughing voice, "The squire is so droll, that a body must laugh, though it be Sabbath-day."

Towards the close of the day (or to borrow a phrase descriptive of his feelings, who first used it), "when the Sabbath begins to abate," the children cluster about the windows. Their eyes wander from their catechism to the western sky, and, though it seems to them as if the sun would never disappear, his broad disk does slowly sink behind

the mountain; and, while his last ray still lingers on the eastern summits, merry voices break forth, and the ground resounds with bounding footsteps. The village belle arrays herself for her twilight walk; the boys gather on "the green;" the lads and girls throng to the "singing school;" while some coy maiden lingers at home, awaiting her expected suitor; and all enter upon the pleasures of the evening with as keen a relish as if the day had been a preparatory penance.

CATHERINE M. SEDGWICK.

THE FOLD.

WHEN God shall ope the gates of gold,
The portals of the heavenly fold,
And bid his flock find pasture wide
Upon a new earth's green hillside,

What poor strayed sheep shall thither fare,
Black-smirched beneath the sunny air,
To wash away in living springs
The mud and mire of earthly things!

What lonely ewes with eyes forlorn,
With weary feet and fleeces torn,
To whose shorn back no wind was stayed,
Nor any rough ways smooth were made:

What happy little lambs shall leap
To those sad ewes and spattered sheep,
With gamesome feet and joyful eyes,
From years of play in Paradise!

The wind is chill, the hour is late;
Haste Thee, dear Lord, undo the gate,
For grim wolf-sorrows prowl and range
These bitter hills of chance and change:

And from the barren wilderness
With homeward face Thy flocks do press:
Their worn bells ring a jangled chime—
Shepherd, come forth, 'tis eventime.

THE GOLDEN STREET.

THE toil is very long and I am tired:
Oh, Father, I am weary of the way!
Give me that rest I have so long desired;
Bring me that Sabbath's cool, refreshing day,
And let the fever of my world-worn feet
Press the cool smoothness of the golden street.

Tired,—very tired! And I at times have seen,
When the far pearly gates were open thrown
For those who walked no more with me, the green
Sweet foliage of the trees that there alone
At last wave over those whose world-worn feet
Press the cool smoothness of the golden street.

When the gates open, and before they close—
Sad hours but holy—I have watched the tide
Whose living crystal there forever flows
Before the throne, and sadly have I sighed

To think how long until my world-worn feet
Press the cool smoothness of the golden street.

They shall not wander from the blessed way;—
Nor heat, nor cold, nor weariness, nor sin,
Nor any clouds in that eternal
Trouble them more who once entered in;
But all is rest to them whose world-worn feet
Press the cool smoothness of the golden street

Thus the gates close and I behold no more,—
Though, as I walk, they open oftener now
For those who leave me and go on before:—
And I am lonely also while I bow
And think of those dear souls whose world-
worn feet
Press the cool smoothness of the golden street.

Tired, very tired!—but I will patient be,
Nor will I murmur at the weary way:
I too shall walk beside the crystal sea,
And pluck the ripe fruit, all that God-lit day,
When Thou, O Lord, shalt let my world-worn
feet
Press the cool smoothness of the golden street.

WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

EMPTY PRAYERS.

I DO not like to hear him pray—
"Let blessings on the widow be,"
Who never seeks her home to say—
"If want o'ertakes you, come to me."
I hate the prayer, so long and loud,
That's offered for the orphan's weal,
By him who sees him crushed by wrong,
And only with his lips doth feel.

I do not like to hear her pray,
With jeweled ears and silken dress,
Whose washed woman toils all day,
And then is asked to "work for less."
Such pious shavers I despise;
With folded arms and face demure,
They lift to heaven their "angel" eyes,
Then steal the earnings of the poor.

OH, FOR THE BRIDAL FEAST.

OH for the robes of whiteness!
Oh for the tearless eyes!
Oh for the glorious brightness
Of the unclouded skies!
Oh for the no more weeping
Within the land of love,
The endless joy of keeping
The bridal feast above.

CHARITIE L. SMITH.

PRAYER AND POTATOES.

These quaint lines are said to have formed a part of a charity sermon preached at Dorchester, Mass.



It followed him home to his cosy room,
It haunted his soul in the midnight gloom,
"Oh, give the hungry potatoes!"
He could bear it no longer—he rose and dressed,
And took from his cellar a bag of his best,
His finest and best potatoes.

Again he went to the widow's hut;
Her weary eyes she had never shut;
Still there she sat in her old arm-chair,

WITH troubled face and neglected hair,
An old dame sat in her old arm chair,
And wearily sighed, "Potatoes!"
For days and for weeks her meagre fare,
As she sat alone in her old arm-chair,
Had been nothing at all but potatoes.

And now they were finished: bad or good,
There remained for to day's and to-morrow's food
Not one of her stock of potatoes.
And she shook her head and she murmured, "Oh!
Where shall I send? to whom shall I go
For another supply of potatoes?"

And she thought of the deacon over the way—
The deacon so ready to worship and pray,
Whose cellar was full of potatoes.
Said she, "I'll send for the deacon—yes!
He'll never grudge me a few, I guess,
Out of such a store of potatoes."

The deacon came over as fast as he could,
Rejoiced at a chance of doing her good,
But never once thought of potatoes.
"Now, tell me," said he, "the chief want of your soul;"
And she, good woman, expecting a dole,
Immediately said "Potatoes."

But the deacon's religion went not that way;
He was more accustomed to preach and pray
Than to give of his hoarded potatoes;
N. catching at all what the old dame said,
He rose to pray with uncovered head—
But she only thought of potatoes.

He prayed for wisdom and truth and grace:
"Lord, send her light from Thy holy place!"
She murmured, "Oh, send potatoes!"
And still at the close of each prayer he said,
He heard, or fancied he heard, instead
This strange request for potatoes.

The deacon got into quite a fuss—
It was awful that folks should be thinking thus
About perishing, carnal potatoes!
He slammed the door—for his wrath was stirred—
And lo! as it closed, a groan he heard,
"Oh, give the hungry potatoes!"

With the same wan features, the same sad air;
So, entering in, from his goodly store
A bushel or more he poured on the floor,
Of the pick of his prime potatoes.

The widow's heart leaped up at the sight;
Her brow smoothed out and her eyes grew
bright.

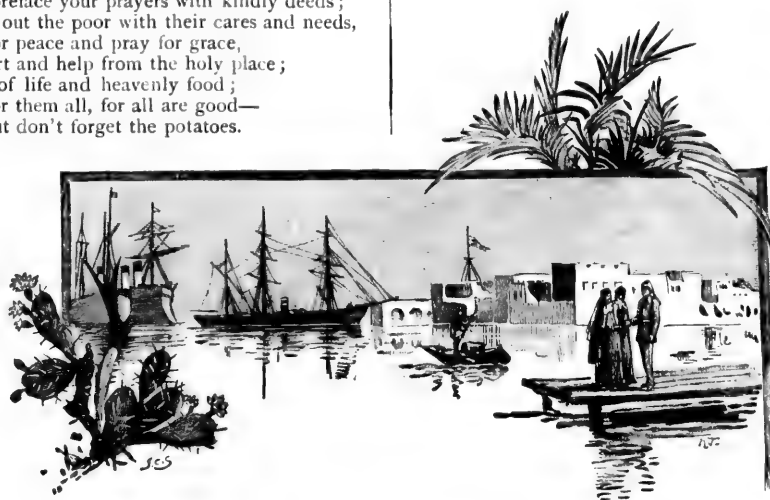
"Now," said the deacon, "we'll kneel and pray."
"Yes," said the widow, "now you may."

So he kneeled him down on the sanded floor
Which the cheery potatoes had trundled o'er,
And such a prayer the deacon prayed
As never before his lips essayed;
Stinted and slow it was wont to be,
But now from his soul the prayer gushed free:
To his softened eyes the tears must start;
"Amen" came up from the widow's heart—
But never a word of potatoes.

Would you, good people, who hear my tale
Pray for the poor, and, praying, "prevail?"
Then preface your prayers with kindly deeds;
Search out the poor with their cares and needs,
Pray for peace and pray for grace,
Comfort and help from the holy place;
Water of life and heavenly food;
Pray for them all, for all are good—
But don't forget the potatoes.

"Isaac! my only son!"—The boy looked up,
And Abraham turned his face away, and wept.
"Where is the lamb, my father?"—Oh the
tones,
The sweet, the thrilling music of a child!—
How it doth agonize at such an hour!—
It was the last deep struggle. Abraham held
His loved, his beautiful, his only son,
And he lifted up his arm, and called on God—
And lo! God's angel stayed him—and he fell
Upon his face, and wept.

N. P. WILLIS.



THE SACRIFICE OF ISAAC.

IT was noon—
And Abraham on Moriah bowed himself,
And buried up his face, and prayed for
strength.

He could not look upon his son, and pray;
But, with his hand upon the clustering curls
Of the fair, kneeling boy, he prayed that God
Would nerve him for that hour. Oh! man was
made

For the stern conflict. In a mother's love
There is more tenderness; the thousand chords,
Woven with every fibre of her heart,
Complain, like delicate harp-strings, at a breath;
But love in man is one deep principle,
Which, like a root grown in a rifted rock,
Abides the tempest. He rose up, and laid
The wood upon the altar. All was done.
He stood a moment—and a deep, quick flush
Passed o'er his countenance; and then he nerved
His spirit with a bitter strength, and spoke—

OUR BELOVED DEAD.

THEY say if our beloved dead
Should seek the old familiar place,
Some stranger would be there instead,
And they would find no welcome face.

I cannot tell how it might be
In other homes—but this I know:
Could my lost darling come to me,
That she would never find it so.

Oftimes the flowers have come and gone,
Oftimes the winter winds have blown,
The while her peaceful rest went on,
And I have learned to live alone.

Have slowly learned, from day to day,
In all life's tasks to bear my part;
But whether grave, or whether gay,
I hide her memory in my heart.

Fond, faithful love has blest my way,
And friends are round me, true and tried;
They have their place—but hers to-day
Is empty as the day she died.

How would I spring with bated breath,
And joy too deep for word or sign,
To take my darling home from death,
And once again to call her mine.

I dare not dream—the blissful dream,
It fills my heart with wild unrest;
Where yonder cold white head-stones gleam
She still must slumber—God knows best.

But this I know, that those who say
Our best beloved would find no place,
Have never hungered every day—
Through years and years—for one sweet face.

NO THORN WITHOUT A ROSE.

“THERE is no rose without a thorn!”
Who has not found this true,
And known that griefs of gladness born
Our footsteps still pursue?

That in the grandest harmony
The strangest discords rise;
The brightest bow we only trace
Upon the darkest skies?

No thornless rose! So, more and more,
Our pleasant hopes are laid
Where waves this sable legend o'er
A still sepulchral shade.

But faith and love, with angel-might,
Break up life's dismal tomb,
Transmuting into golden light
The words of leaden gloom.

Reversing all this funeral pall,
White raiment they disclose;
Their happy song floats full and long,
“No thorn without a rose!”

“No shadow, but its sister light
Not far away must burn!
No weary night, but morning bright
Shall follow in its turn.

“No chilly snow, but safe below,
A million buds are sleeping;
No wintry days, but fair spring rays
Are swiftly onward sweeping.

“With fiercest glare of summer air
Comes fullest leafy shade;
And ruddy fruit bends every shoot,
Because the blossoms fade.

“No note of sorrow but shall melt
In sweetest chord unguessed;
No labor all too pressing felt,
But ends in quiet rest.

“No sigh, but from the harps above
Soft echoing tones shall win;
No heart-wound, but the Lord of Love
Shall pour his comfort in.

“No withered hope, while loving best
Thy Father's chosen way;
No anxious care, for he will bear
Thy burdens every day.

“Thy claim to rest on Jesus' breast
All weariness shall be,
And pain thy portal to his heart
Of boundless sympathy.

“No conflict, but the King's own hand
Shall end the glorious strife;
No death, but leads thee to the land
Of everlasting life.”

Sweet seraph voices, faith and love!
Sing on within our hearts
This strain of music from above,
Till we have learnt our parts:

Until we see your alchemy
On all that years disclose,
And, taught by you, still find it true,
“No thorn without a rose!”

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

THE OUTDOOR CHURCH.

THE carven pillars of the trees,
The flowered mosaic of the grass,
The green transparent traceries
Of leaf on leaf that lightly lies
And lightly moves when breezes pass.

The anthem of the waterfall,
My chorister the blackbird's lay,
And mingling with, suffusing all,
Borne by the wind and still let fall,
The incense of the new-mown hay:—

This is my church, my altar there;
Here Earth the kindly mother kneels,
Her mighty hands outspread in prayer,
While o'er her brow the sunny air,
A south wind full of blessing, steals.

She wraps me in her mantle-fold,
I kneel and pray beside her there
As children do whom mothers hold.
And living air, and sunlight-gold,
And wood and meadow, pray with me.

EVA KEANE.

REST.

BEAUTIFUL toiler, thy work all done,
Beautiful soul into glory gone,
Beautiful life with its crown now won,
God giveth thee rest.

Rest from all sorrows, and watching, and fears,
Rest from all possible sighing and tears,
Rest through God's endless, wonderful years—
At home with the blest.

Beautiful spirit, free from all stain,
Ours the heartache, the sorrow and pain,
Thine is the glory and infinite gain—
Thy slumber is sweet.

Peace on the brow and the eyelids so calm,
Peace in the heart, 'neath the white folded palm,
Peace drooping down like a wondrous balm
From the head to the feet

"It was so sudden," our white lips said,
"How we shall miss her, the beautiful dead,
Who take the place of the precious one fled;
But God knoweth best.

We know He watches the sparrows that fall,
Hears the sad cry of the grieved hearts that call,
Friends, husband, children, He loveth them all—
We can trust for the rest."

MARY T. LATHROP.

THE WAY.

WEARY, wandering soul am I,
O'erburthened with an earthly weight,
A pilgrim through the world and sky,
Toward the Celestial Gate.

Tell me, ye sweet and sinless flowers,
Who all night gaze upon the skies,
Have ye not in the silent hours
Seen aught of Paradise?

Ye birds that soar and sing, elate
With joy, that makes your voices strong,
Have ye not at the golden gate
Caught somewhat of your song?

Ye waters, sparkling in the morn,
Ye seas, which glass the starry night,
Have ye not from the imperial bourn
Caught glimpses of its light?

Ye hermit oaks, and sentinel pines,
Ye mountain forests old and grey,
In all your long and winding lines
Have ye not seen the way?

O moon, among thy starry bowers,
Know'st thou the path the angels tread?
Seest thou beyond thy azure towers
The shining gates dispread?

Ye holy spheres, that sang with earth
When earth was still a sinless star,
Have the immortals heavenly birth
Within your realms afar?

And thou, O sun! whose light unfurls
Bright banners through unnumbered skies,
Seest thou among thy subject worlds
The radiant portals rise?

All, all are mute! and still am I
O'erburthened with an earthly weight;
A pilgrim through the world and sky,
Toward the Celestial Gate.

No answer wheresoe'er I roam—
From skies afar no guiding ray;
But hark! the voice of Christ says, "Come!
Arise! I am the way!"

THOMAS B. READ

ONCE UPON A TIME.

ONCE upon a time life lay before me,
Fresh as a story untold,
Now so many years have traveled o'er me
I and the story are old.

Once upon a time my locks fell flowing,
Brown as yours and as bright;
Now so many winters coming and going
Have left them, you see, snow-white.

Once upon a time I, too, had a lover,
Gallant and full of grace;
Now do you think, dear, you can discover
Him in grandpapa's face?

Once upon a time I thought it living
Only to draw my breath;
Now I've learned that it means a striving,
Sometimes even to death.

Once upon a time I fell to weeping
If but my wish was crossed;
Now I can trust to a better keeping,
Even if all seem lost.

Once upon a time it looked so weary
Ever to wait and rest;
Now, at last, I'm a little weary,
Resting a while seems best—

Waiting a while, till the great to-morrow
Over the hill-tops c'imb,
Joy is forever. Thank God, dear, that sorrow
Only is once upon a time.

LOUISA BUSHNELL.

PEACE OF MIND.

PEACE of mind, angelic guest,
Thou soft companion of the breast,
Dispense thy balmy store!
Wing all our thoughts to reach the skies,
Till earth, receding from our eyes,
Shall vanish as we soar!

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

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Y HAVERGAL.

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EVA KEANE.

AN IDEAL CITIZEN.

THE ideal citizen is the man who believes that all men are brothers, and that the nation is merely an extension of his family, to be loved, respected and cared for accordingly. Such a man attends personally to all civic duties with which he deems himself charged. Those which are within his own control he would no more trust to his inferiors than he would leave the education of his children to kitchen servants. The public demands upon his time, thought and money come upon him suddenly, and often they find him ill prepared; but he nerves himself to the inevitable, knowing that in the village, State and nation any mistake or neglect upon his part must impose a penalty, sooner or later, upon those whom he loves.

JOHN HABBERTON.

A DISTANT CAROL.

MARK,
 Leaning from the casement dark,
 How the keen, star-kindled light
 Of the pulseless winter night
 Glints upon the bosom white
 Of the frozen earth,
 Dear, even for that wond'rous birth,
 Lofty, lowly,
 Human, holy.

Whereat now all earth rejoices.
 Hark! a distant choir of voices
 In a Christmas carol blending,
 To the sparkling sky ascending,
 Hear the far chimes' measured ringing
 Faintly blended with the singing;
 Sinking, soaring,
 Soft, adoring.

Midnight now hath found a tongue,
 As though the choired stars that sung
 High circling over them
 That watched in Bethlehem,
 Were echoing, echoing still,
 Peace and good will,
 Good will.

Peace and good will to man,
 The voices wake again.
 Soft chimes their tones repeat,
 Oh, far-heard message sweet,
 So faintly heard as yet
 That men forget,
 Forget.

Come nearer; louder swell!
 Soar, voices! Peal, clear bell!
 Wake echoes that shall last
 Till all the year be past!

When yuletide comes again,
 Still may good will to men
 Be echoing, echoing still—
 Peace and good will,
 Good will!

KATHERINE VON HARLINGEN.

I KNOW NOT THE HOUR OF HIS COMING.

I KNOW not the hour of His coming;
 I know not the day or the year;
 But I know that he bids me be ready
 For the step that I sometime shall hear

I know not what lieth before me,
 It may be all pleasure, all care;
 But I know at the end of the journey
 Stands the mansion He went to prepare.

And whether in joy or in sorrow,
 Through valley, o'er mountain or hill,
 I will walk in the light of His presence,
 And His love all repining shall still.

I know not what duties are waiting
 For hands that are willing and true;
 And I ask but the strength to be faithful,
 And do well what he gives me to do.

And if He should bid me stand idle—
 Just waiting—in weakness and pain,
 I have only to trust and be faithful,
 And sometime He'll make it all plain.

And when His voice calls, in the morning,
 At noontime, perhaps, or at night,
 With no plea but the one, Thou hast called me.
 I shall enter the portals of light.

EZRA HALLOCK.

BLESSED ARE THE DEAD.

FROM THE GERMAN.

O, HOW blest are ye whose toils are ended!
 Who, through death, have unto God
 ascended!

Ye have risen
 From the cares which keep us still in prison.

We are still as in a dungeon living,
 Still oppressed with sorrow and misgiving;
 Our undertakings
 Are but toils, and troubles, and heart-breakings.

Ye, meanwhile, are in your chambers sleeping,
 Quiet, and set free from all our weeping;
 No cross nor trial
 Hinders your enjoyments with denial.

Christ has wiped away your tears for ever;
 Ye have that for which we still endeavor.
 To you are chanted
 Songs which yet no mortal ear have haunted.

Ah! who would not, then, depart with gladness,
 To inherit heaven for earthly sadness?
 Who here would languish
 Longer in bewailing and in anguish?

Come, O Christ, and loose the chains that bind us!
 Lead us forth, and cast this world behind us!
 With Thee, the Anointed,
 Finds the soul its joy and rest appointed.

SIMON DACH.

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A HALLOCK.

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SIMON DACH.

WIT AND WISDOM:

COMPRISING

SPARKLING GEMS FROM THE WORLD'S HUMORISTS.

BILL'S IN TROUBLE!



'VE got a letter, parson, from my son away out West,
An' my ol' heart is heavy as an anvil in my breast,
To think the boy whose futur' I had once so proudly planned
Should wander from the path o' right an' come to sich an end!
I told him when he left us only three short years ago,
He'd find himself a-plowin' in a mighty crooked row—
He'd miss his father's counsels, an' his mother's prayers, too,
But he said the farm was hateful, an' he guessed he'd have to go.

I know that's big temptation for a youngster in the West,
But I believed our Billy had the courage to resist,
An' when he left I warned him o' the ever-waitin' snares
That lie like hidden sarpints in life's pathway everywhere.
But Bill he promised faithful to be keerful, an' allowed
He'd build a reputation that 'd make us mighty proud,
But it seems as how my counsel sort o' faded from his mind,
An' now the boy's in trouble o' the very wustest kind!

His letters came so seldom that I somehow sort o' knowed
That Billy was a-trampin' on a mighty rocky road,
But never once imagined he would bow my head in shame,

An' in the dust 'd waller his ol' daddy's honored name.
He writes from out in Denver, an' the story's mighty short;
I just can't tell his mother; it'll crush her poor ol' heart!
An' so I reckoned, parson, you might break the news to her—
Bill's in the Legislatur', but he doesn't say what fur.

JACK, WHO SEWS HIS BUTTONS ON.

JACK, who sews his buttons on,
Lives on the toppest floor,
An' every day, before he's gone,
We raps upon his door;
He hollers loud: "Come right in, kids!"
An' laughs an' says: "Take off your lids!"
Ma says that's slang, but me an' Don
Likes Jack, who sews his buttons on.

Sometimes to please us two he plays
His yaller violin;
An', say! his eyes jest seem to blaze—
I hol' my breath right in
An' seem to be a floatin' roun'
In some bright place above the groun',
A driftin' way from little Don
With Jack, who sews his buttons on.

He does th' awful queerest things;
He sleeps all day, 'en goes
An' writes about th' folks what sings
An' plays in actor shows;
He smokes a skull pipe, an' his hair
Is always mussed, an' he don't care
How much we pull it—me an' Don—
Ol' Jack, who sews his buttons on.

Ma says that he has sowed wild wheat,
'N's a prodigious son,
But wunst a lady, dressed so sweet,
Went upstairs on th' run
An' called him her'n an' burst in tears—
An' 'en th' door shut—but it 'pears
He wouldn't go, an' me an' Don
Kept Jack, who sews his buttons on.

One day last week a piece ma read,
 Near made her faint away;
 It said 'at Jack, right from his head,
 Had wrote a actor play,
 An' he wa' rich an' famous, too,
 An' ma says: "Here's a howd'y do!"
 Now all 'cept us says Mistar John
 To Jack, who sews his buttons on.

ARTHUR CHAPMAN.

TWO ON A TANDEM.

WHEN all the tiny wheeling stars
 Their cycle lamps have lit,
 And, bending o'er their handle bars,
 On roads celestial flit,

I trundle out my tandem fleet,
 With Daisy at my side;
 We mount, and then our flying feet
 Propel us far and wide.

Along the smooth secluded pike
 We take our evening run.
 Two souls with but a single bike,
 Two hearts that scorch as one.

EARL H. EATON.

THE PARROT AND THE CAT.

I'VE a deep domestic tragedy that calls for your
 attention,

If your sympathy a minute you'll be good
 enough to grant;

And, by way of a beginning to my story, I may
 mention,

That a year or so ago, you know, I had a maiden
 aunt.

I was constant in my visits to her hospitable
 dwelling,

For a quiet cup of coffee and a comfortable
 chat.

She possessed a mint of money—and the fact is
 worth my telling,

That she also had a parrot, and she also had a
 cat.

I confess that I was jealous, for my aunt was deeply
 smitten

With her biped and her quadruped, and all their
 pretty tricks;

She had known the cat and loved it ever since it
 was a kitten,

She had known and loved the parrot when the
 bird was under six.

And the beast was very clever, and the bird was
 very funny;

For the bird was good at language, and the
 beast was good at rats;

But I hardly liked the notion that my aunt should
 leave her money

To a hospital for parrots, or dispensary for cats.

So I seized an opportunity whenever I could get it
 To instruct these hated animals in very wicked
 ways;

Pretty Poll was very rapid at the lessons that I
 set it.

Pretty Pussy was a pupil to deserve the highest
 praise.

If you ever heard a sailor speak the dialect of
 Wapping,

I assure you that the parrot spoke a little worse
 than *that*;

And its only very rarely that you find a creature
 dropping

Into such abandoned habits as that miserable
 cat.

When I found myself the master of this noble
 situation,

I would gladly paint my joy, you know (although,
 you know, I can't);

And a month or so ago, you know, I heard with
 resignation

That I'd lost a friend and relative—I mean my
 maiden aunt.

When the lady's will and testament was read by
 her attorney

I was naturally present with a crape about my
 hat;

I was paid for all my trouble, and rewarded for
 my journey

By a legacy consisting of—the parrot and the
 cat.

HENRY S. LEIGH.

THE SCIENTIFIC SLUGGARD.

THIS is the voice of the scientist, hear him ex-
 plain;

"Don't get up too soon, it is bad for the
 brain;

The mind it unhinges," he ruthlessly said;

"If you rise in the morning too soon from your
 bed."

"Go early to bed and be early to rise,
 And so you'll be healthy and wealthy and wise;"

But how about those agricultural hands,
 Who do all the year round what the proverb com-
 mands?

I passed by his garden quite early one morn,
 And saw him uprooting the thistle and thorn;
 His limbs are rheumatic, his energy flags,
 And as for his trousers and shirt, they were rags.

I spoke to the yokel, still hoping to find
 That rising so early was good for his mind;
 He doddered and drivelled, alas, it was plain
 The worthy bucolic was three parts insane.

Said I in my heart: Here's a lesson for me,
 That man is a picture of what I might be;
 Then thanks to the Science, for teaching so clearly,
 It's quite a delusion to get up too early.

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THE SLUGGARD'S BREAKFAST.

REUBEN AND MATILDA.

SAYS Reuben Knott unto his fair,
In language burning hot:
"Matilda, do you love me, dear?"
Says she: "I love you Knott."

"Oh, say not so!" again he cried:
"Oh, share with me my lot!
Oh, say that you will be my bride!"
Says she: "I'll wed you, Knott."

"Oh, cruel fair, to serve me so!
I love you well, you wot!"
"I could not wed you, Reub," says she,
"For then I should be Knott."

A light broke in on Reuben's mind
As in his arms she got;
She looks demurely in his face
And says: "Pray kiss me, Knott!"

THE OLD-FASHIONED LAUNDRESS.

HOW dear to my sight are the shirts of my
past days,
When memory recalls them so perfect and
fair,

That never went through any steam laundry fast
ways,

But hung, bleaching and drying, in purely fresh
air.

The edges unfrayed, as they danced in the day-
light,

The buttonholes fractureless, free from all rent,
The tubs with the bubbles presenting a gay sight,
And e'en the stout laundress that over them
bent—

The old-fashioned laundress, the home-keeping
laundress,

The singing old laundress that over them bent.

That old-fashioned laundress was surely a treasure,
John Chinaman then was in distant Cathay,
And dragging machines used no shirts at their
pleasure,

And chemicals then ate no linen away.

How deftly she turned them and rubbed them and
scrubbed them,

And put them in boilers with honest intent.

And when with her strong arms she gently had
wrung them,

We knew that the shirts needed no foreign
scent—

The old-fashioned laundress, the home-keeping
laundress,

The singing old laundress that over them bent.

Then our shirts took a day and a year in their
wearing,

The bosoms ne'er cracked like a stiff, brittle
board,

And we put them on safe without fear of a tearing,
And sung forth her praise in lofty accord.

She never disappointed in whiteness or lustre,
Nor caused us in "cuss words" our feelings to
vent,

And we gave her the best words our brain pan
could muster,

And said that from paradise sure she was sent—
The old-fashioned laundress, the home-keeping
laundress.

The singing old laundress that over them bent.

SPELLING REFORMER.

THERE was a young girl had two beaux;
The best-looking one was named Meaux;
But towards the cleaux
Of his call he would deaux,
And make a great noise with his neaux.

THE WEDDING FEE.

ONE morning, fifty years ago—
When apple-trees were white with snow
Of fragrant blossoms, and the air
Was spellbound with the perfume rare—
Upon a farm horse, large and lean,
And lazy with its double load,
A sun-brown youth and maid were seen
Jogging along the winding road.

Blue were the arches of the skies,
But bluer were that maiden's eyes!
The dewdrops on the grass were bright,
But brighter was the loving light
That sparkled 'neath each long-fringed lid,
Where those bright eyes of blue were hid;
Adown the shoulders, brown and bare,
Rolled the soft waves of golden hair.

It was the fairest sight, I ween,
That the young man had ever seen;
And with his features all aglow,
The happy fellow told her so.
And she, without the least surprise,
Looked on him with those heavenly eyes—
And drew the dear face to her own,
And with a joy but rarely known,
Beneath the bridal bonnet hid—
I cannot tell you what she did.

So on they ride, until among
The new-born leaves with dewdrops hung,
The parsonage, arrayed in white,
Peers out—a more than welcome sight.
Then with a cloud upon his face,
"What shall we do?" he turned to say,
"Should he refuse to take his pay
From what is in the pillow case?"

And glancing down his eyes surveyed
The pillow case before him laid,
Whose contents, reaching to its hem,
Might purchase endless joys for them.

The maiden answers: "Let us wait;
To borrow trouble where's the need?"
Then at the parson's squeaking gate
Halted the more than willing steed.

Down from his horse the bridegroom sprang;
The latchless gate behind him swung
The knocker o' that startled door,
Struck as it never was before,
Brought the whole household, pale with fright,
And there with blushes on his cheek,
So bashful he could hardly speak,
The parson met their wondering sight.

The groom goes in, his errand tells,
Is the parson nods, he leans
Far out across the window-sill and yells—
"Come in. He says he'll take the beans!"
Oh! how she jumped! With one glad bound
She and the bean-bag reached the ground.

Then, clasping with each dimpled arm
The precious products of the farm,
She bears it through the open door,
And down upon the parlor floor
Dumps the best beans vines ever bore.

Ah! happy were their songs that day,
When man and wife they rode away;
But happier this chorus still
Which echoed through those woodland scenes:
"God bless the priest of Whittensville!
God bless the man who took the beans."

CABIN PHILOSOPHY.

JES' turn de back-log, ober, dar--an' pull your
stoo'es up nigher.
An' watch dat 'possum cookin' in de skillet
by de fire:
Lemme spread my legs out on de bricks to make
my feelin's flow,
An' I'll grin' you out a fac' or two, to take befo'
you go.

Now, in dese busy wukin' days, dey's changed de
Scripter fashions,
An' you needn't look to mirakuls to furnish you
wid rations:
Now, when you s wantin' loaves o' bread, you got
to go and fetch 'em,
An' ef you's wantin' fishes, you mus' dig your
wums an' ketch 'em;
For you kin put it down as sartin dat the time is
long gone by,
When sasages an' 'taters use to rain fum out de
sky!

Ef yo think about it keerfully, an' put it to the
tes',
You'll diskiver dat de safes' plan is gin'ully de
bes';

Ef you stumble on a hornets'-nes' an' make de
critters scatter,
You needn't stan' dar like a fool an' argue de
matter;
An' when de yaller fever comes an' settles all
aroun',
'Tis better dan de karanteen to shuffle out o'
town!
Dar's heap o' dreadful music in de very fines'
fiddle:
A ripe an' meller apple may be rotten in de mid-
dle;
De wises' lookin' trabeler may be de bigges' fool;
Dar's a lot o' solid kickin' in the humbles' hind
o' mule:
De preacher ain't de holiest' dat war's de meekes'
look,
An' does de loudes' bangin' on the kiver ob de
book!

De people pays deir bigges' bills in buyin' lots
an' lan's;
Dey sca'ter all deir picayunes aroun' de peanut
stan's;
De twenties an' de fifties goes in payin' orf deir
rents,
But heben an' de organ grinder gits de copper
cents.
I nebber likes de cullud man dat thinks too
much o' eatin';
But frolics froo de wukin' days, and snoozes at de
meetin';
Dat jines de Temp'ance 'City, an' keeps a gettin'
tight,
An' pulls his water-millions in de middle ob de
night!

Dese milerterry nigger chaps, with muskets in
deir han's,
Perradin' froo de city to de music ob de ban's,
Had better drop deir guns, an' go to marchin' wid
deir hoes
An' git a honest libbin' as dey chop de cotton-
rows,
Or de State may put 'em arter while to drillin' in
de ditches,
Wid more'n a single stripe a-running' 'cross deir
breeches.

Well, you think dat doin' nuffin' 'tall is mighty
so' an' nice.
But it busted up de renters in de lubly Paradise!
You see, de, bofe was human bein's jes' like me
an' you,
An' dey couldn't reggerlate deirselves wid not a
thing to do;
Wid plenty wuk befo' 'em, an' a cotton crop to
make,
Dey'd nebber thought o' loafin' roun' an' chattin'
wid de snake.

ADAM NEVER WAS A BOY.

O F all the men the world has seen
 Since time his rounds began,
 There's one I pity every day—
 Earth's first and foremost man ;

He never with a pin-hook fished
 Along the brook alone ;
 He never sought the bumblebee
 Among the daisies coy,



AT THE MASQUERADE.

And then I think what fun he missed
 By failing to enjoy
 The wild delights of youth-time, for
 He never was a boy.

He never stubbed his naked toe
 Against a root or stone ;

Nor felt its business end, because
 He never was a boy.

He never hookey played, nor tied
 The ever-ready pail,
 Down in the alley all alone,
 To trusting Fido's tail.

And when he home from swimmin' came,
His happiness to cloy,
No slipper interlarded, because
He never was a boy.

He might refer to splendid times
'Mong Eden's bowers, yet
He never acted Romeo
To a six year Juliet.
He never sent a valentine,
Intended to annoy
A good, but maiden aunt, because
He never was a boy.

He never cut a kite-string, no!
Nor hid an Easter egg;
He never ruined his pantaloons
A-playing mumble-peg;
He never from the attic stole,
A coon-hunt to enjoy,
To find "the old man" watching, for
He never was a boy.

I pity him. Why should I not?
I even drop a tear;
He did not know how much he missed;
He never will, I fear.

And when the scenes of "other days"
My growing mind employ,
I think of him, earth's only man
Who never was a boy.

T. C. HARBAUGH.

A SCHOOL-DAY.

"**N**OW, John," the district teacher says,
With frown that scarce can hide
The dimpling smiles around her mouth,
Where Cupid's hosts abide,

"What have you done to Mary Ann,
That she is crying so?
Don't say 'twas 'nothing'—don't, I say,
For, John, that can't be so;

"For Mary Ann would never cry
At nothing, I am sure;
And if you've wounded justice, John,
You know the only cure
Is punishment! So, come, stand up;
Transgression must abide
The pain attendant on the scheme
That makes it justified."

So John steps forth, with sun-burnt face,
And hair all in a tumble,
His laughing eyes a contrast to
His drooping mouth so humble.

"Now, Mary, you must tell me all—
I see that John will not,
And if he's been unkind or rude,
I'll whip him on the spot."

"**W**—we were p—playin' p—pris'n'r's b—base,
An' h—he is s—such a t—tease,

An' w—when I w—wasn't l—lookin', m—
ma'am,

H—he k—kissed me—if you please!"
Upon the teacher's face the smile—
Have triumphed o'er the frown,
A pleasant thought runs through her mind,
The stick comes harmless down

But outraged law must be avenged!
Begone, ye smiles, begone!

Away, ye little dreams of love,
Come on, ye frowns, come on!
"I think I'll have to whip you, John,
Such conduct breaks the rule;
No boy, except a naughty one,
Would kiss a girl—at school."

Again the teacher's rod is raised,
A Nemesis she stands—

A premium were put on sin,
If punished by such hands!
As when the bee explores the rose,
We see the petals tremble,
So trembled Mary's roschud lip—
Her heart would not dissemble.

"I wouldn't whip him *very* hard!"—
The stick stops in its fall—

"It wasn't right to do it, but—
It didn't hurt at all!"

"What made you cry, then, Mary Ann?"
The school's noise makes a pause.
And out upon the listening air,
From Mary comes—"Because!"

W. F. McSPARRAN.

THREE STAGES.

ACT I.

SIGHING like a furnace
Over ears in love,
Blind in adoration
Of his lady's glove;
Thinks no girl was ever
Quite so sweet as she,
Tells you she's an angel,
Expects you to agree.

ACT II.

Moping and repining,
Gloomy and morose,
Asks the price of poison,
Thinks he'll take a dose.
Women are so fickle,
Love is all a sham,
Marriage is a failure,
Like a broken dam.

ACT III.

Whistling, blithe and cheerful,
Always bright and gay,

Dancing, singing, laughing,
 All the livelong day;
 Full of fun and frolic,
 Caught in fashion's whirl,
 Thinks no more of poison—
 Got another girl!

THE CYCLING ACADEMY.

I USED to look down on bicycling and condemn it as a low form of amusement—or of exercise. But see how changeable we mortals are! It is fashion that has, all unknowing, such a vast influence on us! Instead of owning with the poet that "everything is spoilt by use," everything seems, on the contrary, only to become right and proper by use. Thus I and my sister, though no longer in our first youth, so strongly object to be left "high and dry" by the strong tide of bicyclism (the coinage of a word for the occasion must be excused) that we one day presented ourselves, quaking, at the door of an establishment in the Edgely Road, over which was written, in large gilt letters, "Ladies' Cycle School."

At our feeble little knock the sacred portal was opened by a betouzeled young woman, in appearance something between a music hall "artiste" and a "general slavey," who bade us walk in. Once inside, we beheld a strange scene. Within a round, covered enclosure, on a floor of wooden planking, crowded a number of bicycles, ridden by performers more or less ignorant of the accomplishment. You could tell the stage of progress at which they had arrived by the comparative anxiety apparent in their faces as well as by the amount of their conversation.

"Why is it called 'Ladies' Cycle School'?" my sister murmured, referring me to the presence of two raw-boned personages of the male persuasion, who might by courtesy be termed "military," and a chuckle-headed youth who appeared to be amusing himself by falling off his steed as many times as the celebrated knight in "Through the Looking-glass," fell off his.

The attendant, who was near us, volunteered an answer to the question: "Where the lydies goes, the gents is sure to foller," was his reasoning, given in a "stage aside." After this very lucid explanation we sat on chairs on a kind of dais and looked on, being told to "wait for our turns."

Presently a timid knock was heard, and two elderly heads presented themselves at the door. These belonged to a prim old couple, evidently retired tradespeople, who were going to "try their luck." The wife, in grey ringlets and side-combs, was evidently much alarmed: "Oh, 'Enery," she said, with a gasp, "I niver *can* git on the back o' sich a new-fangled thing as that!" "Law, yes, Mary Ann, you've only got to *set* on it—this 'ere Johnnie 'll do all the *pushin*.' Look 'er out a

quiet one," he instructed the grinning attendant, "one as is warranted not to kick." "'Enery," who was of the stout order, evidently did not feel quite happy in his own mind. Another doubt-knock, this time no hesitating one; the undertaker from next door, his wife, and his two red-cheeked daughters, accompanied by the "young man" of one of these latter. "Look alive with them bikes," 'Arry," said the paterfamilias, "for I ain't got more'n 'arf a hour afore my job's on; and Chawles"—indicating the weak-kneed young man—"an' me 'as got to go on the coaches to 'Lighgate." These were evidently old customers, for the middle-aged couple and ourselves looked meekly and respectfully on while they were supplied with "bikes" all out of their turn. Indeed, they proceeded to show us what they could do in that line, and executed *tours de force* that made us shudder with fright.

"Keep a heye on the door, J'mima," said the anxious parent after a few rounds. "Is them coaches up yet?"

"No; but some mourners has come," J'mima answered, peeping. "Oh, my! sich crape, sich white 'ankerschers!"

"We must keep 'em waiting, ef it was the 'hissel'," said papa, "till I've 'ad ray money's worth."

But here a little *contretemps* arose. The charmer in green stockings, who had for some time been ogling "Chawles," here forgot herself so far as to enter into conversation with him, and presently the two were careering round the arena (ardon the suggestive simile!) together, to the ineffable disgust of "Chawles's" *fiancée*, who, together with her sister, dismounted and carried on a lively conversation in no measured tones, in which the words "sich a liberty," "puffick stranger," "some folks 'as a cheek," "bold-faced hussy," "good smack o' the 'ed," could from time to time be distinguished. "Chawles," who was "the kind of man that you could warrant townmade," not only took no notice of this, but presently added to his iniquities by getting his wheels locked in the siren's, both, as a result, heavily falling to the ground. The siren was helped off limping, and "Chawles" showed an evident desire to follow and administer consolation, but was deterred by a severe look from his *inamorata*. What "words" might have followed we know not; but luckily, at this juncture, papa, interposing with "The coaches is up," carried "Chawles" off, leaving the two girls to the finishing of their lesson, and to the bestowal of sundry furious glances at the green-stockinged delinquent, who feigned absolute unconsciousness of any "family row" on her account.

"Now's your turn, miss. 'Ere's two nice bikes will suit you exactly—made a' purpose," said an attendant, coming our way.

It is one thing to sit in safety and laugh at other people, and quite another to be an object of laughter yourself. But as the executioner—I mean the attendant—drew near with his dread machine, I felt, with the courage born of despair, that there was no help for it, and got clumsily into the saddle, clutching nervously at my “helper”—who was, by the way, a very good specimen of the average London “loafer”—as I did so.

“Ere, look out, don’t throttle me,” he observed. “Ketch ’old of the ’andle; but there, don’t bear too ’eavy on it. Set up as strite as you can, and *pedal*!”

“Hold me tighter,” I gasped, not knowing what the magic word “*pedal*” might mean, and feeling in imminent danger of falling off.

“Ere, I see I must put a drawing-rein on yer.” And the wretch proceeded to fasten a piece of leather, eight inches wide, round my unfortunate waist. “Now this is to give me a good grip of yer, d’ye see? Don’t lollop so—set strite, can’t yer? Ye’re all o’ one side.”

“Ye—ye—s, but my feet are getting mixed up with the machinery, and—and one of my legs is much longer than the other,” I protested feebly. The man treated this last remark with the contempt it deserved. “Pedal on, pedal on,” he said sturdily. “W’y, y’re gittin’ along fymous.”

Here my machine suddenly gave a violent lurch, which nearly landed me in the arms of the chuckle-headed youth, who was still aimlessly gyrating in space. (In the middle of the arena he, with some other fiends in human shape, was learning to “mount,” to the imminent danger of innocent and quiet spirits like myself.)

“Old on, ’old on,” said my loafer, who, by the bye, smelt so strongly of onions that in my desire to get as far as possible from him I now nearly fell over on the other side. Stopping a bit to gain breath, I now beheld the elderly gentleman and his wife in the act of mounting. The wife, with a strong determination plainly written in her face, once ascended, held on like grim death; but her husband had no sooner got up on one side than he fell off on the other.

“Ereny, for my sake,” called his wife in agony, “be more keerful!”

“Ereny got up dusty.”

“I can’t aim to get my feet on them treadles,” he said apologetically. “I guess it’s ’cos I ain’t never learnt the sewing-machine. My feet go round and round quite keerless-like.”

“Will ye set down and rest while I ’elp the old gent?” said my conductor; and, only too glad of a respite, I assented. Now, from the safety of the dais I beheld my sister going round quite swimmingly—pushed, it is true, by a “loafer,” but still with an air of ease that filled me with envy. She sat up straight, she looked “somebody.” The word “Toff,” uttered in a tone of conviction,

resounded in my neighborhood as she passed us. No one, I bitterly reflected, had taken *me* for a “Toff”; but, perhaps, my bearing on a bicycle was not exactly suggestive of that “*repose*” that is poetically supposed to denote “the caste of Vere de Vere.”

“That ’ere’s a taisty dress, ain’t it?” said the chuckle-headed youth suddenly in my ear, referring to my sister’s garb. I drew myself up; and then, reflecting that it was one of my objects in life to “mix with the masses,” relented and made myself affable. “Let me get yer a fourpenny Scotch,” he said pleasantly, after a few minutes’ conversation.

Politely informing him that I belonged to a branch of the Blue Ribbon Army, I turned to watch the bicyclists. Now the sad woman in the red hat came round again; on her depressed countenance was written a stern resignation. She dismounted, and sat close by me. “Do you enjoy bicycling?” I inquired of her, wishing to pursue my acquaintance with the masses. She looked at me sadly. “Well, you see, it’s like this,” she said in a low voice, “I’m engaged to a young man in the *comercial* line. We’ve bin keepin’ comp’ny now eight years, and on’y last Sunday was a week, ’e as good as told me ’e couldn’t think o’ gittin’ married to a girl as couldn’t bike. So what could I do but come an’ learn? You can’t be lef’ be’ind, can yer?”

This was a contingency that quite startled me. So bicycling, I thought, is to be added to the necessary accomplishments of a marriageable lady! Why, some lovers are as exacting as was the suitor in the late Marriage Agency case, who insisted that the girl of his affections should be “a good swimmer and fond of draughts and dominoc !” “She painted in water-colors, and of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.” “There is no end to the requirements of *fiancées*,” I thought, as I sympathized with this sad case.

A very stout lady now engrossed my attention; she was objecting—and not unnaturally—to the “helper” provided, a tiny boy of some twelve summers, and small at that. “I really *must* have somebody bigger,” she pleaded; “*he* can’t never hold me up; I weigh fourteen stun if I weigh a pound.”

“Sich people as ’er oughter pay for two bikes instead of one,” the Jehu remarked surlily, as the “lady” climbed into the saddle, with a liberal display of stocking in the process. It is, by the way, very difficult for beginners in the art to know how to arrange their dresses, as shown by the varying degrees of inelegance apparent in that direction. Now came the elderly gentleman round again.

“Ow are ye a-gittin’ on, ’Ereny?” asked his wife, who, sitting in security beside me, could afford to be sympathetic.

"Oh, prime," 'Enery replied, looking about as happy as a puppy under process of muzzling, and with his forehead similarly rucked up into a thousand wrinkles. "But my feet still come off them flamed pedals. Can't you make my stirrup shorter?"—this plaintively to the attendant.

"It ain't a 'orse, sir," said the man testily.

"No," said 'Enery; "if it *were* a 'orse it would stand up straight, at any rate, and not keep a-tippin' me off one side or the other." In this remark I entirely concurred.

When I was taken for my second "turn" I found that many riders, in the agony of the moment, not only mistook their "bikes" for horses, but also for boats. "'Ere, don't keep takin' my water!" "'Old your 'orse's 'ed up!" "'Gee wo!" "'Mind your oar!" were common expletives; and once, when a railway whistle happened to sound in close proximity, I myself own to feeling agonized lest my steed should "shy." It is so impossible to entirely dissociate the idea of *personality* from the bicycle. I distinctly felt this with regard to the various "bikes" I watched. Some were like cart-horses, some like fiery steeds; some were meek, some irritating, some really evilly disposed; as, for instance, that "bike" on which a long-legged martial individual careered about in the middle of the enclosure, knocking down remorselessly everybody he happened to come across; or, no less sinful, the machine ridden by the siren in the scarlet blouse. A very meek bicycle, too, was just ahead of me. "How many lessons has that woman had?" I asked, denoting the lady in the red hat, who went on her sad little way in front of me.

"That *lady*," said my attendant reprovingly, "is at 'er fifth lesson; but she'll never be a credit to us—not she."

I was now come to the end of my hour's instruction, and as I descended I pressed a shilling "tip" gratefully into my loafer's horny palm. "But as to *you*," he continued, his face brightening; "why, I'd guarantee *you'd* learn it in three days. You just give *me* a chance o' teachin' yer, and I don't mind bettin' any money on it."

This little incident led on the way home to a somewhat heated argument between my sister and myself. *She* had only had three-pence-worth of encouragement, and therefore, no doubt, felt sore. For what, after all, is even bicycling without encouragement?

I have only as yet had this one lesson; but I bicycle all night in my dreams. I claim to have even invented a new form of nightmare, in which I continually fall off my bicycle, and it as remorselessly comes back and falls on the top of me; or else I bicycle, with the rapidity of the wind, eternally through endless æons of space.

But I wish I could honestly think that that shilling had had no influence whatever on my guide's opinion.

THE BABY IN THE CARS.

WHAT great improvements nowadays on every line we find,
New comforts, new contrivances of every sort and kind;

And different far the methods are of nineteenth century ways

Compared with modes of traveling in our forefathers' days!

Yet still one nuisance irritates, one obstacle annoys,

One thorn that pricks the traveler's sides, his rose-bed rest destroys;

I'm not inclined to captiousness, nor given to complain,

But what a crying nuisance is a baby in the train!

We've got more ventilation, and tightly-fitting doors,

And Pullman cars and drawing-rooms and spacious corridors;

And there's no need at station bars to bolt a hasty feed,

Good meals are served "on board," and if you like the fragrant weed

You'll find a pleasant smoking-room, and lavatories, too,

And luxuries in many forms our fathers never knew.

But all these pleasures manifold give place to grief and pain

If some one brings to mar your bliss a baby in the train.

HYGIENE.

I CANNOT eat but little meat,
By microbes it is spoiled;
And sure I think I cannot drink,
Save water that is boiled;
And I'll endure low temperature,
Since by the doctors told
That to live long and keep us strong
'Tis better to be cold.

So let bacteria scourge and scare,
With ailments manifold,
To do us good we'll eat no food,
And keep our bodies cold.

I love no roast except dry toast,
And that at stated terms;
And little bread I eat, in dread
Of pathogenic germs;
Of milk no whit I take, lest it
Zymotic ills unfold,
And fevers breed; yet most I heed
To keep my body cold.

A keen east wind I never mind,
And fifty Fahrenheit

Is the degree that best suits me,
By day and eke by night;
Thus wise I strive to keep alive,
And haply to grow old,
With beef uncarved, athirst and starved,
And perished with the cold.

So let bacteria scourge and scare,
With ailments manifold.
To do us good we'll eat no food,
And keep our bodies cold.

SAINT ANTHONY'S SERMON TO THE FISHES.

FROM THE GERMAN.

SAINT Anthony at church
Was left in the lurch,
So he went to the ditches
And preached to the fishes.
They wriggled their tails,
In the sun glanced their scales.

The carps, with their spawn,
Are all thither drawn;
Have opened their jaws,
Eager for each clause.
No sermon beside
Had the carps so edified.

Sharp-snouted pikes,
Who keep fighting like tikes,
Now swam up harmonious
To hear Saint Antonius.
No sermon beside
Had the pikes so edified.

And that very odd fish,
Who loves fast-days, the cod-fish—
The stock-fish, I mean—
At the sermon was seen.
No sermon beside
Had the cods so edified.

Good eels and sturgeon
Which aldermen gorge on,
Went out of their way
To hear preaching that day.
No sermon beside
Had the eels so edified.

Crabs and turtles also,
Who always move slow,
Made haste from the bottom,
As if the devil had got 'em.
No sermon beside
Had the crabs so edified.

Fish great and fish small,
Lords, lackeys, and all,
Each looked at the preacher
Like a reasonable creature.

At God's word,
They Anthony heard.

The sermon now ended,
Each turned and descended;
The pikes went on stealing,
The eels went on eeling.
Much delighted were they,
But preferred the old way.

The crabs are backsliders,
The stock-fish thick-siders,
The carps are sharp set,
All the sermon forgot.
Much delighted were they,
But preferred the old way.

ABRAHAM A. SANCTA CLARA.

A CHILD'S REASONING.

SHE was ironing dolly's new gown,
Maid Marian, four years old,
With her brows puckered down
In a painstaking frown
Under her tresses of gold.

'Twas Sunday, and nurse coming in
Exclaimed in a tone of surprise:
"Don't you know it's a sin
Any work to begin
On the day that the Lord sanctifies?"

Then, lifting her face like a rose,
Thus answered this wise little tot:
"Now, don't you suppose
The good Lord He knows
This little iron aint hot?"

THE REASON WHY.

A BOSTON master said, one day
"Boys, tell me if you can, I pray,
Why Washington's birthday should shine
In to-day's history, more than mine?"

At once such stillness in the hall
You might have heard a feather fall;
Exclaims a boy not three feet high,
"Because he never told a lie!"

THE INDIAN CHIEFTAIN.

T WAS late in the autumn of '53
That, making some business-like excuse,
I left New York, which is home to me,
And went on the cars to Syracuse.

Born and cradled in Maiden Lane,
I went to school in Battery Row,
Till when, my daily bread to obtain,
They made me clerk to Muggins & Co.

But I belonged to a genteel set
Of clerks with souls above their sphere.
Who night after night together met
To feast on intellectual cheer.

We talked of Irving and Bryant and Pratt—
Of Willis, and how much they pay him per
page—

Of Sontag and Julien and Art, and all that—
And what d'ye call it?—the Voice of the Age!

We wrote little pieces on purling brooks,
And meadow, and zephyr, and sea, and sky—
Things of which we had seen good descriptions in
books,

And the last, between houses some sixty feet
high!

Somehow in this way my soul got fired;
I wanted to see and hear and know
The glorious things that our hearts inspired—
The things that sparkled in poetry so!

And I had heard of the dark-browed braves
Of the famous Onondaga race,
Who once paddled the birch o'er Mohawk's
waves,
Or swept his shores in war and the chase.

I'd see that warrior stern and fleet!
Aye, bowed though he be with oppression's
abuse;

I'd grasp his hand!—so in Chambers Street
I took my passage for Syracuse.

Arrived at last, I gazed upon
The smoke-dried wigwam of the tribe;
"The depot, sir," suggested one—
I smiled to scorn the idle gibe.

Then to the baggage-man I cried,
"O, point me an Indian chieftain out!"
Rudely he grinned as he replied,
"You'll see 'em loafin' all about!"

Wounded I turn—when lo! e'en now
Before me stands the sight I crave!
I know him by his swarthy brow;
It is an Onondaga brave!

I know him by his falcon eye.
His raven tress and mien of pride;
Those dingy draperies, as they fly,
Tell that a great soul throbs inside!

No eagle-feathered crown he wears,
Capping in pride his kingly brow;
But his crownless hat in grief declares,
"I am an unthroned monarch now!"

"O noble son of a royal line!"
I exclaim, as I gaze into his face,
"How shall I knit my soul to thine?
How right the wrongs of thine injured race?"

"What shall I do for thee, glorious one?
To soothe thy sorrows my soul aspires.
Speak! and say how the Saxon's son
May atone for the wrongs of his ruthless sires!"

He speaks, he speaks!—that noble chief!
From his marble lips deep accents come;
And I catch the sound of his mighty grief—
"Ple' gi' me tree cent for git some rum!"

JANE JONES.

JANE JONES keeps a-whisperin' to me all the
time,

An' says: "Why don't you make it a rule
To study your lessons, an' work hard an' learn,
An' never be absent from school?"

Remember the story of Elihu Burritt,
How he clumb up to the top;

Got all the knowledge 'at he ever had
Down in the blacksmithin' shop."

Jane Jones she honestly said it was so;

Mebby he did—I dunno;

'Course, what's a-keepin' me 'way from the top
Is not never havin' no blacksmithin' shop.

She said 'at Ben Franklin was awfully poor,

But full o' ambition and brains,
An' studied philosophy all 'is hull life—

An' see what he got for his pains,
He brought electricity out of the sky

With a kite an' the lightnin' an' key,
So we're owin' him more'n any one else

For all the bright lights 'at we see.

Jane Jones she actually said it was so.

Mebby he did—I dunno;

'Course, what's allers been hinderin' me
In not havin' any kite, lightnin' or key.

Jane Jones said Columbus was out at the knees

When he first thought up his big scheme;
An' all of the Spaniards an' Italians, too,

They laughed an' just said 'twas a dream;
But Queen Isabella she listened to him,

An' pawned all her jewels o' worth,
An' bought 'im the "Santa Marier" 'n said:

"Go hunt up the rest of the earth."

Jane Jones she honestly said it was so;

Mebby he did—I dunno;

'Course, that may all be, but you must atow
They ain't any land to discover just now.

BEN KING.

WHY DON'T YOU LAUGH?

WHY don't you laugh, young man, when
troubles come,

Instead of sitting 'round so sour and glum?

You cannot have all play,

And sunshine every day;

When troubles come, I say, why don't you laugh?

Why don't you laugh? 'Twill ever help to soothe

The aches and pains. No road in life is smooth

There's many an unseen bump,

And many a hidden stump,

O'er which you'll have to jump. Why don't you
laugh?

Why don't you laugh? Don't let your spirits wilt,
Don't sit and cry because the milk you've spilt;
If you would mend it, now
Pray let me tell you how:
Just milk another cow! Why don't you laugh?

Why don't you laugh, and make us all laugh, too,
And keep us mortals all from getting blue?
A laugh will always win;
If you can't laugh, just grin—
Come on, let's all join in! Why don't you laugh?
JAMES COURTNEY CHALLISS.

"Oh, promise me, love, by the fire-hole you'll
watch,
And when mourners and stokers convene,
You will see that they light me some solemn,
slow match,
And warn them against kerosene.

"It would cheer me to know, ere these rude
breezes waft
My essences far to the pole,
That one whom I love will look to the draft,
And have a fond eye on the coal.



THE STEPMOTHER.

THE MAIDEN'S LAST FAREWELL.

IN THE DAY OF CREMATION.

THEN the night wore on, and we knew the
worst,
That the end of it all was nigh;
Three doctors they had from the very first—
And what could one do but die?

"Oh, William!" she cried, "strew no blossoms of
spring,
For the new 'apparatus' might rust;
But say that a handful of shavings you'll bring,
And linger to see me combust.

"Then promise me, love,"—and her voice fainter
grew—

"While this body of mine calcifies,
You will stand just as near as you can to the flue,
And gaze while my gases arise.

"For Thompson—Sir Henry—has found out a way!
(Of his 'process' you've surely heard tell),
And you burn, like a parlor-match, gently away,
Nor even offend by a smell.

"So none of the dainty need sniff in disdain
When my carbon floats up to the sky;
And I'm sure, love, that you will never complain,
Though an ash should blow into your eye,

"Now promise me, love"—and she murmured low—

"When the calcification is o'er,
You will sit by my grave in the twilight glow—
I mean by my furnace door.

"Yes, promise me, love, while the seasons revolve
On their noiseless axles, the years,
You will visit the kiln where you saw me 'resolve,'
And leach my pale ashes with tears."

WHIP-POOR-WILL.

HARK! I hear the voice again!
Softly now and low,
When the twilight's o'er the plain
And the first stars glow.
This is what it uttereth—
In a rather mournful breath—
"Whip-poor-Will! Whip-poor-Will!"

What has Will been doing now?
Has he truant played
With a sad, coquettish brow
From some simple maid?
Did he steal her heart away?
For I hear you always say,

"Whip-poor-Will! Whip-poor-Will!"

Tell me now what Will has done,
Who's to whip him, dear?
Is he some scamp full of fun
That is straying near?
Have you caught him at your nest
By the ones you love the best?

"Whip-poor-Will! Whip-poor-Will!"

That is all you seem to say,
Little bird so shy.
Tell me now, without delay,
Why whip Will, O why?
There! your voice fades in the lea—
Leaving this command to me.

"Whip-poor-Will! Whip-poor-Will!"

MONROE H. ROSENFELD.

BAKIN AND GREENS.

YO' may tell me ob pastries and fine oyster
patties,
Of salads and crowkets an' Boston baked
beans,
But dar's nuffin so temptin' to dis nigger's palate
As a big slice ob bakin and plenty ob greens.

Jes bile 'em right down, so dey'll melt when yo'
eat 'em;

Tab a big streak ob fat an' a small streak o'
lean;

Dar's nuffin on earf yo' kin fix up to beat 'em,
Fur de king ob all dishes am bakin and greens.

Den take some good co'hnmeal and sif' it and
pat it,
An' put it in de ashes wid nuffin between;
Der blow off de ashes and set right down at it.
For dar's nuffin like ashcake wid bakin and
greens.

'Twill take de o'le mammies to fix 'em up greasy,
Wid a lot ob good likker and dumplin's between,
Take all yo' fine eatin', I won't be uneasy,
If yo'll gimme dat bakin wid plenty ob greens.

Rich folks in dar kerrage may frow de dust on
me;
But how kin I envy dem men ob big means.
Dey may hab de dispepsey and do' they may scorn
me,
Dey can't enjoy bakin wid a dish ob good greens.

You may put me in rags, fill my cup up wid sorrow;
Let joy be a stranger, and trouble my dreams,
But I still will be smilin', no pain kin I borrow,
Ef you lebe me dat bakin wid plenty of greens.

DER BABY.

SO help me gracious, efery day
I laugh me wild to see der vay
My small young baby drie to play—
Dot funny leetle baby.

Ven I look on dhem leetle toes,
Und saw dot funny leetle nose,
Und heard der vay that rooster crows,
I schmile like I was crazy.

Und when I heard der real nice vay
Dhem beoples to my wife dhey say,
"More like his fater every day,"
I vas so proud like blazes.

Sometimes dhere comes a leetle schquall,
Dot's vhen der vindy vind vill crawl
Righd in its leetle schtomach schmall—
Dot's too bad for der baby.

Dot makes him sing at night so schveet,
Und gorrybarric he must eat,
Und I must chumb shbry on my feet,
To help dot leetle baby.

He bulls my nose and kicks my hair,
Und crawls me over everywhere,
Und sh'obbers me—but vat I care?
Dot vas my schmall young baby.

Around my head dot leetle arm
Vas schqueezin me so nice and varm—
Oh, may dhere never come some harm
To dot schmall leetle baby!

SPEECH OF SERGEANT BUZFUZ.

YOU heard from my learned friend, gentlemen of the jury, that this is an action for a breach of promise of marriage, in which the damages are laid at fifteen hundred pounds. The plaintiff, gentlemen, is a widow; yes, gentlemen, a widow. The late Mr. Bardell, sometime before his death, became the father, gentlemen, of a little boy. With this little boy, the only pledge of her departed exciseman, Mrs. Bardell shrunk from the world and courted the retirement and tranquillity of Goswell street; and here she placed in her front parlor-window a written placard, bearing this inscription: "APARTMENTS FURNISHED FOR A SINGLE GENTLEMAN. INQUIRE WITHIN."

Mrs. Bardell's opinions of the opposite sex, gentlemen, were derived from a long contemplation of the inestimable qualities of her lost husband. She had no fear—she had no distrust—all was confidence and reliance. "Mr. Bardell," said the widow, "was a man of honor—Mr. Bardell was a man of his word—Mr. Bardell was no deceiver—Mr. Bardell was once a single gentleman himself: to single gentlemen I look for protection, for assistance, for comfort and consolation; in single gentlemen I shall perpetually see something to remind me of what Mr. Bardell was, when he first won my young and untried affections; to a single gentleman, then, shall my lodgings be let."

Actuated by this beautiful and touching impulse (among the best impulses of our imperfect nature, gentlemen), the lonely and desolate widow dried her tears, furnished her first floor, caught her innocent boy to her maternal bosom, and put the bill up in her parlor-window. Did it remain there long? No. The serpent was on the watch, the train was laid, the mine was preparing, the sapper and miner was at work. Before the bill had been in the parlor-window three days, gentlemen—a being, erect upon two legs, and bearing all the outward semblance of a man, and not of a monster, knocked at the door of Mrs. Bardell's house! He inquired within; he took the lodgings; and on the very next day he entered into possession of them. This man was Pickwick—Pickwick the defendant!

Of this man I will say little. The subject presents but few attractions; and I, gentlemen, am not the man, nor are you, gentlemen, the men to delight in the contemplation of revolting heartlessness, and of systematic villany. I say systematic villany, gentlemen; and when I say systematic villany, let me tell the defendant Pickwick if he be in court, as I am informed he is, that it would have been more decent in him, more becoming, if he had stopped away. Let me tell him, further, that a counsel, in the discharge of his duty, is neither to be intimidated nor bullied, nor put down; and that any attempt to do either the

one or the other will recoil on the head of the attempter, be he plaintiff or be he defendant, be his name Pickwick, or Nokes, or Stoaks, or Stiles, or Brown, or Thompson.

I shall show, gentlemen, that for two years Pickwick continued to reside constantly, and without interruption or intermission, at Mrs. Bardell's house. I shall show you that Mrs. Bardell, during the whole of that time, waited on him, attended to his comforts, cooked his meals, looked out his linen for the washerwoman when it went abroad, darned, aired and prepared it for wear when it came home, and, in short, enjoyed his fullest trust and confidence. I shall show you that, on many occasions, he gave half-pence, and on some occasions even sixpence, to her little boy. I shall prove to you, that on one occasion, when he returned from the country, he distinctly and in terms offered her marriage—previously, however, taking special care that there should be no witnesses to their solemn contract; and I am in a situation to prove to you, on the testimony of three of his own friends—most unwilling witnesses, gentlemen—most unwilling witnesses—that on that morning he was discovered by them holding the plaintiff in his arms, and soothing her agitation by his caresses and endearments.

And now, gentlemen, but one word more. Two letters have passed between these parties—letters that must be viewed with a cautious and suspicious eye—letters that were evidently intended, at the time, by Pickwick, to mislead and delude any third parties into whose hands they might fall. Let me read the first: "Garraway's, twelve o'clock.—Dear Mrs. B.—Chops and Tomato sauce. Yours, Fickwick." Gentlemen, what does this mean? Chops and Tomato sauce! Yours, Pickwick! Chops! Gracious heavens! And Tonato sauce. Gentlemen, is the happiness of a sensitive and confiding female to be trifled away by such shallow artifices as these?

The next has no date whatever, which is in itself suspicious: "Dear Mrs. B., I shall not be at home to-morrow. Slow coach." And then follows this very remarkable expression: "Don't trouble yourself about the warming-pan." The warming-pan! Why, gentlemen, who *does* trouble himself about a warming-pan? Why is Mrs. Bardell so earnestly entreated not to agitate herself about this warming-pan, unless (as is no doubt the case) it is a mere cover for hidden fire—a mere substitute for some endearing word or promise, agreeably to a preconcerted system of correspondence, artfully contrived by Pickwick with a view to his contemplated desertion? And what does this allusion to the slow coach mean? For aught I know it may be a reference to Pickwick himself, who has most unquestionably been a criminally slow coach during the whole of this

transaction, but whose speed will now be very unexpectedly accelerated, and whose wheels, gentlemen, as he will find to his cost, will very soon be greased by you!

But enough of this, gentlemen. It is difficult to smile with an aching heart. My client's hopes and prospects are ruined, and it is no figure of speech to say that her occupation is gone, indeed. The bill is down; but there is no tenant! Eligible single gentlemen pass and repass; but there is no invitation for them to inquire within, or without! All is gloom and silence in the house; even the voice of the child is hushed; his infant sports are disregarded when his mother weeps.

But Pickwick, gentlemen, Pickwick, the ruthless destroyer of this domestic oasis in the desert of Goswell street—Pickwick, who has choked up the well and thrown ashes on the sward—Pickwick who comes before you to-day with his heartless tomato sauce and warming-pans—Pickwick still rears his head with unblushing effrontery, and gazes without a sigh on the ruin he has made! Damages, gentlemen, heavy damages, is the only punishment with which you can visit him—the only recompense you can award to my client! And for those damages she now appeals to an enlightened, a high-minded, a right-feeling, a conscientious, a dispassionate, a sympathizing, a contemplative jury of her civilized countrymen!

CHARLES DICKENS.

THE AMOROUS GOLD FISH.

A GOLD fish swam in a big glass bowl—
As dear little gold fish do—
But she loved with the whole of her heart
and soul

An officer brave from the ocean wave,
And she thought that he loved her too!
Her small inside he daily fed
With crumbs of the best digestive bread—
"This kind attention proves," said she,
"How exceeding fond he is of me!"

And she thought "Its fit—fit—fitter,
He should love my glit—glit—glitter,
Than his heart give away
To the butterflies gay,
Or the birds that twit—twit—twitter."

She flashed her frock in the sunshine bright—
That officer brave to charm,
And he vowed she was quite a delightful sight;
So her spirits were gay—till he came one day
With a girl on his stalwart arm.
In whispers low they talked of love—
He begged for a rose and a worn-out glove;
But when they kissed a fond good-bye
The poor little gold fish longed to die!

And she sobbed "It's bit—bit—bitter
He should love this crit—crit—critter,

When I thought he would wish
For a nice little fish
With a frock all glit—glit—glitter!"

That charming girl for a time upset
The officer brave and gay,
And his sad little pet he contrived to forget;
For with never a crumb did he chance to com—
So the gold fish pined away!
Until at last some careless soul
With a smash knocked over the big glass bowl,
And there on the carpet—dead and cold—
Lay the poor little fish in her frock of gold!

But her fate so bit—bit—bitter
Is a story fit—fit—fitter
For a sad little sigh
And a tear in the eye
Than a thoughtless tit—tit—titter!

HARRY GREENBANK.

SPRING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

THE wintry forests are gone:—
A bluebird pipes his sweet, enchanting
note.
(Here comes the butcher with his bill; go, pawn
My overcoat!)

Now slips the bloom from winter's rude control,
The thrush is building, by the hedges hid.
(Upon my soul I paid that bill for coal—
Or thought I did!)

Now brawls the brook, and many a violet
Flaunts its blue beauty in the ice-king's track.
(Here comes the grocer. Darling, can you get
Ten dollars on that sacque?)

The heyday of the resurrected year
When the leaf feels the sculpturing sap aflow.
(I never paid that plumber's bill! My dear,
Your shawl will have to go!)

Season of song by river, field and lake;
Lo! how the trees have donned their vernal
suits!
(Another bill! Do ask him if he'll take
My rubber boots!)

WHEN MARIA JANE IS MAYOR.

WHEN Maria Jane's elected to the mayor-
alty chair,
There'll be many wrongs corrected that
are now apparent there.
The sidewalks will be carpeted, the streets swept
thrice a day,
The alleys be as fragrant as fields of new-mown
hay.
What with parties and receptions, and occasionally
a ball,
There will be a transformation around the City
Hall.

And each ward in the city will be represented then
By lovely alderwomen and not horrid aldermen.

When Maria Jane is mayor none but ladies will,
Of course,
Be appointed members of the city police force,
And in their bloomer uniforms they'll look so very
sweet,
The gang to be arrested will consider it a treat.

The stores will be compelled to have a bargain sale
each day,
And for chewing-gum and soda you will not be
asked to pay.

Oh, great reforms will be projected, all the wrongs
will be corrected

When Maria Jane's elected to the mayoralty chair.

WILLIAM WEST.

The way they mend a buttonhole!
And how the needle they control!
I love the girl with all my soul
Who sews my buttons on!

The useful and the sweet are mine,
All folded in those hands divine!
What need that I should now repine?
A garment whole I don!
So let the poets pen their rhyme,
And praise the girls of every clime,
I her extol who all the time
Doth sew my buttons on!

SORROWS OF WERTHER.

WERTHER had a love for Charlotte
Such as words could never utter;
Would you know how first he met her?
She was cutting bread and butter.



THE GIRL FOR ME.

THE poets sing of Hebes fair,
Of bonnie lassies debonnaire;
They sonnets pen to golden hair,
Which all delight to con:
The darlings of sweet poesy
I doubt not all these charmers be,
But that dear woman give to me
Who sews my buttons on!

I once would muse before the fire,
My trousers held by bits of wire;
I know not why—I don't inquire—
These I was forced to don;
But life has now no sad regret,
I bless my little useful pet,
The dearest I ever met,
Who sews my buttons on!

Those little hands, so small and white,
So true and nimble, to my sight
Are evermore a pure delight,
A joy to dwell upon!

Charlotte was a married lady,
And a moral man was Werther,
And for all the wealth of Indies
Would do nothing for to hurt her.

So he sighed and pined and ogled,
And his passion boiled and bubbled,
Till he blew his silly brains out,
And no more was by it troubled.

Charlotte, having seen his body
Borne before her on a shutter,
Like a well-conducted person,
Went on cutting bread and butter
W. M. THACKERAY.

SWALLOWING A FLY.

A COUNTRY meeting-house. A midsummer
Sabbath. We had come to the middle of
our sermon, when a large fly, taking advan-
tage of the opened mouth of the speaker, darted
into our throat. The crisis was upon us. Shall we
cough and eject this impertinent intruder, or let

him silently have his way? We had no precedent to guide us. We knew not what the fathers of the church did in like circumstances, or the mothers either.

We saw the unfairness of taking advantage of a fly in such straitened circumstances. It may have been a blind fly, and not have known where it was going. It may have been a scientific fly, and only experimenting with air currents. It may have been a reckless fly, doing what he soon would be sorry for; or a young fly, and gone a-sailing on Sunday without his mother's consent.

Besides this, we are not fond of flies prepared in that way. We have, no doubt, often taken them preserved in blackberry jam. But fly in the raw was a diet from which we recoiled. We would have preferred it roasted, or fried, or panned, or baked, and then to have chosen our favorite part, the upper joint, and a little of the breast, if you please, sir. But, no; it was wings, proboscis, feet, poisers. There was no choice; it was all, or none.

We foresaw the excitement and disturbance we would make, and the probability of losing our thread of discourse, if we undertook a series of coughs, chokings, and expectorations; and that, after all our efforts, we might be unsuccessful, and end the affray with a fly's wing on our lip, and a leg in the windpipe.

We concluded to take down the nuisance. We rallied all our energies. It was the most animated passage in all our discourse. We were not at all hungry for anything, much less for such hastily prepared viands. The fly evidently wanted to back out. "No!" we said within ourselves. "Too late to retreat. You are in for it now!" We addressed it in the words of Noah to the orangoutang, as it was about entering the ark, and lingered too long at the door, "Go in, sir—go in!"

And so we conquered, giving a warning to flies and men that it is easier to get into trouble than to get out again. We have never mentioned the above circumstance before; we felt it a delicate subject. But all the fly's friends are dead, and we can slander it as much as we please, and there is no danger now.

You acknowledge that we did the wisest thing that could be done; and yet how many people spend their time in elaborate, and long-continued, and convulsive ejection of flies which they ought to swallow and have done with.

Your husband's thoughtlessness is an exceeding annoyance. He is a good man, but he is careless about where he throws his slippers. On the top of one of your best parlor books he has laid a plug of pig-tail tobacco. For fifteen years you have lectured him about leaving the newspaper on the floor. Do not let such little things interfere with your domestic peace. Better swallow the fly, and have done with it.

It never pays to hunt a fly. You clutch at him.

You sweep your hand convulsively through the air. You wait till he alights on your face, and then give a fierce slap on the place where he was. You slyly wait till he crawls up your sleeve, and then give a violent crush to the folds of your coat, to find out that it was a different fly from the one you were searching after. That one sits laughing at your vexation from the tip of your nose.

Apothecaries advertise insect exterminators; but if in summer-time we set a glass to catch flies, for every one we kill there are twelve coroners called to sit as jury of inquest; and no sooner does one disappear under our fell pursuit, than all its brothers, sisters, nephews, nieces, and second cousins, come out to see what in the world is the matter. Oh man! go on with your life work! If, opening your mouth to say the thing that ought to be said, a fly dart in, swallow it!

The current of your happiness is often choked up by trifles. The want of more pantry room, the need of an additional closet, the smallness of the bread-tray, the defectiveness of the range, the lack of draught in a furnace, a crack in the sauce-pan, are flies in the throat. Open your mouth, shut your eyes, and gulp down the annoyances.

Had we stopped on the aforesaid day to kill the insect, at the same time we would have killed our sermon.

Our every life is a sermon. Our birth is the text from which we start. Youth is the introduction to the discourse. During our manhood we lay down a few propositions and prove them. Some of the passages are dull, and some sprightly. Then come inferences and applications. At seventy years we say "Fifthly and lastly." The Doxology is sung. The benediction is pronounced. The book closed. It is getting cold. Frost on the window-pane. Audience gone. Shut up the church. Sexton goes home with the key on his shoulder.

T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

THE NEXT STEP.

WE have boiled the hydrant water,
We have sterilized the milk,
We have strained the prowling microbe
Through the finest kind of silk.
We have bought and we have borrowed
Every patent health device,
And at last the doctor tells us
That we've got to boil the ice.

SAMBO'S PHILOSOPHY.

FOLKS aint got no right to censuah othah folks about dey habits;
Him dat giv' de squirls de bushtail made de bobtails fu de rabbits.
Him dat built de gread big mountains hollered out de little valleys.
Him dat made de streets an' driveways wasn't 'shamed to make de alleys.

We is all constructed diff'ent, d'ain't no two of us
de same;
We cain't he'p ouah likes an' dislikes, ef we'se
bad we ain't to blame.
Ef we'se good, we needn't show off, 'case you bet
it ain't ouah doin',
We gits into cu'ttain channels dat we jes' cain't
he'p pu'snin'.

But we all fits into places dat no c'thah ones could
fill,
An' we does the things we has to, big er little,
good er ill.
John cain't tek de place o' Henry, Su an' Sally
ain't alike;
Bass pin't nothin' like a sukah, chub ain't nothin'
like a pike.

SAMUEL LAWRENCE DUNBAR.

AMERICAN ARISTOCRACY.

OF all the notable things on earth,
The queerest one is pride of birth
Among our "fierce democracy!"
A bridge across a hundred years,
Without a prop to save it from sneers,
Not even a couple of rotten *peers*—
A thing for laughter, fleers, and jeers,
Is American aristocracy!

English and Irish, French and Spanish,
Germans, Italians, Dutch and Danish,
Crossing their veins until they vanish
In one conglomeration!
So subtle a tangle of blood, indeed,
No Heraldry Harvey will ever succeed
In finding the circulation.

Depend upon it, my snobbish friend,
Your family thread you can't ascend,
Without good reason to apprehend
You may find it *waxed*, at the farther end,
By some plebeian vocation!
Or, worse than that, your boasted line
May end in a loop of stronger twine,
That plagued some worthy relation!

JOHN G. SAXE.

CANDACE'S OPINIONS.

"I INTEND," said Mr. Marvyn, "to make
the same offer to your husband, when he
returns from work to-night."

"Laus, Mass'r—why, Cato, he'll do jes' as I do
—dere a'n't no kind o' need o' askin' him." Course
he will."

A smile passed round the circle, because between
Candace and her husband there existed one of
those whimsical contrasts which one sometimes
sees in married life. Cato was a small-built, thin,
softly-spoken negro, addicted to a gentle chronic
cough; and, though a faithful and skillful servant,
seemed, in relation to his better half, much like a

hill of potatoes under a spreading apple-tree. Can-
dace held to him with a vehement and patronizing
fondness, so devoid of conjugal reverence as to
excite the comments of her friends.

"You must remember, Candace," said a good
deacon to her one day, when she was ordering him
about at a catechizing, "you ought to give honor
to your husband; the wife is the weaker vessel."

"I de weaker vessel?" said Candace, looking
down from the tower of her ample corpulence on
the small, quiet man whom she had been fledging
with the ample folds of a worsted comforter, out
of which his little head and shining bead-eyes
looked, much like a blackbird in a nest—"I de
weaker vassel! Umph!"

A whole woman's-rights' convention could not
have expressed more in a day than was given in
that single look and word. Candace considered a
husband as a thing to be taken care of—a rather
inconsequent and somewhat troublesome species of
pet, to be humored, nursed, fed, clothed, and guided
in the way that he was to go—an animal that was
always losing off buttons, catching colds, wearing
his best coat every day, and getting on his Sunday
hat in a surreptitious manner for week-day occa-
sions; but she often condescended to express it as
her opinion that he was a blessing, and that she
didn't know what she'd do if it wasn't for Cato. She
sometimes was heard expressing herself very ener-
getically in disapprobation of the conduct of one
of her sable friends, named Jinny Stiles, who, after
being presented with her own freedom, worked
several years to buy that of her husband, but be-
came afterwards so disgusted with her acquisition,
that she declared she would "neber buy anoder
nigger."

"Now, Jinny don't know what she's talkin'
about," she would say. "S'pose he does cough
and keep her awake nights, and take a little too
much sometimes, a'n't he better'n no husband at
all? A body wouldn't seem to hab nuffin to lib
for, ef dey hadn't an old man to look arter. Men
is nate'ly foolish about some tings—but dey's good
deal better'n nuffin."

And Candace, after this condescending remark,
would lift off with one hand a brass kettle in which
poor Cato might have been drowned, and fly
across the kitchen with it as if it were a feather.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

DE OLE PLANTATION MULE.

A WERRY funny feller is de ole plantation
mule;
An' nobody'll play wid him unless he is a
fool.

De bestest ting to do w'en you meditates about
him.
Is to kinder sorter calkerlate you'll get along
widout him.

W'en you try to 'proach dat mule from de front
endwise,

He look as meek as Moses, but his looks is full ob
lies;

He doesn't move a muscle, he doesn't even wink;
An' you say his dispersion's better'n people tink.

He stan' so still that you s'pose he is a monument
of grace;

An' you almos' see a 'nevolent expression on his
face;

But dat 'nevolent expression is de mask dat's allers
worn;

For ole Satan is behin' it, jest as sure as you is
born.

Den you cosset him a little, an' you pat his other
end,

An' you has a revelation dat he aint so much
your friend;

You has made a big mistake; but before de heart
repents,

You is histed werry sudden to de odder side de
fence.

Well, you feel like you'd been standin' on de
locomotive track

An' de engine come an' hit you in de middle o'
de back;

You don' know wat has happened, you can
scarcely cotch your breff;

But you tink you've made de 'quaintance ob a
werry vil'ent deff.

Now a sin in de soul is precisely like de mule;

An' nobody'll play wid it, unless he is a fool.

It looks so mitey innercent; but honey, dear, be-
ware!

For although de kick is hidden, de kick is allers
there.

THE RAILROAD CROSSING.

I CAN'T tell you much about the thing, 'twas
done so pow'ful quick;

But 'pears to me I got a most outlandish
heavy lick;

It broke my leg, and tore my skulp, and jerked
my arm most out.

But take a seat: I'll try and tell just how it kem
about.

You see, I'd started down to town with that 'ere
team of mine,

A-haulin' down a load o' corn to Ebenezer Kline.

An' drivin' slow; for, just about a day or two
before,

The off horse run a splinter in his foot, and made
it sore.

You know the railroad cuts across the road at
Martin's Hole;

Well, thar I seed a great big sign, raised high
upon a pole;

I thought I'd stop and read the thing, and find
out what it said,

And so I stopped the hosses on the railroad track,
and read.

I ain't no scholar, rekollect, and so I had to
spell,

I started kinder cautious like, with R-A-I and I.

And that spelt "rail" as clear as mud; R-O-A-I
was "road,"

I lumped 'em; "railroad" was the word, and that
'ere much I knowed.

C-R-O and double S, with I-N-G to boot,

Made "crossing" just as plain as Noah Webster
dared to do 't.

"Railroad crossing" good enough! I double
O-K "look;"

And I was lookin' all the time, and spilin' like a
book.

O-U-T spelt "out" jest right; and there it was
"look out,"

I's kinder cur'us, like, to know jest what 'twas all
about;

F-O-R and T-H-E; 'twas then "look out for
the—"

And then I tried the next word; it commence
with E-N-G.

I'd got that fur, when suddintly there came a
awful whack;

A thousand fiery thunderbolts just scooped me o'
the track;

The hosses went to Davy Jones, the wagon went
to smash,

And I was histed seven yards above the tall o'
ash.

I didn't come to life ag'in fur about a day or
two;

But, though I'm crippled up a heap, I sorter stru-
gled trough,

It ain't the pain, nor 'tain't the loss o' that 'ere
team of mine;

But, stranger, how I'd like to know the rest of th'
'ere sign!

HEZEKIAH STRONG.

THE PUNKIN FROST.

WHEN the frost is on the punkin and the
fodder's in the shock,

And you hear the kyouck and gobble
of the struttin' turkey cock,

And the clackin of the guineas, and the cluckin
of the hens,

And the rooster's hallylooyer as he tiptoes on the
fence,

Oh, it's then's the time a feller is a-feelin' at his
best,

With the risin' sun to greet him from a night of
gracious rest,

As he leaves the house bare-headed, and goes out to feed the stock,

When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock

Theys' sumphin' kind o' hearty-like about the atmosphere,

When the heat of summer's over, and the coolin' fall is here—

Of course we miss the flowers and the blossoms on the trees,

And the mumble of the hummin'-birds, and buzzin' of the bees;

But the air's so appetizin', and the landscape through the haze

Of a crisp and sunny mornin' of the early autumn days

Is a picture that no painter has the colorin' to mock;

When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

The husky, rusty rustle of the tassels of the corn,
And the raspin' of the tangled leaves, as golden as the morn;

The stubble in the furries, kind o' lonesome-like, but still

A-preachin' sermons to us of the barns they grewed to fill.

The straw stack in the medder, and the reaper in the shed;

The hosses in their stalls below, the clover overhead;

Oh, it sets my heart a-clickin' like the tickin' of a clock.

When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

B. F. JOHNSON.

PAT'S REPLY.

AS Pat, an odd joker, and Yankee more sly,
Once riding together, a gallows passed by;
Said the Yankee to Pat, "If I don't make too free,

Give that gallows its due, and pray where would you be?"

"Why, honey," said Pat, "faith, that's easily known—

I'd be ridin' to town by myself all alone."

PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHY.

"WALKIN' out dis mawin to behole de bewtiful in natur," began President Gardner as he arose, "my mind recollected dat I had been axed to spain de true secret o' happiness. In de fust place, when am a man happy? Is it when he has lots o' money—when he has fixed his enemy—when he travels an' sees de world—when he has a good home? An' how many grades of happiness

kin you count up? An' what am happiness, when you boil it down?

"Happiness, as an old black man like me defines it," continued Brother Gardner, "am not sto' cloze, a fat wallet, a big house an' ice cream ebry night afore you go to bed. When I looked about me arter a wife I didn't look fur anything gaudy. I knew I mus' ma'ry a black woman or none at all. I knew she'd be away off on her Greek an' Latin, an so when I got my ole woman I war' not a bit dis'pinted. She am as good as I am, an' what more can I ask? When I war' free to start out I reasoned dat I mus' job 'round at di-an' dat, kase I had no trade. I nebber counted on havin' more dan a cord of wood an' five bushels of 'taters ahead, an' I nebber have had. I knew I'd have to live in a small house, own a cheap dog, live an' dress plainly, an' keep dis black skin to de grave, an' it has all happened jist as I 'spected. I am happy kase I havn't 'spected too much. I am happy kase I doan't figger on what I havn't got. I am happy kase I reason dat de weather can't allus be fa'r, money can't allus be plenty, good health can't allus last, an' yer bes' friends can't allus be counted on. If dar' am any secret of happiness I believe it am dis, an' we will now begin de reg'lar bizness of de oc-cashun."

MARK TWAIN'S WATCH.

MY beautiful new watch had run eighteen months without losing or gaining, and without breaking any part of its machinery, or stopping. I had come to believe it infallible in its judgments about the time of day, and to consider its constitution and its anatomy imperishable. But at last, one night, I let it run down. I grieved about it as if it were a recognized messenger and forerunner of calamity. But by-and-by I cheered up, set the watch by guess, and commanded my bodings and superstitions to depart. Next day I stepped into the chief jeweler's to set it by the exact time, and the head of the establishment took it out of my hand and proceeded to set it for me. Then he said, "She is four minutes slow—regulator wants pushing up." I tried to stop him—tried to make him understand that the watch kept perfect time.

But no; all this human cabbage could see was that the watch was four minutes slow, and the regulator *must* be pushed up a little; and so, while I danced around him in anguish, and implored him to let the watch alone, he calmly and cruelly did the shameful deed. My watch began to gain. It gained faster and faster day by day. Within the week it sickened to a raging fever, and its pulse went up to a hundred and fifty in the shade. At the end of two months it had left all the time-pieces of the town far in the rear, and was a fraction over thirteen days ahead of the almanac.

It was away into November enjoying the snow, while the October leaves were still turning. It hurried up house rent, bills payable, and such things, in such a ruinous way that I could not abide it. I took it to the watchmaker to be regulated. He asked me if I had ever had it repaired. I said no, it had never needed any repairing. He looked a look of vicious happiness and eagerly pried the watch open, and then put a small dice box into his eye and peered into its machinery. He said it wanted cleaning and oiling, besides regulating—come in a week.

After being cleaned, and oiled, and regulated, my watch slowed down to that degree that it ticked like a tolling bell. I began to be left by trains, I failed all appointments, I got to missing my dinner; my watch strung out three days' grace to four and let me go to protest; I gradually drifted back into yesterday, then day before, then into last week, and by-and-by the comprehension came upon me that all solitary and alone I was lingering along in week before last, and the world was out of sight. I seemed to detect in myself a sort of sneaking fellow-feeling for the mummy in the museum, and a desire to swap news with him.

I went to a watchmaker again. He took the watch all to pieces while I waited, and then said the barrel was "swelled." He said he could reduce it in three days. After this the watch averaged well, but nothing more. For half a day it would go like the very mischief, and keep up such a barking and wheezing and whooping and sneezing and snorting, that I could not hear myself think for the disturbance; and as long as it held out there was not a watch in the land that stood any chance against it. But the rest of the day it would keep on slowing down and fooling along until all the clocks it had left behind caught up again. So at last, at the end of twenty-four hours, it would trot up to the judges' stand all right and just in time. It would show a fair and square average, and no man could say it had done more or less than its duty.

But a correct average is only a mild virtue in a watch and I took this instrument to another watchmaker. He said the kingbolt was broken. I said I was glad it was nothing more serious. To tell the plain truth, I had no idea what the kingbolt was, but I did not choose to appear ignorant to a stranger. He repaired the kingbolt, but what the watch gained in one way it lost in another. It would run awhile and then stop awhile, and then run awhile again, and so on, using its own discretion about the intervals. And every time it went off it kicked back like a musket. I padded my breast for a few days, but finally took the watch to another watchmaker. He picked it all to pieces, and turned the ruin over and over under his glass; and then he said there appeared to be something the matter with the hair-trigger.

He fixed it, and gave it a fresh start. It did well now, except that always at ten minutes to ten the hands would shut together like a pair of scissors, and from that time forth they would travel together. The oldest man in the world could not make out the time of day by such a watch, and so I went again to have the thing repaired. This person said that the crystal had got bent, and that the mainspring was not straight. He also remarked that part of the works needed half-soling. He made these things all right, and then my time piece performed unexceptionably, save that now and then she would reel off the next twenty-four hours in six or seven minutes, and then stop with a bang.

I went with a heavy heart to one more watchmaker, and looked on while he took her to pieces. Then I prepared to cross-question him rigidly, for this thing was getting serious. The watch had cost two hundred dollars originally, and I seemed to have paid out two or three thousand for repairs. While I waited and looked on I presently recognized in this watchmaker an old acquaintance—a steamboat engineer of other days, and not a good engineer either. He examined all the parts carefully, just as the other watchmakers had done, and then delivered his verdict with the same confidence of manner.

He said—"She makes too much steam—you want to hang the monkey-wrench on the safety-valve!"

I floored him on the spot.

My uncle William (now deceased, alas!) used to say that a good horse was a good horse until it had run away once, and that a good watch was a good watch until the repairers got a chance at it.

SAMUEL L. CLEMENS.

DEBORAH LEE.

A PARODY.

'T IS a dozen or so of years ago,
Somewhere in the West cuntry.
That a nice girl lived, as ye Hoosiers know
By the name of Deborah Lee;
Her sister was loved by Edgar Poe,
But Deborah by me.

Now I was green, and she was green.
As a summer's squash might be;
And we loved as warmly as other folks—
I and my Deborah Lee—
With a love that the lasses of Hoosierdom
Coveted her and me.

But somehow it happened a long time ago,
In the aguish West cuntry,
That a chill March morning gave the shakes
To my beautiful Deborah Lee;

And the grim steam-doctor (drat him!) came,
 And bore her away from me—
 The doctor and death, old partners they—
 In the aguish countree.
 The angels wanted her in heaven
 But they never asked for me),
 And that is the reason, I rather guess,
 In the aguish West countree,
 That the cold March wind, and the doctor, and
 death,
 Took off my Deborah Lee—
 My beautiful Deborah Lee—
 From the warm sunshine and the opening flower,
 And bore her away from me.

Our love was as strong as a six-horse team,
 Or the love of folks older than we,
 Or possibly wiser than we;
 But death, with the aid of doctor and steam,
 Was rather too many for me;
 He closed the peepers and silenced the breath
 Of my sweetheart Deborah Lee,
 And her form lies cold in the prairie mould,
 Silent and cold—ah me!

The foot of the hunter shall press her grave,
 And the prairie's sweet wild flowers
 In their odorous beauty around it wave
 Through all the sunny hours—
 The still, bright summer hours;
 And the birds shall sing in the tufted grass,
 And the nectar-laden bee,
 With his dreamy hum, on his gauze wings pass.—
 She wakes no more to me;
 Ah! nevermore to me!
 Though the wild birds sing and the wild flowers
 spring,
 She wakes no more to me.

Yet oft in the hush of the dim, still night,
 A vision of beauty I see
 Gliding soft to my bedside,—a phantom of light,
 Dear, beautiful Deborah Lee—
 My bride that was to be;
 And I wake to mourn that the doctor, and death,
 And the cold March wind, should stop the breath
 Of my darling Deborah Lee—
 Adorable Deborah Lee—
 That angels should want her up in heaven
 Before they wanted me.

WHAT MR. ROBINSON THINKS.

FROM "THE HIGLOW PAPERS."

GUVENER B. is a sensible man;
 He stays to his home an' looks arter his
 folks;
 He draws his furrer ez straight ez he can,
 An' into nobody's tater-patch pokes;—
 But John P.
 Robinson he
 Sez he wunt vote fer Guvener B.

My! ain't it terrible? Wut shall we du?
 We can't never choose him o' course,—thet's flat;
 Guess we shall hev to come round, (don't you?)
 An' go in fer thunder an' guns, an' all that;
 Fer John P.
 Robinson he
 Sez he wunt vote fer Guvener B.
 Ginerel C. is a drestle smart man;
 He's ben on all sides thet give places or pelf;
 But consistency still wuz a part of his plan,—
 He's ben true to *one* party,—an' thet is himself;—
 So John P.
 Robinson he
 Sez he shall vote fer Ginerel C.

We were gittin' on nicely up here to our village,
 With good old ideas o' wut's right an' wut aint,
 We kind o' thought Christ went agin war an' pil-
 lage,
 An' thet eppyletts worn't the best mark of a
 saint;
 But John P.
 Robinson he
 Sez this kind o' thing's an exploded idee.

The side of our country must ollers be took,
 An' President Polk, you know, *he* is our country;
 An' the angel thet writes all our sins in a book
 Puts the *debit* to him, an' to us the *per contry*;
 An' John P.
 Robinson he

Sez this is his view o' the thing to a T.
 Parson Wilour he calls all these argimunts lies;
 Sez they're nothin' on airth but jest *fee, faw, fum*;
 And thet all this big talk of our destinies
 Is half ov it ign'ance, an' t'other half rum;
 But John P.
 Robinson he
 Sez it ain't no sech thing; an', of course, so
 must we.

Parson Wilbur sez *he* never heerd in his life
 Thet th' Apostles rigged out in their swaller-tail
 coats.
 An' marched round in front of a drum an' a file,
 To git some on 'em office, an' some on 'em
 votes.

But John P.
 Robinson he
 Sez they didn't know everythin' down in
 Judee.

Wal, it's a marcy we've gut folks to tell us
 The rights an' the wrongs o' these matters, I
 vow,—
 God sends country lawyers, an' other wise feller,
 To drive the world's team wen it gits in a skup;
 Fer John P.
 Robinson he
 Sez the world'll go right, ef he hollers out Cee!
 JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

WAIL OF THE UNAPPRECIATED.

THE poets all have sung their songs in tones
of loving praise,
Of fightin' men, and all that set, for count-
less years and days,
Until I think it's almost time to make Pegasus
prance
In ringin' in some word for them as never had a
chance.

I know a dozen fellers now, that somehow staid
behind,
And why, no one could never tell, for they was
men of mind,
All brainy men and statesmen, too, as modern
statesmen go,
But, somehow, in this crooked world, they've
never had no show.

There's old Jim Potts, who ought to be in Con-
gress right to-day.
He han't no head for business—could never make
it pay;
But when it comes to tariff, or internal revenue—
Now what old Jim he doesn't know ain't worth a-
lookin' through.

But pore old Jim (a brainy man, as I have said
before),
And several more (includin' me) set round the
grocery store,
And there we run the country, accordin'
lights,
And we figger how the workingman is loosin' all
his rights.

But yet, with all our good, hard sense, some loud
and windy cuss
Can put a standin' collar on and raise a little
fuss,
And everybody flocks to him and lauds him to
the sky,
And I leaves us men of solid worth plums stranded
high and dry.

ASK AND HAVE.

"O H, 'tis time I should talk to your mother,
Sweet Mary," says I;
"Oh, don't talk to my mother," says
Mary,
Beginning to cry:
"For my mother says men are deceivers,
And never, I know, will consent;
She says girls in a hurry who marry,
At leisure repent."
"Then, suppose I would talk to your father,
Sweet Mary," says I;
"Oh, don't talk to my father," says Mary,
Beginning to cry:

"For my father, he loves me so dearly,
He'll never consent I should go—
If you talk to my father," says Mary,
"He'll surely say 'No.'"
"Then how shall I get you, my jewel?
Sweet Mary," says I;
"If your father and mother's so cruel,
Most surely I'll die!"
"Oh, never say die, dear," says Mary;
"A way now to save you I see:
Since my parents are both so contrary—
You'd better ask *me*."

SAMUEL LOVER.

THE BEAUTY AND THE BEE.

FANNY, arrayed in the bloom of her beauty,
Stood at the mirror and toyed with her
hair,
Viewing her charms, till she felt it a duty
To own that like Fanny no woman was fair.
A bee from the garden—oh, what could mislead
him?—
Strayed through the lattice new dainties to seek,
And lighting on Fanny, too busy to heed him,
Stung the sweet maid on her delicate cheek.
Smarting with pain, round the chamber she sought
him,
Tears in her eyes, and revenge in her heart,
And angrily cried, when at last she had caught
him,
"Die for the deed, little wretch that thou
art!"
Stooping to crush him, the hapless offender
Prayed her for mercy—to hear and forgive:
"Oh, spare me!" he cried, "by those eyes in
their splendor;
"Oh, pity my fault, and allow me to live!"
"Am I to blame that your cheeks are like roses,
Whose hues all the pride of the garden eclipse?
Lilies are hid in your mouth when it closes,
And odors of Araby breathe from your lips."
Sweet Fanny relented: "'Twere cruel to hurt you;
Small is the fault, pretty bee, you deplore;
And e'en were it greater, forgiveness is virtue;
Go forth and be happy—I blame you no more."
CHARLES MACKAY.

WHY BIDDY AND PAT MARRIED.

"O WHY did you marry him, Biddy?
Why did you take Pat for your
spouse?
Sure, he's neither purty nor witty,
And his hair is as red as a cow's!
You might had your pick had you waited,
You'd done a dale better with Tim;
And Phelim O'Toole was expectin'—
You couldn't do better nor him.

You talk of us young people courtin'—
Pray tell how your courtin' began,
When you were a widdy woman,
And he was a widdy man."

"Tim and Pat, Miss, you see, was acquainted,
Before they came over the sea.
When Pat was a-courtin' Norah,
And Tim was a-courtin' me.
She did not know much, the poor Norah,
Nor, for that matter, neither did Pat;
He had not the instinct of some one,
But no one had then told him that;
But he soon found it out for himself,
For life's at best's but a span—
When I was a widdy woman,
And he was a widdy man.

"I helped him to take care of Norah,
And when he compared her with me,
He saw, as he whispered one evening,
What a woman one woman could be,
She went out like the snuff of a candle;
Then the sickness seized upon Tim,
And we watched by his bedside together—
It was such a comfort to him.
I was not alone in my weeping,
Our tears in the same channel ran—
For I was a widdy woman,
And he was a widdy man.

"We had both had our troubles, mavournen,
Though neither, perhaps, was to blame;
And we both knew by this what we wanted,
And we were willing to pay for the same.
We knew what it was to be married,
And before the long twelvemonth had flown,
We had made up our minds it was better
Not to live any longer alone;
We wasted no time shilly-shally,
Like you, Miss, and Master Dan—
For I was a widdy woman,
And he was a widdy man."

R. H. STODDARD.

MY PAROQUET.

I HAD a parrot once, an ugly bird,
With the most wicked eye I ever saw,
Who though it comprehended all it heard,
Would only say, "O pshaw!"

I did my best to teach it goodly lore;
I talked to it of medicine and law;
It looked as if it knew it all before,
And simply said, "O pshaw!"

I sat me down upon a dry-goods box
To stuff sound doctrine down its empty craw,
It would have none of matters orthodox.
But yawned and said, "O pshaw!"

I talked to it of politics, finance;
I hoped to teach the bird to say "Hurrah!"
For my pet candidates when he'd a chance,
He winked and chirped, "O pshaw!"

I am for prohibition, warp and woof,
But that bird stole hard cider through a straw,
And then he teetered off at my reproof,
And thickly said, "O pshaw!"

Enraged, I hurled a bootjack, missed my aim
And plugged a passing stranger in the jaw;
He wheeled to see from whence the missile came;
The demon laughed "O pshaw!"

I gave the creature to an old-maid aunt,
And shook with porting grief its skinny claw.
"He'll serve to cheer," she said, "my lonely
hearth,
For I'd not marry the best man on earth!"
"O pshaw!" sneered Poll, "O psha-a-w!"
EMMA H. WEIR.

"BIRTHS. MRS. MEEK, OF A SON."

MY name is Meek. I am, in fact, Mr. Meek.
That son is mine, and Mrs. Meek's. When
I saw the announcement in the *Times*, I
dropped the paper. I had put it in myself, and
paid for it, but it looked so noble that it over-
powered me.

As soon as I could compose my feelings, I took
the paper up to Mrs. Meek's bedside. "Maria
Jane," said I (I allude to Mrs. Meek), "you are
now a public character." We read the review of
our child, several times, with feelings of the
strongest emotions; and I sent the boy who
cleaned the boots and shoes to the office for fifteen
copies. No reduction was made on taking that
quantity.

I hope and believe I am a quiet man. I will go
further. I *know* I am a quiet man. My constitu-
tion is tremulous, my voice was never loud, and in
point of stature, I have been from infancy small.
I have the greatest respect for Mrs. Bigby, Maria
Jane's mamma. She is a most remarkable woman.
I honor Maria Jane's mamma. In my opinion she
would storm a town, single handed, with a hearth-
broom, and carry it. I have never known her to
yield any point whatever to mortal man. She is
calculated to terrify the stoutest heart. Still—but
I will not anticipate.

The first intimation I had of any preparations
being in progress, on the part of Maria Jane's
mamma, was one afternoon, several months ago.
I came home earlier than usual from the office,
and proceeding into the dining room, found an
obstruction behind the door, which prevented it
from opening freely. It was an obstruction of a
soft nature. On looking in I found it to be a
female.

The female in question stood in the corner behind the door, consuming sherry wine. From the nutty smell of that beverage pervading the apartment, I have no doubt she was consuming a second glassful. She wore a black bonnet of large dimensions and was copious in figure. The expression of her countenance was severe and discontented. The words to which she gave utterance on seeing me, were these, "Oh git along with you, Sir, if *you* please; me and Mrs. Bigby don't want no male parties here?" That female was Mrs. Prodigit.

I immediately withdrew, of course. I was rather hurt, but I made no remark. Whether it was that I showed a lowness of spirits after dinner, in consequence of feeling that I seemed to intrude, I cannot say. But Maria Jane's mamma said to me, on her retiring for the night, in a low, distinct voice, and with a look of reproach that completely subdued me, "George Meek, Mrs. Prodigit is your wife's nurse!"

I bear no ill-will toward Mrs. Prodigit. Is it likely that I, writing this with tears in my eyes, should be capable of deliberate animosity toward a female so essential to the welfare of Maria Jane? I am willing to admit that Fate may have been to blame, and not Mrs. Prodigit; but it is undeniably true that the latter female brought desolation and devastation into my lowly dwelling.

We were happy after her first appearance; we were sometimes exceedingly so. But whenever the parlor door was opened, and "Mrs. Prodigit!" announced (and she was very often announced), misery ensued. I could not bear Mrs. Prodigit's look. I felt that I was far from wanted, and had no business to exist in Mrs. Prodigit's presence. Between Maria Jane's mamma and Mrs. Prodigit there was a dreadful, secret understanding—a dark mystery and conspiracy, pointing me out as a being to be shunned. I appeared to have done something that was evil. Whenever Mrs. Prodigit called, after dinner, I retired to my dressing room—where the temperature is very low indeed, in the wintry time of the year—and sat looking at my frosty breath as it rose before me, and at my rack of boots; a serviceable article of furniture, but never, in my opinion, an exhilarating object. The length of the councils that were held with Mrs. Prodigit under these circumstances I will not attempt to describe.

I pass, generally, over the period that intervened between the day when Mrs. Prodigit entered her protest against male parties, and the ever memorable midnight when I brought her to my unobtrusive home in a cab, with an extremely large box on the roof and a bundle, a bandbox and a basket between the driver's legs. I have no objection to Mrs. Prodigit (aided and abetted by Mrs. Bigby, who I never can forget is the parent of Maria Jane), taking entire possession of my unassuming

establishment. In the recesses of my own breast the thought may linger that a man in possession cannot be so dreadful as a woman, and that woman Mrs. Prodigit; but I ought to bear a good deal, and I hope I can and do. Huffing and snubbing prey upon my feelings, but I can bear them without complaint. They may tell in the long run; I may be hustled about, from post to pillar, beyond my strength; nevertheless, I wish to avoid giving rise to words in the family.

The voice of Nature, however, cried aloud in behalf of Augustus George, my infant son. It is for him that I wish to utter a few plaintive household words. I am not at all angry; I am mild—but miserable.

I wish to know why, when my child, Augustus George, was expected in our circle, a provision of pins was made, as if the little stranger were a criminal who was to be put to the torture immediately on its arrival, instead of a holy babe? I wish to know why haste was made to stick those pins all over his innocent form, in every direction? I wish to be informed why light and air are excluded from Augustus George, like poisons? Why, I ask, is my unoffending infant so hedged into a basket-bedstead, with dimity and calico, with miniature sheets and blankets, that I can only hear him snuffle (and no wonder!) deep down under the pink hood of a little bathing machine, and can never peruse even so much of his lineaments as his nose.

Was I expected to be the father of a French roll, that the brushes of all nations were laid in, to rasp Augustus George? Am I to be told that his sensitive skin was ever intended by Nature to have rashes brought out upon it, by the premature and incessant use of those formidable little instruments?

Is my son a nutmeg, that he is to be grated on the stiff edges of sharp frills? Am I the parent of a muslin boy, that his yielding surface is to be crimped and small-plaited? Or is my child composed of paper or of linen, that impressions of the finery getting-up art practiced by the laundress are to be printed off all over his soft arms and legs, as I constantly observe them? The starch enters his soul; who can wonder that he cries?

Was Augustus George intended to have limbs, or to be born a Torso? I presume that limbs were the intention, as they are the usual practice. Then, why are my poor child's limbs fettered and tied up?

If the days of Egyptian mummies are past, how dare Mrs. Prodigit require, for the use of my son, an amount of flannel and linen that would carpet my humble roof? Do I wonder that she requires it? No! This morning, within an hour, I beheld this astonishing sight. I beheld my son—Augustus George—in Mrs. Prodigit's hands, and on Mrs. Prodigit's knee, being dressed. He was at the

moment, comparatively speaking, in a state of nature; having nothing on but an extremely short shirt, remarkably disproportionate to the length of his usual outer garments.

Trailing from Mrs. Prodigit's lap on the floor, was a long narrow roller or bandage—I should say of several yards in extent. In this, I saw Mrs. Prodigit tightly roll the body of my unoffending infant, turning him over and over, now presenting his unconscious face upward, now the back of his bald head, until the unnatural feat was accomplished, and the bandage secured by a pin, which I have every reason to believe entered the body of my only child. In this tourniquet he passes the present phase of his existence. Can I know it and smile?

I feel I have been betrayed into expressing myself warmly, but I feel deeply. Not for myself; but for Augustus George. I dare not interfere. Will any one? Will any publication? Any doctor? Any parent? Any body? I do not complain that Mrs. Prodigit (aided and abetted by Mrs. Bigby) entirely alienates Maria Jane's affections from me, and interposes an impassable barrier between us. I do not complain of being made of no account. I do not want to be of any account. But Augustus George is a production of Nature, and I claim that he should be treated with some remote reference to Nature. In my opinion Mrs. Prodigit is, from first to last, a convention and a superstition.

P. S.—Maria Jane's mamma boasts of her own knowledge of the subject, and says she brought up seven children besides Maria Jane. But how do I know that she might not have brought them up much better? Maria Jane herself is far from strong, and is subject to headaches, and nervous indigestion. Besides which, I learn from the statistical tables, that one child in five dies within the first year of its life; and one child in three within the fifth. That don't look as if we could never improve in these particulars, I think!

P. P. S.—Augustus George is in convulsions.

CHARLES DICKENS.

A MAN BY THE NAME OF BOLUS.

A MAN by the name of Bolus—(all 'at we'll ever know
Of the stranger's name, I reckon—and I'm
kind o' glad it's so!)

Got off here Christmas morning—looked round
the town, and then

Kind o' sized up the folks, I guess, and—went
away again!

The fact is, this man Bolus got “run in” Christ-
mas day;

The town turned out to see it, and cheered, and
blocked the way!

And they dragged him 'fore the Mayor—fer he
couldn't *er wouldn't* walk—
And socked him down fer trial—though he
couldn't *er wouldn't* talk!

Drunk?—they was no doubt of it! W'y, the Mar-
shal of the town
Laughed and testified 'at he fell up stairs 'stid of
down!

This man by the name of Bolus? W'y, he even
drapped his jaw
And snored on through his “hearin’” drunk as
you ever saw!

One fellar spit in his bootleg, and another'n
drapped a small
Little chunk of ice down his collar—but he didn't
wake at all!

And they all nearly split when His Honor said, in
one of his witty ways,
To “chalk it down for him ‘Called away—be
back in thirty days!’”

That's where this man named Bolus slid, kind o'
like in a fit,
Flat on the floor—and drat my ears! I hear 'em
a-laughin' yit!

Somebody fetched Doc Sifers from jest acrost the
hall—
And all Doc says was, “Morphine! We're too
late!” and that's all!

That's how they found his name out—piece of a
letter 'at read:
“Your wife has lost her reason, and little Nathan's
dead—

Come ef you kin—fergive *her*—but Bolus, as fer
me,
This hour I send a bullet through where my heart
ort to be!”

Man by the name o' Bolus! As his revilers roke
Fer the open air, peared like, to me, I heerd a
voice 'at spoke,

Man by the name of Bolus! *git up from where you
lay—*
*Git up and smile white at 'em, with your hands
crossed thataway!*

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

SALAD.

TO make this condiment, your poet begs
The pounded yellow of two hard-boiled
eggs;

Two boiled potatoes, passed through kitchen-
sieve,

Smoothness and softness to the salad give;

Let onion atoms lurk within the bowl,

And, half-suspected, animate the whole.

Of mordant mustard add a single spoon,

Distrust the condiment that bites too soon;

But deem it not, thou man of herbs, a fault,
To add a double quantity of salt.
And, lastly, o'er the flavored compound toss
A magic soup-spoon of anchovy sauce.
Oh, green and glorious! Oh, herbaceous treat!
'Twould tempt the dying anchorite to eat;
Back to the world he'd turn his fleeting soul,
And plunge his fingers in the salad bowl!
Serenely full, the epicure would say,
"Fate cannot harm me, I have dined to-day!"
SYDNEY SMITH.

**'T IS NOT FINE FEATHERS THAT MAKE
FINE BIRDS.**

A PEACOCK came, with his plumage gay,
Strutting in regal pride, one day,
Where a little bird hung in a gilded cage,
Whose song might a seraph's ear engage.
The bird sang on, while the peacock stood,
Vaunting his plumes to the neighborhood;
And the radiant sun seemed not more bright
Than the bird that basked in his golden light;
But the little bird sang, in his own sweet words,
" 'T is not fine feathers that make fine birds! "

The peacock strutted—a bird so fair
Never before had ventured there,
While the small bird hung at the cottage door—
And what could a peacock wish for more?
Alas! the bird of the rainbow wing,
He was n't contented—he tried to sing!
And they who gazed on his beauty bright,
Scared by his screaming, soon took to flight;
While the little bird sang, in his own sweet words,
" 'T is not fine feathers that make fine birds! "

Then, prithee, take warning, maidens fair,
And still of the peacock's fate beware;
Beauty and wealth won't win your way,
Though they 're attired in plumage gay;
Something to charm you all must know,
Apart from fine feathers and outward show—
A talent, a grace, a gift of mind,
Or else small beauty is left behind!
While the little birds sing, in their own true
words,
" 'T is not fine feathers that make fine birds! "

TOTAL ANNIHILATION.

O H! he was a Bowery bootblack bold,
And his years they numbered nine.
Rough and unpolished was he, albeit,
He constantly aimed to shine.

As proud as a king on his box he sat,
Munching an apple red,
While the boys of his set looked wistfully on,
And, "Give me a bite!" they said.

But the bootblack smiled a lordly smile,
"No free bites here!" he cried.
And the boys, they sadly walked away,
Save one, who stood at his side.

"Bill, give us the core," he whispered low
That bootblack smiled one more.
And a mischievous dimple grew in his cheek—
"There ain't goin' to be no core!"

MARY D. BAINE.



CYCLOPEDIA OF POETICAL QUOTATIONS:

WITH

SUBJECTS ARRANGED ALPHABETICALLY.

ABSENCE.



Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
'Tis sure the hardest science to forget!

Pope.

Condemned whole years in absence to deplore,
And image charms he must behold no more.

Pope.

No happier task these faded eyes pursue;
To read and weep is all they now can do.

Pope.

Love reckons hours for months, and days for years,
And every little absence is an age.

Dryden.

All flowers will droop in absence of the sun
That waked their sweets.

Dryden.

A boat at midnight sent alone
To drift upon the moonless sea,
A lute, whose leading chord is gone,
A wounded bird, that hath but one
Imperfect wing to soar upon,
Are like what I am, without thee!

Moore.

'Tis scarcely
Two hours since ye departed: two long hours
To me, but only hours upon the sun.

Byron.

Wives, in their husband's absence, grow subtler,
And daughters sometimes run off with the butler.

Byron.

Absent many a year
Far o'er the sea, his sweetest dreams were still
Of that dear voice that soothed his infancy.

Southey.

We must part awhile:
A few short months—though short, they must
be long

ACTIVITY.

The keen spirit
Seizes the prompt occasion—makes the thought
Start into instant action, and at once
Plans and performs, resolves and executes!

Hannah More.

Without thy dear society; but yet
We must endure it, and our love will be
The fonder after parting—it will grow
Intenser in our absence, and again
Burn with a tender glow when I return

Percival.

When from land and home receding,
And from hearts that ache to bleeding,
Think of those behind, who love thee,
While the sun is bright above thee!
Then, as down the ocean glancing,
With the waves his rays are dancing,
Think how long the night will be
To the eyes that weep for thee.

Miss Gould.

Call thou me home! from thee apart
Faintly and low my pulses beat,
As if the life-blood of my heart
Within thine own heart holds its seat,
And floweth only where thou art:
Oh! call me home.

Mrs. Oakes Smith.

My days, though few, have passed below
In much of joy, though more of woe;
Yet still, in hours of love or strife,
I've 'scap'd the weariness of life.

Byron.

How slow the time
To the warm soul, that, in the very instant
It forms, would execute a great design!
Thomson.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

ADVERSITY.

For as when merchants break, o'erthrown
Like ninepins, they strike others down.
Butler.

Though losses and crosses
Be lessons right severe,
There's wit there, ye'll get there,
Ye'll find nae other where.
Burns.

The brave unfortunate are our best acquaintance;
They show us virtue may be much distressed.
And give us their example how to suffer.
Francis.

In this wild world the fondest and the best,
Are the most tried, most troubled, and distressed.
Crabbe.

I have not quailed to danger's brow
When high and happy—need I now?
Byron.

One thought alone he could not—dared not meet,
“Oh, how these tidings will Medora greet?”
Then—only then—his clanking hands he raised
And strained with rage the chain on which he gazed.
Byron.

The good are better made by ill:—
As odors crushed are sweeter still!
Rogers.

The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloons;
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again towards childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound.

Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.
Shakespeare.

I'm thirty-five, I'm thirty-five!
Nor would I make it less,
For not a year has passed away
Unmarked by happiness.
And who would drop one pleasant link
From memory's golden chain?

Let us then be up and doing;
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.
Longfellow.

Run if you like, but try to keep your breath:
Work like a man, but don't be worked to death.
Holmes.

Deserted at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed.
Dryden.

To exult
Ev'n o'er an enemy oppressed, and heap
Affliction on the afflicted, is the mark,
And the mean triumph of a dastard soul.
Smollett.

Ye good distressed!
Ye noble few! who here unbending stand
Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up awhile,
And what your bounded view, which only saw
A little part, deemed evil, is no more;
The storms of wintry time will quickly pass,
And one unbounded spring encircle all.
Thomson.

Affliction is the good man's shining scene;
Prosperity conceals his brightest ray;
As night to stars, woe lustre gives to man.
Young.

We bleed, we tremble, we forget, we smile,
The mind turns fool, before the cheek is dry.
Young.

Adversity's cold frosts will soon be o'er;
It heralds brighter days:—the joyous spring
Is cradled on the winter's icy breast,
And yet comes flushed in beauty.
Mrs. Hemans.

AGE.

Or lose a sorrow, losing too
The love that soothed the pain?
Oh! still may heaven within my soul
Keep truth and love alive—
Then angel graces will be mine,
Though over thirty-five.
Mrs. Ha.

Why grieve that time has brought so soon
The sober age of manhood on?
As idly should I weep at noon
To see the blush of morning gone.
By.

Thus aged men, full loth and slow,
The vanities of life forego,
And count their youthful follies o'er,
Till memory lends her light no more.
Scott.

AMBITION.

Great souls,
By nature half divine, soar to the stars,
And hold a near acquaintance with the gods.

Romero.

That is a step,
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies.

Shakespeare.

Before I knew thee, Mar,
Ambition was my angel: I did hear
For ever its witch'd voices in mine ear;
My days were visionary—
My nights were like the slumbers of the mad—
And every dream swept o'er me glory clad.

Willis.

Unnumbered supplants crowd preferment's gate,
Athirst for wealth, and burning to be great,
Delusive fortune hears the incessant call,
They mount, they shine—evaporate and fall.

Dr. Johnson.

I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other side.

Shakespeare.

These quenched a moment her ambitious thirst—
So Arab deserts drink in summer's rain
In vain!—As fall the dews on quenchless sands,
Blood only serves to wash ambitious hands.

Byron.

ANGLING.

I in these flowery meads would be;
These crystal streams should solace me;
To whose harmonious, bubbling noise
I with my angle would rejoice.

Walton.

And angle on, and beg to have
A quiet passage to a welcome grove.

Walton.

Oh! lone and lovely haunts are thine,
Soft, soft the river flows,
Wearing the shadow of thy line,
The gloom of alder boughs.

Mrs. Hemans.

Our plenteous streams a various race supply.

Pope.

AVARICE.

Some, o'er-enamored of their bags, run mad,
Groan under gold, yet weep for want of bread.

Young.

Why Mammon sits before a million hearths
Where God is bolted out from every house.

Baileys.

"I give and I devise" (Old Euclio said,
And sigh'd,) "my lands and tenements to Ned,"
Your money, sir?—"My money, sir, what, all?"
Why, if I must" (then wept), "I give it Paul."
The manor, sir?—"The manor! hold," he cried,
"Not that—I cannot part with that," and died.

Pope.

The lust of gold succeeds the lust of conquest:
The lust of gold, unfeeling and remorseless!
The last corruption of degenerate man.

Dr. Johnson.

O cursed love of gold; when for thy sake
The fool throws up his interest in both worlds,
First starved in this, then damned in that to come.

Blair.

But the base miser starves amid his store,
Broods on his gold, and griping still at more,
Sits sadly pining, and believes he's poor.

Dryden.

BEAUTY.

Beautiful, yes! but the blush will fade,
The light grow dim which the blue eyes wear;
The gloss will vanish from curl and braid,
And the sunbeam die in the waving hair.
Turn from the mirror, and strive to win
Treasures of loveliness still to last;
Gather earth's glory and bloom within,
That the soul may be bright when youth is past.

Mrs. Osgood.

Thou art beautiful, young lady—
But I need not tell you this;
For few have borne, unconsciously,
The spell of loveliness.

Whittier.

I've gazed on many a brighter face,
But ne'er on one for years,
Where beauty left so soft a trace
As it had left on hers.

Mrs. Welby.

The face, O call it fair, not pale.

Coleridge.

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.

Keats.

No wonder that cheek in its beauty transcendent,
Excelleth the beauty of others by far;
No wonder that eye is so richly resplendent,
For your heart is a rose and your soul is a star.

Mrs. Osgood.

Her cheek had the pale pearly pink
Of sea-shells, the world's sweetest tint, as though
She lived, one half might deem, on roses sopped
In silver dew.

Bailey.

When I forget that the stars shine in air,
When I forget that beauty is in stars—
Shall I forget thy beauty.

Bailey.

Thy glorious beauty was the gift of heaven—
As such thou should'st have prized it, and have died
Ere thou didst yield it up to mortal touch,
Unless thy heart went with it, to make pure
And sanctify the offering.

Mrs. Osgood.

What right have you, madam, gazing in your
shining mirror daily,
Getting so by heart your beauty, which all others
must adore;
While you draw the golden ringlets down your
fingers, to vow gaily,
You will wed no man that's only good to God—
and nothing more.

Mrs. Browning.

Beauty—the fading rainbow's pride.

Halleck.

Without the smile from partial beauty won,
Oh, what were man!—a world without a sun!
Campbell.

For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong, whose life is in the right.
Pope.

Heaven never took a pleasure or a pride,
In starving stomachs, or a horsewhipped hide.
Walcot.

Yet some there are, of men I think the worst,
Poor imps! unhappy, if they can't be curst.
Walcot.

To follow foolish precedents, and wink
With both our eyes, is easier than to think.
Cowper.

And he at length the amplest triumph gained,
Who contradicted what the last maintained.
Prior.

If any white-winged power above
My joys and griefs survey,
The day when thou wert born, my love—
He surely blessed that day.
And duly shall my raptured song,
And gladly shall my eyes
Still bless this day's return, so long
As thou shalt see it rise.

Campbell.

Beauty has gone; but yet her mind is still
As beautiful as ever; still the play
Of light around her lips has every charm
Of childhood in its freshness.

Percival.

O, say not, wisest of all the kings
That have risen on Israel's throne to reign,
Say not, as one of your wisest things,
That grace is false and beauty vain.

Pierpont.

Is beauty vain because it will fade?
Then are earth's green robe and heaven's light
vain;
For this shall be lost in evening's shade,
And that in winter's sleety rain.

Pierpont.

I would that thou might'st ever be
As beautiful as now;
That time might ever leave as free
Thy yet unwritten brow.

Willis.

She was like
A dream of poetry, that may not be
Written or told—exceeding beautiful.

Willis.

Beauty was lent to nature as the type
Of heaven's unspeakable and holy joy,
Where all perfection makes the sum of bliss
Mrs. Hale.

BIGOTRY.

And many more such pious scraps
To prove (what we've long proved perhaps)
That mad as Christians used to be
About the thirteenth century,
There's lots of Christians to be had
In this, the nineteenth, just as mad!

Moore.

The slaves of custom and established mode,
With pack-horse constancy we keep the road,
Crooked or straight, through quags or thorny dells.
True to the jingling of our leader's bells.

Cowper.

Sure 'tis an orthodox opinion,
That grace is founded in dominion.
Butler.

BIRTHDAY.

Why should we count our life by years,
Since years are short, and pass away!
Or, why by fortune's smiles or tears,
Since tears are vain and smiles decay!
O! count by virtues—these shall last
When life's lame-footed race is o'er;
And these, when earthly joys are past,
May cheer us on a brighter shore.

Mrs. Ha.e.

My birthday! O, beloved mother!
My heart is with thee o'er the seas.
I did not think to count another,
Before I wept upon thy knees. *Wallis*

Another year! another leaf
Is turned within life's volume brief,
And yet not one bright page appears
Of mine within that book of years. *Hoffman.*

Yet all I've learnt from hours rife
With painful brooding here,
Is, that amid this mortal strife,
The lapse of every year
But takes away a hope from life,
And adds to death a fear. *Hoffman.*

Another milestone planted by the way.
Wilcox.

BOOKS.

'T is pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print;
A book's a book although there's nothing in 't.
Byron.

'T was heaven to lounge upon a couch, said Gray,
And read new novels on a rainy day.
Sprague.

A blessing on the printer's art!—
Books are the Masters of the heart.
Mrs. Hale.

The burdened soul, the burdened mind
In books alone companions find.
Mrs. Hale.

The past but lives in words: a thousand ages
Were blank, if books had not evok'd their ghosts,
And kept the pale, unbodied shades to warn us
From fleshless lips.
Bulwer.

Turn back the tide of ages to its head,
And hoard the wisdom of the honored dead.
Sprague.

What he has written seems to me no more
Than I have thought a thousand times before.
Willis.

We never speak our deepest feelings;
Our holiest hopes have no revealings,
Save in the gleams that light the face,
Or fancies that the pen may trace,
And hence to books the heart must turn
When with unspoken thoughts we yearn,
And gather from the silent page
The just reproof, the counsel sage,
The consolation kind and true
That soothes and heals the wounded heart.
Mrs. Hale.

CANDOR.

Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick
And welcome, Somerset:—I hold it cowardice
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
Hath pawed an open hand in sign of love.
Shakespeare.

Make my breast
Transparent as pure crystal, that the world,
Jealous of me, may see the foulest thought
My heart does hold.
Buckingham.

'Tis great—'tis manly to disdain disguise;
It shows our spirit, or it proves our strength.
Young.

No haughty gesture marks his gait,
No pompous tone his word,
No studied attitude is seen,
No palling nonsense heard;
He'll suit his bearing to the hour,
Laugh, listen, learn or teach,
With joyous freedom in his mirth
And candor in his speech. *Eliza Cook.*

CARE.

But human bodies are sic fools,
For a' their colleges and schools,
That when nae real ills perplex them,
They mak' enow themselves to vex them. *Burns.*

And on, with many a step of pain,
Our weary race is sadly run;
And still, as on we plod our way,
We find, as life's gay dreams depart,
To close our being's troubled day,
Nought left us but a broken heart.
Percival.

Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodgeth sleep will never lie.
Shakespeare.

Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedied.
Shakespeare.

He woke—to watch the lamp, and tell
From hour to hour the castle-bell,
Or listen to the owl's cry,
Or the sad breeze that whistles by,
Or catch by fits the tuneless rhyme
With which the warden cheats the time;
And envying think, how, when the sun
Bids the poor soldier's watch be done,
Couched on his straw, and fancy-free,
He sleeps like careless infancy.
Scott.

CHANGE.

Weep not that the world changes—did it keep
A stable, changeless course, 'twere cause to weep.

Bryant.

Not in vain the distance beckons,
Forward, forward let us range;
Let the peoples spin for ever
Down the ringing grooves of change.

Tennyson.

I ask not what change
Has come over thy heart,
I seek not what chances
Have doomed us to part;
I know thou hast told me
To love thee no more,
And I still must obey
Where I once did adore.

Hoffman.

CHARACTER.

His talk is like a stream which runs
With rapid change from rocks to roses;
He slips from politics to puns,
Passes from Mahomet to Moses;
Beginning with the laws that keep
The planets in their radiant courses,
And ending with some precept deep
For dressing eels or shoeing horses.

Præd.

She was the pride
Of her familiar sphere—the daily joy
Of all who on her gracefulness might gaze,
And in the light and music of her way
Have a companion's portion.

Willis.

The angels sang in heaven when she was born.

Longfellow.

Devoted, anxious, generous, void of guile,
And with her whole heart's welcome in her smile.

Mrs. Norton.

She has a glowing heart, they say,
Though calm her seeming be;
And oft that warm heart's lovely play
Upon her cheek I see.

Mrs. Osgood.

Though time her bloom is stealing,
There's still beyond his art—
The wild-flower wreath of feeling,
The sunbeam of the heart.

Halleck.

Bold in the cause of God he stood
Like Templar in the Holy land;
And never knight of princely blood
In lady's bower more bland.

Mrs. Hale.

His high, broad forehead, marble fair,
Told of the power of thought within;
And strength was in his raven hair—
But when he smiled a spell was there
That more than strength or power could
win.

Mrs. Hale.

CHARITY.

For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas
That grew the more by reaping.

Shakespeare.

A poor man served by thee, shall make thee rich.

Mrs. Browning.

O, rich man's son! there is a toil,
That with all others level stands;
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whitens soft white hands;—
This is the best crop for thy lands;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

Lowell.

Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to
glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Goldsmith.

Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman,
Though both may gang a kennie wrang,
To step aside is human.

Burns.

Cast not the clouded gem away,
Quench not the dim but living ray—
My brother man, beware!
With that deep voice, which from the skies,
Forbade the Patriarch's sacrifice,
God's angel cries, Forbear!

Whittier.

As the rivers, farthest flowing,
In the highest hills have birth;
As the banyan, broadest growing,
Oftenest bows its head to earth—
So the noblest minds press onward,
Channels far of good to trace;
So the largest hearts bend downward,
Circling all the human race.

Mrs. Hale.

Still to a stricken brother true,
Whatever clime hath nurtured him;
He stooped to heal the wounded Jew,
The worshiper of Gerizim.

Whittier.

And when religious sects ran mad,
He held, in spite of all his learning,
That if a man's belief is bad,
It will not be improved by burning.

Dread.

CHEERFULNESS.

Let me play the fool;
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes? and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish?

Shakespeare.

Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play,
Belinda smiled and all the world was gay.

Pope.

When cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulders flung,
Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket
rang.

Collins.

The seasons all had charms for her—
She welcomed each with joy;
The charm that in her spirit lived
No changes could destroy.

Mrs. Hale.

Were it not worse than vain to close our eyes
Unto the azure sky and golden light,
Because the tempest cloud doth sometimes rise,
And glorious day must darken into night?

Jerold.

CONSCIENCE.

O, it is monstrous!—monstrous!
Methought, the billows spoke and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me, and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe pronounced
The name of Prosper.

Shakespeare.

O conscience, into what abyss of fears
And horrors hast thou driven me; out of which
I find no way, from deep to deeper plunged.

Milton.

I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience.

Shakespeare.

Why should not conscience have vacation
As well as other court's o' th' nation;
Have equal power to adjourn,
Appoint appearance and return?

Butler.

What's tender conscience? 'Tis a botch
That will not bear the gentlest touch;
But, breaking out, despatches more
Than the epidemical'st plague-sore

Butler.

'Tis ever thus
With noble minds, if chance they slide to folly;
Remorse stings deeper, and relentless conscience,
Pours more of gall into the bitter cup
Of their severe repentance.

Mason.

Here, here it lies; a lump of lead by day;
And in my short, distracted, nightly slumbers,
The hag that rides my dreams.

Dryden.

Now conscience wakes despair
That slumbered, wakes the bitter memory
Of what he was, what is, and what must be
Worse; if worse deeds, worse sufferings must
ensue.

Milton.

Yet still there whispers the small voice within,
Heard through God's silence, and o'er glory's din
Whatever creed be taught or land be trod,
Man's conscience is the oracle of God!

Byron.

CONTENT.

Contentment, parent of delight,
So much a stranger to our sight,
Say, goddess, in what happy place,
Mortals behold thy blooming face;
Thy gracious auspices impart,
And for thy temple choose my heart,
They whom thou deignest to inspire,
Thy science learn, to bound desire;
By happy alchemy of mind,
They turn to pleasure all they find.

Green.

The cynic hugs his poverty,
The pelican her wilderness;
And 'tis the Indian's pride to be
Naked on frozen Caucasus:
Contentment cannot smart; stoics, we see,
Make torments easy to their apathy

I swear, 't is better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perked up in a glistering grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

Shakespeare.

Poor and content, is rich and rich enough;
But riches, fineness, is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.

Shakespeare.

Think'st thou the man whose mansions hold
The worldling's pomp and miser's gold,
Obtains a richer prize
Than he who, in his cot at rest,
Finds heavenly peace a willing guest,
And bears the promise in his breast
Of treasure in the skies? *Mrs. Seymour.*

Lo now, from idle wishes clear,
I make the good I may not find;
Adown the stream I gently steer,
And shift my sail with every wind.
And half by nature, half by reason,
Can still with pliant heart prepare,
The mind, attuned to every season,
The merry heart that laughs at care.

Milman.

Life's but a short chase; our game—content

Cady.

COQUETTE.

The vain coquette each suit disdain,
And glories in her lover's pains;
With age she fades—each lover flies,
Contemned, forlorn, she pines and dies.

Cady.

Who has not heard coquettes complain
Of days, months, years, misspent in vain?
For time misused they pine and waste,
And love's sweet pleasures never taste.

Cady.

Can I again that look recall,
That once could make me die for thee?
No, no!—the eye that beams on all,
Shall never more be prized by me. *Moore.*

Would you teach her to love?
For a time seem to rove;
At first she may frown in a pet;
But leave her awhile,
She shortly will smile,
And then you may win your coquette.

Byron.

COURAGE.

Let fortune empty her whole quiver on me,
I have a soul, that, like an ample shield,
Can take in all, and verge enough for more;
Fate was not mine, nor am I fate's;
Souls know no conquerors.

Dryden.

Not to the ensanguined field of death alone
Is valor limited: she sits serene
In the deliberate council, sagely scans
The source of action: weighs, prevents, provides,
And scorns to count her glories, from the feats
Of brutal force alone.

Smollett.

Think'st thou there dwells no courage but in
breasts
That set their mail against the ringing spears,
When helmets are struck down? Thou little
knowest
Of nature's marvels.

Mrs. Hemans.

Ah, never shall the land forget
How gushed the life-blood of the brave;
Gushed warm with hope and courage yet,
Upon the soil they fought to save!

Byron.

Like a mountain lone and bleak,
With its sky-encompassed peak,
Thunder risen,
Lifting its forehead bare,
Through the cold and blighting air,
Up to heaven,
Is the soul that feels its woe,
And is nerved to bear the blow.

Mrs. Hall.

Rocks have been shaken from their solid base;
But what shall move a firm and dauntless mind?
Joanna Baillie.

COURTSHIP.

My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore—in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing
strange;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:
She wished she had not heard it; yet she wished
That Heaven had made her such a man; she
thanked me;
And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her.

Shakespeare.

She that with poetry is won,
Is but a desk to write upon;
And what men say of her, they mean
No more than on the thing they lean.

Beaumont.

The knight, perusing this epistle,
Believed h' had brought her to his whistle:
And read it like a jocund lover,
With great applause t' himself twice over.

Butler.

If this inducement move her not to love,
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds.

Shakespeare.

O if good heaven would be so much my friend!
To let my fate upon my choice depend,
All my remains of life with you I'd spend,
And think my stars had given a happy end.

Oldham.

Like a lovely tree
She grew to womanhood, and between whiles
Rejected several suitors, just to learn
How to accept a better in his turn.

Ryron.

Woe to the man who ventures a rebuke!
'Twill but precipitate a situation
Extremely disagreeable, but common
To calculators when they count on woman.

Ryron.

Learn to win a lady's faith
Nobly as the thing is high;
Bravely, as for life and death
With a loyal gravity.
Lead her from the festive boards,
Point her to the starry skies,
Guard her by your truthful words,
Pure from courtship's flatteries.

Mrs. Browning.

CURIOSITY.

The over curious are not over wise.

Massinger.

He w^d would pry
Behind the scenes oft sees a counterfeit.

Dryden.

Conceal yersel' as weel's ye can
Fra' critical dissection;
But keek thro' every other man
With lengthened, sly inspection.

Burns.

Eve,
With all the fruits of Eden blest,
Save only one, rather than leave
That one unknown lost all the rest.

Moore.

I loathe that low vice, curiosity.

Ryron.

—Curiosity! who hath not felt
Its spirit, and before its altar knelt?

Sprague.

How many a noble art, now widely known,
Owes its young impulse to this power alone!

Sprague.

What boots it to your dust, your son were born
An empire's idol or a rabble's scorn?
Think ye the franchised spirit shall return,
To share his triumph, his disgrace to mourn?
Ah, curiosity! by thee inspired
This truth to know how oft has man enquired!

Sprague.

Faith we may boast, undarkened by a doubt,
We thirst to find each awful secret out.

Sprague.

The enquiring spirit will not be controlled,
We would make certain all, and all behold.

Sprague.

The curious questioning eye,
That plucks the heart of every mystery.

Mellen.

DEATH.

Death levels all things in his march,
Nought can resist his mighty strength;
The palace proud—triumphal arch,
Shall mete their shadow's length;
The rich, the poor, one common bed
Shall find in the unhonored grave,
Where weeds shall crown alike the head
Of tyrant and of slave.

Marvel.

On death and judgment, heaven and hell,
Who oft doth think, must needs die well.

Raleigh.

That must end us, that must be our cure,
To be no more; sad cure; for who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
These thoughts that wander through eternity;
To perish rather, swallowed up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of sense and motion.

Milton.

Death's shafts fly thick! Here falls the village
swain,
And there his pampered lord! The cup goes
round,
And who so artful as to put it by?

Blair.

O great man-eater,
Whose every day is carnival, not sated yet!
Unheard of epicure! without a fellow!
The veriest gluttons do not always cram;
Some intervals of abstinence are sought
To edge the appetite; thou seekest none.

Blair.

Death's but a path that must be trod,
If man would ever pass to God.

Parnell.

When musing on companions gone,
We doubly feel ourselves alone.

Scott.

Weep not for him who dieth—
For he sleeps and is at rest ;
And the couch whereon he lieth
Is the green earth's quiet breast.

Mrs. Norton.

When our souls shall leave this dwelling,
The glory of one fair and virtuous action
Is above all the scutcheons on our tomb,
Or silken banners over us.

Shirley.

DEBTS.

You have outrun your fortune ;
I blame you not that you would be a beggar ;
Each to his taste ! But I do charge you, Sir,
That, being beggared, you should win false
 moneys
Out of that crucible called DEBT !

Bulwer.

The ghost of many a veteran bill
Shall hover around his slumbers. *Holmes,*
The ghostly dun shall worry his sleep,
And constables cluster around him,
And he shall creep from the wood-hole deep
Where their spectre eyes have found him.

Holmes.

DECEIT.

Our innocence is not our shield ;
They take offence, who have not been offended ;
They speak our ruin too, who speak us fair ;
And death is often ambushed in our smiles ;
We know not whom we have to fear.

Young.

O what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practise to deceive !

Scott.

The world's all title-page ; there's no contents ;
The world's all face ; the man who shows his heart
Is hooted for his nudities and scorned.

Young.

They may be false who languish and complain,
But they who sigh for money never feign.

Lady Montague.

He that hangs or beats out his brains
The devil's in him if he feigns. *Butler.*

But now I look upon thy face,
A very pictured show,
Betraying not the slightest trace
Of what may work below.

Miss Landon.

False wave of the desert, thou art less beguiling
Than false beauty over the lighted hall shed :
What but the smiles that have practised their
 smiling,
Or honey words measured, and reckoned as said

Miss Landon.

DESPAIR.

To doubt
Is worse than to have lost ; and to despair,
Is but to antedate those miseries
That must fall on us.

Massinger.

Despair takes heart, when there's no hope to speed ;
The coward then takes arms and does the deed.

Herrick.

Despair,
Thou hast the noblest issue of all ill,
Which frailty brings us to ; for to be worse
We fear not, and who cannot lose,
Is ever a frank gamester.

Howard.

Talk not of comfort, 'tis for lighter ills ;
I will indulge my sorrows, and give way
To all the pangs and fury of despair.

Addison.

O Lucius, I am sick of this bad world !
The daylight and the sun grow painful to me.

Addison.

Methinks we stand on ruin ; nature shakes
About us ; and the universal frame's
So loose, that it but wants another push
To leap from its hinges.

Lee.

What miracle
Can work me into hope ! Heaven here is bank-
 rupt,
The wond'ring gods blush at the want of power,
And quite abashed confess they cannot help me.

Lee.

And if despondency weigh down
Thy spirit's fluttering pinions, then
Despair—thy name is written on
The roll of common men.

Halleck.

No thought within her bosom stirs,
But wakes some feeling dark and dread ;
God keep thee from a doom like hers,
Of living when the hopes are dead.

Phoebe Cary.

DISCONTENT.

Man hath a weary pilgrimage,
As through the world he wends;
On every stage, from youth to age,
Still discontent attends. *Southey.*

I cannot bear to be with men
Who only see my weaknesses;
Who know not what I might have been,
But scan my spirit as it is. *Willis.*

It's hardly in a body's power
To keep, at times, frae being sour,
To see how things are shared;
How best o' chieles are whyles in want,
While coofs on countless thousands rant,
And ken na how to wair't. *Burns.*
Thou poutest upon thy fortune and thy love:
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable. *Shakespeare.*

DOUBT.

Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt. *Shakespeare.*

The clear, cold question chills to frozen doubt;
Tired of beliefs, we dread to live without;
O then, if reason waver at thy side,
Let humbler Memory be thy gentle guide,
Go to thy birth-place, and, if faith was there,
Repeat thy father's creed, thy mother's prayer. *Holmes.*

Yet do not think I doubt thee,
I know thy truth remains;
I would not live without thee,
For all the world contains. *Morris.*

Beware of doubt—faith is the subtle chain
Which binds us to the infinite: the voice
Of a deep life within, that will remain
Until we crowd it thence. *Mrs. Oakes Smith.*

DRESS.

'Tis the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honor peereth in the meanest habit. *Shakespeare.*

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man. *Shakespeare.*

Through tattered clothes small vices do appear;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. *Shakespeare.*

Can any dresses find a way
To stop th' approaches of decay
And mend a ruined face? *Dorset.*

I pass their form, and ev'ry charming grace;
But their attire, like liveries of a kind
All rich and rare, is fresh within my mind. *Dryden.*

Nay, oft in dreams invention we bestow
To change a flounce, or add a furbelow. *Pope.*

No worthies formed by any muse but thine
Could purchase robes to make themselves so fine. *Waller.*

Gay mellow silks her mellow charms infold,
And nought of Lyce but herself is old. *Young.*

Loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when unadorned, adorned the most. *Thomson.*

DUTY.

Stern daughter of the voice of God!
O Duty! if that name thou love
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove;
Thou who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe,
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice. *Wordsworth.*

Cold duty's path is not so blithely trod
Which leads the mournful spirit to its God. *Herbert.*

Rugged strength and radiant beauty—
These were one in nature's plan;
Humble toil and heavenward duty—
These will form the perfect man. *Mrs. Hale.*

Vain we number every duty,
Number all our prayers and tears,
Still the spirit lacketh beauty,
Still it droops with many fears. *Mrs. Oakes Smith.*

To hallowed duty,
Here with a loyal and heroic heart,
Bind we our lives.

Mrs. Osgood.

Then the purposes of life
Stood apart from vulgar strife,
Labor in the path of duty
Gleamed up like a thing of beauty. *Cran. h.*

EDUCATION.

'Tis education forms the common mind;
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.
Boastful and rough, your first son is a squire;
The next a tradesman meek, and much a liar;
Tom struts a soldier, open, bold, and brave;
Will sneaks a scrivener, an exceeding knave;
Is he a churchman? Then he's fond of power;
A Quaker? Sly; A Presbyterian! Sour;
A smart free-thinker? All things in an hour.

Pope.

She taught the child to read, and taught so well,
That she herself, by teaching, learned to spell.

Byron.

'Tis pleasing to be schooled in a strange tongue
By female lips and eyes—that is, I mean
When both the teacher and the taught are young,
As was the case at least where I have been;
They smile so when one's right, and when one's
wrong
They smile still more.

Byron.

A little learning is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring,
For shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
But drinking largely sobers us again.

Pope.

Culture's hand
Has scattered verdure o'er the land;
And smiles and fragrance rule serene,
Where barren wild usurped the scene.
And such is man—a soil which breeds
Or sweetest flowers, or vilest weeds;
Flowers lovely as the morning's light,
Weeds deadly as an aconite:
Just as his heart is tri'd to bear
The poisonous weed, or flow'ret fair.

Bowring.

Learning by study must be won;
'Twas ne'er entailed from sire to son.

Gay.

And say to mothers what a holy charge
Is theirs—with what a kingly power their love
Might rule the fountains of the new-born mind;
Warn them to wake at early dawn, and sow
Good seed before the world has sown its tares.

Mrs. Sigourney.

Look through the casement of yon village school,
Where now the pedant with his oaken rule,
Sits like Augustus on the imperial throne,
Between two poets yet to fame unknown.

Fields.

ENTHUSIASM.

No wild enthusiast ever yet could rest,
'Till half mankind were like himself possessed.

Cowper.

And rash enthusiasm in good society
Were nothing but a moral inebriety.

Byron.

In every secret glance he stole
The fond enthusiast sent his soul.

Scott.

I gaze upon the thousand stars
That fill the midnight sky;
And wish, so passionately wish,
A light like theirs on high.
I have such eagerness of hope
To benefit my kind;
I feel as if immortal power
Were given to my mind.

Miss Landon.

ERROR.

O hateful error, melancholy's child!
Why dost thou show to the apt thought of men
The things that are not? O error! soon conceived,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engendered thee.

Shakespeare.

When people once are in the wrong,
Each line they add is much too long;
Who fastest walks, but walks astray,
Is only furthest from his way.

Prior.

By tasting of the fruit forbid
Where they sought knowledge they did error find,
Ill they desired to know, and ill they did,
And to give passion eyes made reason blind.

Davies.

Error is worse than ignorance.
Error's monstrous shapes from earth are driven;
They fade, they fly—but truth survives the flight.

Bailey.

Verily, there is nothing so true, that the damps of
error hath not warped it.

Tupper.

ETIQUETTE.

There's nothing in the world like etiquette
In kingly chambers or imperial halls,
As also at the race and county halls.

Byron.

There was a general whisper, toss, and wriggle,
But etiquette forbade them all to giggle.

Byron.

Harshly falls

The doom upon the ear—"She's not genteel!"
And pitiless is woman who doth keep
Of "good society" the golden key!
And gentlemen are bounding, as are the stars,
To stoop not after rising.

Willis.

EXAMPLE.

For as the light
Not only serves to show, but render us
Mutually profitable; so our lives,
In acts exemplary, not only win
Ourselves good names, but do to others give
Matter for virtuous deeds, by which we live.

Chapman.

Heaven me such uses send;
Not to pick bad from bad; but by bad, mend!

Shakespeare.

No age hath been, since nature first began
To work Jove's wonders, but hath left behind
Some deeds of praise for mirrors unto man,
Which more than threatful laws have men in-
clined,
To tread the paths of praise excites the mind;
Mirrors tie thoughts to virtue's due respects;
Examples hasten deeds to good effects.

Sackville.

EYES.

Those eyes, those eyes, how full of heaven they are,
When the calm twilight leaves the heaven most
holy!

Tell me, sweet eyes, from what divinest star
Did ye drink in your liquid melancholy?
Tell me, beloved eyes!

Buttwer.

Some praise the eyes they love to see,
As rivalling the western star;
But eyes I know well worth to me
A thousand firmaments afar.

Sterling.

Those eyes that were so bright, love,
Have now a dimmer shine;
But what they've lost in light, love,
Is what they gave to mine.
And still those orbs reflect, love,
The beams of former hours,
That ripened all my joys, love,
And tinted all my flowers.

Hood.

His eye was blue and calm, as is the sky
In the serenest noon.

Willis.

I have sat,

And in the blue depths of her stainless eyes
Have gazed!

Willis.

Those eyes—among thine elder friends
Perhaps they pass for blue;—
No matter—if a man can see,
What more have eyes to do?

Holmes.

I look upon the fair blue skies,
And naught but empty air I see;
But when I turn me to thine eyes,
It seemeth unto me
Ten thousand angels spread their wings
Within those little azure rings.

Holmes.

The bright black eye, the melting blue,
I cannot choose between the two.
But that is dearest, all the while,
Which wears for us the sweetest smile.

Holmes.

FAITH.

Faith is the subtle chain
That binds us to the Infinite: the voice
Of a deep life within, that will remain
Until we crowd it thence.

Mrs. Oakes Smith.

Faith loves to lean on time's destroying arm,
And age, like distance, lends a double charm.

Holmes.

Great faith it needs, according to my view,
To trust in that which never could be true.

Benjamin.

Faith builds a bridge across the gulf of death,
To break the shock blind nature cannot shun.
And lands thought smoothly on the further shore.

Young.

But faith, fanatic faith, once welded fast
To dear falsehood, hugs it to the last.

Moore.

There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

Tennyson.

FAME.

Fame! Fame! thou canst not be the stay
 Unto the drooping reed,
 The cool fresh fountain in the day
 Of the soul's feverish need;
 Where must the lone one turn or flee?
 Not unto thee, oh! not to thee!

Mrs. Hemans.

Of all the phantoms fleeting in the mist
 Of Time, though meagre all and ghostly thin,
 Most unsubstantial, unessential shade
 Was earthly fame.

Pollock.

I am a woman—tell me not of fame,
 The eagle's wing may sweep the stormy path,
 And fling back arrows where the dove would die.

Miss Landon.

Nor let thy noble spirit grieve,
 Its life of glorious fame to leave—
 A life of honor and of worth
 Has no eternity on earth. *Longfellow.*

The world may scorn me, if they choose—I care
 But little for their scoffings. I may sink
 For moments; but I rise again, nor shrink
 From doing what the faithful heart inspires.
 I will not flatter, fawn, nor crouch, nor wink,
 At what high mounted wealth or power desires
 I have a loftier aim, to which my soul aspires.

Percival.

We tell thy doom without a sigh,
 For thou art freedom's now, and fame's—
 One of the few immortal names
 That were not born to die. *Halleck.*

FAREWELL.

Fare thee well! yet think awhile
 On one whose bosom bleeds to doubt thee;
 Who now would rather trust thy smile,
 And die with thee, than live without thee.

Moore.

'Twere vain to speak, to weep, to sigh;
 Oh! more than tears of blood can tell,
 When wrung from guilt's expiring eye,
 Are in the word, farewell—farewell!

Byron.

Farewell! there's but one pang in death,
 One only—leaving thee!

Mrs. Hemans.

Farewell! the early dew that fall
 On the grass-grown bed,

Are like the thoughts that now recall
 Thine image of the dead.
 A blessing hallows thy dark cell—
 I will not stay to weep.—Farewell.

Miss Landon.

Farewell—thou hast trampled love's faith in the
 dust,
 Thou hast torn from my bosom its hope and its
 trust;
 Yet, if thy life's current with bliss it would swell,
 I would pour out my own in this last fond fare-
 well!

Hoffman.

And, like some low and mournful spell,
 To whisper but one word—farewell!

Benjamin.

FASHION.

Oh! wreath the ribbon lightly round,
 And tie it 'neath your chin;
 And do not let its folds be bound
 By needle or by pin!
 It is unworthy, lady dear,
 Your dignity of mind,
 To take such trouble with your gear.

Mrs. Osgood.

Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion
 Round the wealthy bride;
 But when compared with real passion
 Poor is all that pride—
 What are their showy treasures?
 What are their noisy pleasures?

The gay, gaudy glare of vanity and art—
 The polished jewels blaze
 May draw the wondering gaze,
 But never, never can come near the worthy heart.

Burns.

The company is "mixed." (The phrase I
 quote is
 As much as saying, they're below your notice.)

Miss Landon.

Fashion's smiles, that rich ones claim,
 Are beams of a wintry day;
 How cold and dim those beams would be
 Should life's poor wanderer come.

Mrs. Hemans.

FEAR.

The night came on alone,
 The little stars sat one by one
 Each on his golden throne;
 The evening air passed by my cheek,

The leaves above were stirred.
 But the beating of my own heart
 Was all the sound I heard.

Milnes.

But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young
blood;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their
spheres;
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.

Shakespeare.

Hast thou learned to doubt professions, and dis-
trust
The word of promise?—if not so, the world has
been more just
To thee than me.

Miss Bogart.

Like one, that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

Coleridge.

And what art thou? I know, but dare not speak!

Shelley.

Noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness.

Keats.

The workings of the soul ye fear;
Ye fear the power that goodness hath;
Ye fear the unseen One ever near,
Walking his ocean path.

Dana.

FICKLENESS.

Ev'n as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another;
So the remembrance of my former love,
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.

Shakespeare.

How long must women wish in vain
A constant love to find?
No art can fickle man retain.
Or fix a roving mind.
Yet fondly we ourselves deceive,
And empty hopes pursue;
Though false to others, we believe
They will to us prove true.

Shakespeare.

Three things a wise man will not trust,
The wind, the sunshine of an April day,
And woman's plighted faith. I have beheld
The weathercock upon the steeple point
Steady from morn till eve, and I have seen
The bees go forth upon an April morn,
Secure the sunshine will not end in showers;
But when was woman true?

Southey.

The dream on the pillow,
That flits with the day,
The leaf of the willow
A breath wears away;
The dust on the blossom,
The spray on the sea;
Ay—ask thine own bosom—

Are emblems of thee. *Miss Landon.*

FIDELITY.

Faithful found
Among the faithless, faithful only he;
Among innumerable false, unmov'd,
Unshaken, unobscured, unterrified;
His loyalty kept, his love, his zeal;
Nor number nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant
mind

Milton.

She is as constant as the stars
That never vary, and more chaste than they.

Proctor.

Full many a miserable year hath passed—
She knows him as one dead, or worse than dead.
And many a change her varied life hath known,
But her heart none.

Metwin.

Oh! if there be an elysium on earth,
It is this—
When two that are linked in one heavenly tie,
Love on through all ills, and love on till they die.

Moore.

My heart too firmly trusted, fondly gave
Itself to all its tenderness a slave;
I had no wish but thee, and only thee;
I knew no happiness but only while
Thy love-lit eyes were kindly turned on me.

Within her heart was his image,
Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last
she beheld him.
Only more beautiful made by his death-like silence
and absence.

Longfellow.

FLOWERS.

Oh! what tender thoughts beneath
Those silent flowers are lying,
Hid within the mystic wreath
My love hath kissed in tying.

Moore.

A violet by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye,
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

Wordsworth.

O flowers,
That never will in other climate grow,
My early visitation, and my last
At ev'n, while I bred up with tender hand
From the first opening bud, and gave ye names,
Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank
Your tribes, and water from th' ambrosial fount?

Milton.

'Twas a lovely thought to mark the hours
As they floated in light away,
By the opening and the folding flowers
That laugh to the summer's day:
Oh! let us live, so that flower by flower,
Shutting in turn, may leave
A lingerer still for the sunset hour,
A charm for the shaded eve.

Mrs. Hemans.

Flowers are love's truest language,
Benjamin.

Let us no more contend, nor blame
Each other, blam'd enough elsewhere, but strive,
In offices of love, how we may lighten
Each other's burden, in our share of woe.

Milton.

'Tis easier for the generous to forgive,
Than for offence to ask it

Thomson.

Young men soon give, and soon forget affronts;
Old age is slow in both.

Addison.

So soon may I follow
When friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle
The gems drop away.
When true hearts lie withered
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

Moore.

And what is friendship but a name,
A charm, that lulls to sleep;
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep?
Friends are like melons Shall I tell you why?
To find one good, you must a hundred try.

Marine.

God, who oft descends to visit men
Unseen, and through their habitations walks
To mark their doings.

Milton.

God into the hands of their deliverer
Puts invincible might.
To quell the mighty of the earth, the oppressor—
The brute and boisterous force of violent men.

Milton.

Bring flowers to crown the cup and lute—
Bring flowers—the bride is near;
Bring flowers to soothe the captive's cell,
Bring flowers to strew the bier!

Miss Landon.

There is to me
A daintiness about these early flowers,
That touches me like poetry. They blow out
With such a simple loveliness among
The common herbs of pasture, and they breathe
Their lives so unobtrusively, like hearts
Whose beatings are too gentle for the world.

Willis.

Sweet flower, thou tell'st how hearts
As pure and tender as thy leaf—as low
And humble as thy stem—will surely know
The joy that peace imparts.

Practical.

FORGIVENESS.

That curse shall be—forgiveness!

Byron.

Thou hast the secret of my heart—
Forgive, be generous and depart.

Scott.

They who forgive most shall be most forgiven.
Bailey

If I do wrong, forgive me or I die;
And thou wilt then be wretchered than I;—
The unforgiving than the unforgiven.

Bailey.

FRIENDSHIP.

So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet a union in partition,
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem;
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart.

Shakespeare.

Let others boast them as they may,
Of spirits kind and true,
Whose gentle words and loving smiles
Have cheered them on life through;
And though they count of friends a host,
To bless the paths they've trod,
These are the ones have loved me most.
My mother, wife, and God.

Go.

GOD.

Where'er thou art, He is; the eternal mind
Acts through all places; is to none confined;
Fills ocean, earth, and air, and all above.
And through the universal mass does move.

Deussen.

All things that are on earth shall wholly pass away,
Except the love of God, which shall live and last
for aye.

Bryant.

Thy great name
In all its awful brevity, hath nought
Unholy breeding in it, but doth bless
Rather the tongue that uses it; for me,
I ask no higher office than to fling
My spirit at thy feet, and cry thy name,
God! through eternity.

Bailey.

The hand of God
Has written legibly that man may know
The glory of the Maker. *Ware.*

The depth
Of Glory in the attributes of God,
Will measure the capacities of mind;
And as the angels differ, will the ken
Of gifted spirits glorify Him more. *Willis*

GRIEF.

Oppressed with grief, oppressed with care,
A burden more than I can bear,
I sit me down and sigh;
O life! thou art a galling load,
Along a rough, a weary road,
To wretches such as I. *Burns.*

Thy grief unmans me, and I fain would meet
That which approaches, as a brave man yields
With proud submission to a mightier foe.

Mrs. Hemans.

I need not say how, one by one,
Love's flowers have dropped from off love's
chain,
Enough to say that they are gone,
And that they cannot bloom again.

Miss Landon.

I hush my heart, I hide my tears,
Lest he my grief should guess
Who, watched thee, darling, day and night,
With patient tenderness;
'Twould grieve his generous soul to see
This anguish wild and vain,
And he would deem it sin in me
To wish thee back again;
But oh! when I am all alone,
I cannot calm my grief.

Mrs. Osgood.

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught.

Shelley.

HAPPINESS.

All the good we have rests in the mind;
By whose proportions only we redeem
Our thoughts from out confusion, and do find
The measures of ourselves, and of our powers:
And that all happiness remains confined
Within the kingdom of this breast of ours.

Daniel.

The spider's most attenuated thread
Is cord—is cable—to man's tender tie
On earthly bliss: it breaks at every breeze.

Young.

We were not made to wander on the wing:
But if we would be happy, we must bring
Our buoyed hearts to a plain and simple school.

Percival.

True happiness is not the growth of earth,
The soil is fruitless if you seek it there:
'Tis an exotic of celestial birth,
And never blooms but in celestial air.
Sweet plant of paradise! its seeds are sown
In here and there a breast of heavenly mould,
It rises slow, and buds, but ne'er was known
To blossom here—the climate is too cold.

Sheridan.

There comes
For ever something between us and what
We deem our happiness. *Byron.*

True happiness (if understood)
Consists alone in doing good. *Somerville.*

HEALTH.

The common ingredients of health and long life
are
Great temp'rance, open air,
Easy labor, little care. *Sir P. Sidney.*

The surest road to health, say what they will,
Is never to suppose we shall be ill.
Most of those evils we poor mortals know
From doctors and imagination flow. *Churchill.*

HEART.

Father of spirits, hear!
Look on the inmost heart to thee reveal'd.
Look on the fountain of the burning tear.

Mrs. Hemans.

Heaven's Sovereign spares all beings but himself
That hideous sight—a naked, human heart!

Young.

And power sublime is that of heart. *Austin.*

The heart is like the sky a part of heaven,
 But changes, night and day, too, like the sky;
 Now o'er it clouds and thunder must be driven,
 And darkness and destruction, as on high;
 But when it hath been scorch'd and pierced and
 riven,
 Its storins expire in water-drops; the eye
 Pours forth, at last, the heart's blood turn'd to tears.

To me she gave her heart—the all
 Which tyranny cannot enthrall.

Byron.

Byron.

I am not old—though time has set
 His signet on my brow,
 And some faint furrows there have met,
 Which care may deepen now;—
 For in my heart a fountain flows,
 And round it pleasant thoughts repose,
 And sympathies and feelings high
 Spring like the stars on evening sky.

Benjamin.

A woman's heart, that touch of heaven.

Byron.

HEAVEN.

Ye stars! which are the poetry of heaven;
 If in your bright leaves we would read the fate
 Of men and empires—'tis to be forgiven,
 That in our aspirations to be great,
 Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
 And claim a kindred with you; for ye are
 A beauty and a mystery, and create
 In us such love and reverence from afar,
 That fortune, fame, power, life, have named
 themselves a star.

Byron.

I cannot be content with less than Heaven:
 O Heaven, I love thee ever! sole and whole,
 Living, and comprehensive of all life;
 Thee, agy world, thee, universal Heaven,
 And heavenly universe!

Bailey.

Heaven asks no surplice round the heart that feels,
 And all is holy where devotion kneels.

Holmes.

HOME.

The angry word suppressed, the taunting thoughts;
 Subduing and subdued, the petty strife,
 Which clouds the color of domestic life,
 The sober comfort, all the peace which springs
 From the large aggregate of little things;
 On these small cares of—daughter—wife—or friend,
 The almost sacred joys of home depend.

Hannah Moore.

We leave

Our home in youth—no matter to what end—
 Study—or strife—or pleasure, or what not;
 And coming back in few short years, we find
 All as we left it outside; the old elms,
 The house, the grass, gates, and latchet's self—
 same click:

But lift that latchet—all is changed as doom.

Bailey.

His warm but simple home where he enjoys
 With her who shares his pleasure and his heart,
 Sweet converse.

Croker.

Give me my home, to quiet dear,
 Where hours untold and peaceful move;
 So fate ordain I sometimes there
 May hear the voice of him I love.

Mrs. O'Neil.

The land was beautiful—
 Fair rose the spires, and gay the buildings were,
 And rich the plains, like dreams of blessed isles;
 But when I heard my country's music breathe,
 I sighed to be among her wilds again!

Maturin.

HOPE.

Work without hope draws nectar in a sieve,
 And hope without an object cannot live.

Coleridge.

Hope on—hope ever!—by the sudden springing
 Of green leaves which the winter hid so long;
 And by the burst of free, triumphant singing,
 After cold silent months the woods among;
 And by the rending of the frozen chains,
 Which bound the glorious river of the plains,
 Hope on—hope ever.

Mrs. Hemans.

God wills, man hopes; in common souls

Hope is but vague and undefined,

Till from the poet's tongue the message rolls

A blessing to his kind.

Lowell.

How disappointment tracks

The steps of hope!

Miss Landon.

Though at times my spirit fails me,
 And the bitter tear-drops fall,
 Though my lot is hard and lonely,
 Yet I hope—I hope through all.

Mrs. Norton.

Come then, oh care! oh grief! oh woe!
 Oh troubles! mighty in your kind,
 I have a balm ye ne'er can know,

A hopeful mind.

Tane.

Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to
 follow
 Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of the
 Saviour.

Longfellow.

Hopes, that beckon with delusive gleams,
 Till the eye dances in the void of dreams

Holmes.

HUMILITY.

Humility, that low, sweet root,
From which all heavenly virtues shoot. *Moore.*
The meek mountain daisy, with delicate crest,
And the violet whose eye told the heaven of her
breast. *Mrs. Sigourney.*
Lowliness is the base of every virtue;
And he who goes the lowest, builds the safest.
My God keeps all his pity for the proud. *Bailey.*

Humility mainly becometh the converse of man
with his Maker,
But oftentimes it seemeth out of place of man with
man;
Render unto all men their due, but remember thou
also art a man,
And cheat not thyself of the reverence which is
owing to thy reasonable being. *Tupper.*

HUSBANDS.

Look here upon this picture, and on this:
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers:
See, what a grace was seated on this brow;
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye, like Mars, to threaten or command;
A station, like the herald Mercury,
New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination, and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man!
This was your husband—Look you now what
follows;

There is your husband—like a mildewed ear
Blasting his wholesome brother. *Shakespeare.*

To all married men be this caution,
Which they should duly tender as their life,
Neither to doat too much, nor doubt a wife.
Massey.

A narrow-minded husband is a thief
To his own fame, and his preferment too;
He shuts his parts and fortunes from the world;
While from the popular vote and knowledge,
Men rise to employment in the state. *Shirley.*

IDLENESS.

I would not waste my spring of youth
In idle dalliance: I would plant rich seeds,
To blossom in my manhood, and bear fruit
When I am old. *Hillhouse.*

Tax not my sloth that I
Fold my arms beside the brook;
Each cloud that floateth in the sky
Writes a letter in my book. *Emerson.*

Long has it been my fate to hear
The slave of mammon, with a sneer,
My indolence reprove;
Ah, little knows he of the care,
The toil, the hardship that I bear,
While lolling in my elbow-chair,
And seeming scarce to move.

Allston.

IMMORTALITY.

Cold in the dust this perished heart may lie,
But that which warmed it once shall never die.
Campbell.

O, listen man!
A voice with within us speaks that startling word,
"Man, thou shalt never die!" Celestial voices
Hymn it unto our souls: according harps,
By angel fingers touched, when the mild stars
Of morning sang together, sound forth still
The song of our great immortality.

Dana.

It is wonderful,
That man should hold himself so haughtily,
And talk of an immortal name, and feed
His proud ambition with such daring hopes
As creatures of a more eternal nature
Alone should form. *Percival.*

Press onward through each varying hour;
Let no weak fears thy course delay;
Immortal being! feel thy power,
Pursue thy bright and endless way.

Norton.

INDUSTRY.

The chiefest action for a man of spirit,
Is never to be out of action; we should think
The soul was never put into the body,
Which has so many rare and curious pieces
Of mathematical motion, to stand still.
Virtue is ever sowing of her seeds.

Webster.

Work for some good, be it ever so slowly;
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;
Labor—all labor is noble and holy. *Mrs. Osgood.*

Chide me not, laborious band,
For the idle flowers I brought;
Every aster in my hand
Goes home loaded with a thought.

Emerson.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Longfellow.

JEALOUSY.

Ah no! my love knows no vain jealousy;
The rose that blooms and lives but in the sun,
Asks not what other flowers he shines upon,
If he but shine on her. *Anne C. Lynch.*

In gentle love the sweetest joys we find—
Yet even those joys, dire jealousy molests,
And blackens each fair image in our breasts. *Lyttleton.*

Hence, jealousy; thou fatal lying fiend,
Thou false seducer of our hearts, be gone!
C. Johnson.

To doubt's an injury; to suspect a friend
Is breach of friendship; jealousy's a seed
Sown but in vicious minds; prone to distrust,
Because apt to deceive. *Lansdown.*

Her maids were old, and if she took a new one,
You might be sure she was a perfect fright;
She did this during even her husband's life—
I recommend as much to every wife. *Byron.*

JUSTICE.

Ay, justice, who evades her?
Her scales reach every heart;
The action and the motive,
She weigheth each apart;
And none who swerve from right or truth
Can 'scape her penalty! *Mrs. Hale.*

Good my liege, for justice
All place a temple, and all season, summer!
Do you deny my justice? *Bulwer.*

Remember, One, a judge of righteous men,
Swore to spare Sodom if she held but ten!
Holmes.

A happy lot be thine, and larger light
Await thee there; for thou hast bound thy will,
In cheerful homage to the rule of right,
And lovest all, and doest good for ill. *Bryant.*
Man is unjust, but God is just; and finally justice
Triumphs. *Longfellow.*

KINDNESS.

Generous as brave,
Affection, kindness, the sweet offices
Of love and duty, were to him as needful
As his daily bread. *Rogers.*

I may be kind,
And meet with kindness, yet be lonely still.
Miss Landon.

Both men and women belie their nature
When they are not kind. *Bailey.*

Think me not unkind and rude
That I walk alone in grove and glen;
I go to the god of the wood
To fetch his word to men. *Emerson.*

Speak gently! Love doth whisper low
The vows that true hearts bind;
And gently friendship's accents flow;
Affection's voice is kind. *Bates.*

KISS.

Oh! let me live for ever on those lips!
The nectar of the gods to these is tasteless.
Dryden.

Soft child of love—thou balmy bliss,
Inform me, O delicious kiss!
Why thou so suddenly art gone,
Lost in the moment thou art won?
Wolcot.

A long, long kiss, a kiss of youth and love.
Byron.

My heart can kiss no heart but thine,
And if these lips but rarely pine
In the pale abstinence of sorrow,
It is that nightly I divine,
As I this world-sick soul recline,
I shall be with thee ere the morrow.
Bailey.

And with a velvet lip print on his brow,
Such language as the tongue hath never spoken.
Mrs. Sigourney.

KNOWLEDGE.

O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see ourself as others see us!
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
An' foolish notion. *Burns.*

I know is all the mourner saith—
Knowledge by suffering entereth—
As life is perfected by death.
Mrs. Browning.

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers,
And I linger more and more,
And the individual withers,
And the world is more and more.
Tennyson.

Oh! there is nought on earth worth being known,
But God and our own souls.
Bailey.

LABOR.

Give me the fair one, in country or city,
Whose home and its duties are dear to her heart,
Who cheerfully warbles some rustical ditty,
While plying the needle with exquisite art.

Woodworth.

"Labor is worship"—the robin is singing;
"Labor is worship"—the wild bee is ringing.
Listen! that eloquent whisper upspringing,
Speaks to thy soul out of nature's great heart.

Mrs. Osgood.

Labor is life!—'T is the still water faileth;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;
Keep the watch wound, or the dark rust as-
saileth.

Mrs. Osgood.

Here, brothers, secure from all turmoil and danger
We reap what we sow, for the soil is our own;
We spread hospitality's board for the stranger;
And care not a fig for the king on his throne;
We never know want, for we live by our labor,
And in it contentment and happiness find.

Morris.

LIBERTY.

For freedom's battle, once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won.

Byron.

There is a spirit working in the world,
Like to a silent, subterranean fire;

Yet ever and anon some monarch hurled
Aghast and pale, attests its fearful ire:
The dungeoned nations now once more respire
The keen and stirring air of liberty!

Hill.

LOVE.

Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-browed
night;

Give me my Romeo: and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun.

Shakespeare.

Doubt thou the stars are fire;
Doubt that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar;
But never doubt I love,

Shakespeare.

Her hand he seized, and to a shady bank,
Thick overhead with verdant roof embowered,
He led her nothing loath; flowers were the couch,
Pansies, and violets, and asphodel,
And hyacinth, earth's freshest, softest lap.

Milton.

My heart's so full of joy,
That I shall do some wild extravagance
Of love in public; and the foolish world,
Which knows not tenderness, will think me mad.

Dryden.

The maid that loves
Goes out to sea upon a shattered plank,
And puts her trust in miracles for safety.

Young.

If we love one another,
Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mis-
chances may happen.

Longfellow.

They sin who tell us love can die:
With love all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity;
Its holy flame forever burneth,
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth.

Southery.

Oh! I would ask no happier bed,
Than the chill wave my love lies under:
Sweeter to rest together dead,
Far sweeter than to live asunder.

Moore.

There's not a look, a word of thine,
My soul hath e'er forgot;
Thou ne'er hast bid a ringlet shine,
Nor giv'n thy locks one graceful twine,
Which I remember not.

Moore.

God gives us love. Something to love
He lends us; but when love is grown
To ripeness, that on which it throve
Falls off, and love is left alone.

Tennyson.

True love is at home on a carpet,
And mightily likes his ease—
And true love has an eye for a dinner,
And starves beneath shady trees.
His wing is the fan of a lady,
His foot's an invisible thing,
And his arrow is tipped with a jewel,
And shot from a silver string.

Willis.

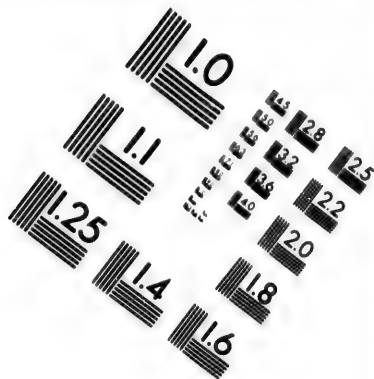
MAN.

This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,

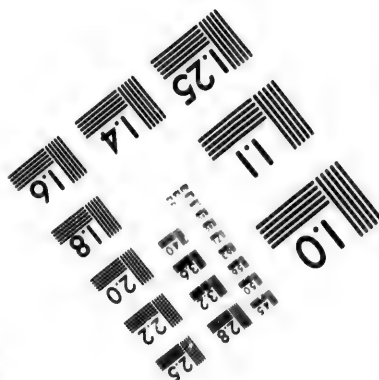
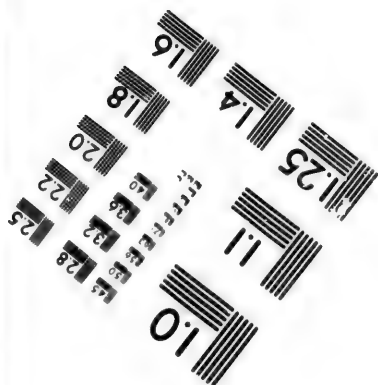
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening, nips his root;
And then he falls as I do.

Shakespeare.





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I dare do all that may become a man ;
Who dares do more, is none.

Shakespeare.

Yes, thou mayst sneer, but still I own
A love that spreads from zone to zone :
No time the sacred fire can smother !
Where breathes the man, I hail the brother.
Man ! how sublime—from Heaven his birth—
The God's bright Image walks the earth !
And if, at times, his footstep strays,
I pity where I may not praise.

Bulwer.

Through all disguise, form, place or name
Beneath the flaunting robe of sin,

Through poverty and squalid shame,
Thou lookest on the *man* within :
On man, as man, retaining yet,
Howe'er debased, and soiled, and dim,
The crown upon his forehead set—
The immortal gift of God to him.

Whittier.

Profounder, profounder,
Man's spirit must dive :
To his aye-rolling orbit
No goal will arrive.
The heavens that now draw him
With sweetness untold,
Once found—for new heavens
He spurneth the old.

Emerson.

MARRIAGE.

Say, shall I love the fading beauty less,
Whose spring-tide radiance has been wholly
mine ?
No—come what will, thy steadfast truth I'll
bless ;
In youth, in age, thine own—for ever thine.

A. A. Watts.

Although my heart, in earlier youth,
Might kindle with more wild desire,
Believe me, it has gained in truth
Much more than it has lost in fire ;
The flame now warms my inmost core,
That then but sparkled on thy brow :

And though I seemed to love thee more,
Yet oh, I love thee better now.

Moore.

Then come the wild weather—come sleet or come
snow.

We will stand by each other, however it blow ;
Oppression and sickness, and sorrow and pain,
Shall be to our true love as links to the chain.

Longfellow.

While other doublets deviate here and there,
What secret handcuff binds that pretty pair ?
Compactest couple ! pressing side to side,—
Ah ! the white bonnet—that reveals the bride !

Holmes.

MOTHER.

A mother's love—how sweet the name !
What *is* a mother's love ?
A noble, pure, and tender flame,
Enkindled from above,
To bless a heart of earthly mould ;
The warmest love that *can* grow cold ;
This is a mother's love.

Montgomery.

She was my friend—I had but her—no more,
No other upon earth—and as for heaven,
I am as they that seek a sign, to whom
No sign is given. My mother ! Oh, my mother !

Taylor.

My mother ! at that holy name
Within my bosom there's a gush
Of feeling which no time can tame,
A feeling which for years of fame
I would not, could not crush !

Morris.

And while my soul retains the power
To think upon each faded year,
In every bright or shadowed hour,
My heart shall hold my mother dear.
The hills may tower—the waves may rise,
And roll between my home and me ;
Yet shall my quenchless memories
Turn with undying love to thee.

Clark.

MUSIC.

Music has charms to soothe the savage breast,
To soften rocks, and bend the knotted oak.

Congreve.

So far was heard the mighty knell,
The stag sprung up on Cheviot Fell,
Spread his broad nostrils to the wind,
Listed before, aside, behind ;
And quaked among the mountain fern,
To hear that sound so dull and stern.

Scott.

There's music in the sighing of a reed ;
There's music in the gushing of a rill ;
There's music in all things, if men had ears ;
Their earth is but an echo of the spheres.

Byron.

There's music in the forest leaves,
When summer winds are there,
And in the laugh of forest girls,
That braid their sunny hair.
The first wild bird that drinks the dew,
From violets of the spring,
Has music in his song, and in
The fluttering of his wing.

Halleck.

Rich, though poor!
My low-roofed cottage is this hour a heaven;
Music is in it—and the song she sings,
That sweet-voiced wife of mine arrests the ear
Of my young child, awake upon her knee.

Willis.

And wheresoever, in his rich creation,
Sweet music breathes—in wave, or bird, or soul,
'Tis but the faint and far reverberation
Of that grand tune to which the planets roll.

Mrs. Osgood.

NIGHT.

Night, sable goddess! from her ebony throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumb'ring world.
Silence, how dead! and darkness, how profound!
Nor eye, nor list'ning ear, an object finds;
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the gen'ral pulse
Of life stood still, and nature made a pause;
An awful pause! prophetic of her end. *Young.*

The night has come, but not too soon;
And sinking silently,
All silently, the little moon
Drops down behind the sky. *Longfellow.*

'Tis dark abroad. The majesty of night
Bows down superbly from her utmost height,
Stretches her starless plumes across the world,
And all the banners of the wind are furled.

Neal.

'Tis now the very witching time of night;
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world; now could I drink hot
blood,
And do such business as the bitter day
Would quake to look on.

Shakespeare.

OPINION.

How much there is self-will would do,
Were it not for the dire dismay
That bids ye shrink, as ye suddenly think
Of "what will my neighbors say?"

Eliza Cook.

Yet in opinions look not always back;
Your wake is nothing, mind the coming track;

Leave what you've done for what you have to do,
Don't be "consistent," but be simply true.

Holmes.

He loved his kind, but sought the love of few,
And valued old opinions more than new.

Benjamin.

OPPORTUNITY.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.

On such a full sea are we now afloat,
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Shakespeare.

PARTING.

Good night, good night! parting is such sweet
sorrow
That I shall say—good night till it be morrow.

Shakespeare.

There are two souls whose equal flow
In gentle streams so calmly run,
That when they part—they part!—ah, no!
They cannot part—those souls are one

Barton.

I must leave thee, lady sweet!
Months shall waste before we meet,
Winds are fair, and sails are spread,
Anchors leave their ocean bed;
Ere this shining day grows dark,
Skies shall gird my shoreless bark;
Through thy tears, O lady mine,
Read thy lover's parting line.

Holmes.

Well—peace to thy heart, though another's it be,
And health to thy cheek, though it bloom not for
me.

Moore.

'Twas bitter then to rend the heart
With the sad thought that we must part:
And, like some low and mournful spell,
To whisper but one word—farewell.

Benjamin.

When forced to part from those we love,
Though sure to meet to-morrow;
We yet a kind of anguish prove
And feel a touch of sorrow.
But oh! what words can paint the fears
When from those friends we sever,
Perhaps to part for months—for years—
Perhaps to part forever.

PATRIOTISM.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
Than fancy's feet have ever trod.
By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung,
There honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there. *Collins.*

Our country first, their glory and their pride,
Land of their hopes, land where their fathers died.
When in the right, they'll keep thy honor bright,
When in the wrong, they'll die to set it right.

Fields.

Then none was for a party;
Then all were for the state;
Then the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great;
Then lands were fairly portioned;
Then spoils were fairly sold;
The Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old.

Macaulay.

This was the noblest Roman of them all;
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great
Cæsar;
He, only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of
them.

Shakespeare.

PEN.

In days of yore, the poet's pen
From wing of bird was plundered,
Perhaps of goose, but now and then,
From Jove's own eagle sundered.
But now, metallic pens disclose
Alone the poet's numbers;
In iron inspiration glows,
Or with the poet slumbers. *J. Q. Adams.*

Beneath the rule of men entirely great,
The pen is mightier than the sword. Behold
The arch enchanter's wand! itself a nothing!
But taking sorcery from the master hand,
To paralyze the Cæsars, and to strike
The loud earth breathless!

Bulwer.

That mighty instrument of little men.

Byron.

PITY.

The brave are ever tender,
And feel the miseries of suffering virtue.

Maryn.

Not always is the heart unwise,
Nor pity idly born,
If even a passing stranger sighs
For those who do not mourn.

Wordsworth.

Pity thee! So I do!
I pity the dumb victim at the altar—
But does the robed priest for his pity falter?

Willis.

Oh, brother man! fold to thy heart thy brother;
Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there.

Whittier.

POLITICS.

Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain.

Sir W. Jones.

Believe me, friends, loud tumults are not laid
With half the easiness that they are raised.

Ben Jonson.

Dull rogues affect the politician's part,
And learn to nod, and smile, and shrug with art;
Who nothing has to lose, the war bewails;
And he who nothing pays, at taxes rails.

Congreve.

The seals of office glitter in his eyes;
He climbs, he pants, he grasps them; at his heels,
Close at his heels, a demagogue ascends,
And, with a dextrous jerk, soon twists him down,
And wins them, but to lose them in his turn.

Cooper.

Watch thou, and wake when others be asleep,
To pry into the secrets of the state.

Shakespeare.

Commonwealths by virtue ever stood.

Sir J. Davis.

PORTRAIT.

I've gazed on many a brighter face,
But ne'er on one for years.
Where beauty left so soft a trace
As it had left on hers;
But who can paint the spell that wove
A brightness round the whole!

'T would take an angel from the skies
To paint the immortal soul—
To trace the light, the inborn grace,
The spirit sparkling o'er her face.

Mrs. Welby.

Is she not more than painting can express?

Rowe.

Waking, I must dream no more,
Night has lovelier dreams in store.
Picture dear, farewell to thee,
Be thine image left with me,

Miss London.

The picture, in my memory now,
Is fair as morn, and fresh as May!

Willis.

A still, sweet, placid, moonlight face,
And slightly nonchalant,
Which seems to claim a middle place
Between one's love and aunt,
Where childhood's star has left a ray
In woman's sunniest sky,
As morning dew and blushing day
On fruit and blossom lie.

Holmes.

POVERTY.

His raw-boned cheeks, through penury and pine,
Were shrunk into his jaws, as he did never dine.

Spenser.

O grant me, Heaven, a middle state,
Neither too humble nor too great;
More than enough for nature's ends,
With something left to treat my friends.

Mallet.

Few save the poor feel for the poor;
The rich know not how hard
It is to be of needful rest
And needful food debarred:
They know not of the scanty meal,
With small, pale faces round;
No fire upon the cold, damp hearth
When snow is on the ground.

Miss London.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

Lowell.

O, poor man's son, scorn not thy state;
There is worse weariness than thine,
In merely being rich and great:
Toil only gives the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Lowell.

PRAYER.

Any heart, turned Godward, feels more joy
In one short hour of prayer, than e'er was raised
By all the feasts on earth since their foundation.

Bailey.

In desert wilds, in midnight gloom;
In grateful joy, in trying pain;
In laughing youth, or nigh the tomb;
Oh! when is prayer unheard or vain?

Eliza Cook.

There are God and peace above thee:
Wilt thou languish in despair?
Tread thy griefs beneath thy feet,
Scale the walls of heaven with prayer—
'Tis the key of the apostle,
That opens heaven from below;
'Tis the ladder of the patriarch,
Whereon angels come and go!

Miss Lynch.

They had no stomach, o'er a grace to nod,
Nor time enough to offer thanks to God;
That might be done, they wisely knew,
When they had nothing else to do.

Walcot.

O, the precious privilege
To the pious given—
Sending by the dove of prayer
Holy words to heaven!
Arrows from the burning sun
Cleave the quivering air—
Swifter, softer, surer on,
Speeds the dove of prayer,
Bearing from the parted lips
Words of holy love,
Warm as from the heart they gushed,
To the throne above!

Mrs. Hale.

PRIDE.

Pride (of all others the most dangerous fault)
Proceeds from want of sense, or want of thought,
The men who laze or digest things most,
Will be much apter to despond than boast;
For if your author be profoundly good,
'T will cost you dear before he's understood.

Roscommon.

What is pride? a whizzing rocket
That would emulate a star.

Wordsworth.

The fiend that man harries
Is love of the Best,
Yawns the Pit of the Dragon
Lit by rays from the Blest;
The Lethe of Nature
Can't trance him again,
Whose soul sees the Perfect
Which his eyes seek in vain.
Pride ruined the angels,
Their shame them restores.

Emerson.

Oh! ask not a hero in the mansions of pride,
Where marble shines out in the pillars and walls;
Though the roof be of gold it is brilliantly cold,
And joy may not be found in its torch-lighted
halls.

Eliza Cook.

Yes—the same sin that overthrew the angels,
And of all sins most easily besets
Mortals the nearest to the angelic nature:
The vile are only vain; the great are proud.

Byron.

PROPOSAL.

As letters some hand has invisibly traced,
When held to the flame will steal out to the
sight,
So, many a feeling that long seemed effaced,
The warmth of a meeting like this brings to
light!

Moore.

Whither my heart is gone, there follows my hand,
and not elsewhere,
For where the heart goes before, like a lamp, and
illuminates the pathway,
Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden
in darkness.

Longfellow.

“Yes!” I answered you last night;
“No!” this morning, sir, I say!
Flowers seen by candle-light,
Will not look the same by day.

Mrs. Browning.

Look how the blue-eyed violets
Glance love to one another!
Their little leaves are whispering
The vows they may not smother.
The birds are pouring passion forth,
In every blossoming tree—
If flowers and birds talk love, lady,
Why not we?

Read.

And over all the happy earth,
Love floweth—like a river—
True love whose glory fills the sky
For ever and for ever.
The pale heart of the silver stars
Throb, too, as mine to thee—
All things delight in love, lady,
Why not we?

Read.

PROVIDENCE.

Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well;
When our deep plots do pall: and that should
teach us,
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Shakespeare.

The ways of heaven are dark and intricate,
Puzzled in mazes, and perplexed with errors;
Our understanding traces them in vain,
Lost and bewildered in the fruitless search;
Nor sees with how much art the windings run,
Nor where the regular confusion ends.

Addison.

Who is it, that will doubt
The care of heaven; or think th' immortal
Pow'rs are slow, 'cause they take the privilege

To choose their own time, when they will send
their

Blessings down.

Davenant

Go, mark the matchless working of the power
That shuts within the seed the future flower;
Bids these in elegance of form excel,
In color these, and those delight the smell.
Sends nature forth, the daughter of the skies.
To dance on earth, and charm all human eyes.

Cowper.

Thus wisdom speaks
To man; thus calls him through this actual form
Of nature, though religion's fuller noon,
Through life's bewildering mazes to observe
A Providence in all.

Ogilvie.

PURITY.

Around her shone
The light of love, the purity of grace,
The mind, the music breathing from her face;
The heart whose softness harmonized the whole;
And, oh! that eye was in itself a soul!

Byron.

Her form was fresher than the morning rose
When the dew wets its leaves; unstained and pure
As is the lily, or the mountain snow.

Thomson.

Let me be pure!
Oh! I wish I was a pure child again,
When life was calm as is a sister's kiss.

Bailey.

Pure and undimmed, thy angel smile
Is mirrored on my dreams,
Like evening's sunset-girded isle
Upon her shadowed streams:
And o'er my thoughts thy vision floats,
Like melody of spring-bird notes,
When the blue halcyon gently laves
His plumage in the flashing waves.

Benjamin.

Sweet beauty sleeps upon thy brow,
And floats before my eyes:
As meek and pure as doves art thou,
Or beings of the skies.

Robert Morris.

the angels,

nature :
are proud.

Byron.

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Benjamin.

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Robert Morris.

Spring has no blossom fairer than thy form ;
Winter no snow-wreath purer than thy mind ;
The dew-drop trembling to the morning beam
Is like thy smile, pure, transient, heaven-refined.

Mrs. Pierson.

RAIN.

The rain is playing its soft pleasant tune
Fitfully on the skylight, and the shade
Of the fast flying clouds across my book
Passes with delicate change.

Willis.

The April rain—the April rain—
I hear the pleasant sound ;
Now soft and still, like little dew,
Now drenching all the ground.
Pray tell me why an April shower
Is pleasanter to see
Than falling drops of other rain ?

I'm sure it is to me. *Mrs. Oakes Smith.*

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky !

Wordsworth.

Triumphal arch, that fill'st the sky,
When storms prepare to part,
I ask not proud philosophy
To tell me what thou art.
Still seem, as to my childhood's sight,
A midway station given
For happy spirits to alight,
Betwixt the earth and heaven !

Campbell.

The rainbow dies in heaven and not on earth.

Bailey.

REAPERS.

Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky,
And, unperceived, unfolds the spreading day ;
Before the ripened field the reapers stand,
In fair array ; each by the lass he loves,
To bear the rougher part, and mitigate
By nameless gentle offices her toil.
At once they stoop and swell the lusty sheaves ;
While through their cheerful band the rural talk,
The rural scandal, and the rural jest,
Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time,
And steal unfelt the sultry hours away.

Thomson.

Upon my conduct as a whole decide,
Such trifling errors let my virtues hide ;
Fail I at meeting ? am I sleepy there ?
My purse refuse I with the priest to share ?
Do I deny the poor a helping hand ?
Or stop the wicked women in the strand ?
Or drink at club beyond a certain pitch ?
Which are your charges ? conscience, tell me which ?

Crabbe.

I cannot look upon a star,
Or cloud that seems a seraph's car,
Or any form of purity—
Unmingled with a dream of thee.

Benjamin.

Dashing in big drops on the narrow pane,
And making mournful music for the mind,
While plays his interlude the wizard wind,
I hear the singing of the frequent rain.

Burleigh.

The later rain—it falls in anxious haste
Upon the sun-dried fields and branches bare,
Loosening with searching drops the rigid waste,
As if it would each root's lost strength repair.

Jones.

RAINBOW.

Far up the blue sky a fair rainbow unrolled
Its soft-tinted pinions of purple and gold ;
'T was born in a moment, yet quick at its birth,
It had stretched to the uttermost ends of the earth,
And fair as an angel, it floated as free,
With a wing on the earth and a wing on the sea.

Mrs. Welby.

O, beautiful rainbow—all woven of light !—
There 's not in thy tissue one shadow of night ;
Heaven surely is open when thou dost appear
And, bending above thee, the angels draw near,
And sing—" The rainbow ! the rainbow !
The smile of God is here."

Mrs. Hale.

I love, I love to see
Bright steel gleam through the land ;
'T is a goodly sight, but it must be
In the reaper's tawny hand. *Eliza Cook.*

Around him ply the reapers' band.
With lightsome heart and eager hand.

Pringle.

There is a reaper, whose name is death,
And with his sickle keen.
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

Longfellow.

RELIGION

And they believe him! oh! the lover may
Distrust that look which steals his soul away ;—
The babe may cease to think that it can play
With heaven's rainbow :—alchemists may doubt
The shining gold their crucible gives out ;
But faith, fanatic faith, once wedded fast
To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last.

Moore.

But this it is, all sects, we see,
Have watchwords of morality ;
Some cry out Venus, others Jove,
Here 't is religion, there 't is love !

Moore.

I find the doctors and the sages
Have differed in all climes and ages,
And two in fifty scarce agree
On what is pure morality.

Moore.

My altars are the mountains and the ocean,
Earth, air, stars—all that springs from the great
whole,

Who hath produced, and will receive the soul.

Byron.

• The absolutely true religion is
In heaven only ; yea, in Deity.

Bailey.

Thou didst not leave me, oh my God !

Thou wert with those who bore the truth of old
Into the deserts from the oppressor's rod,
And made the caverns of the rock their fold—
And in the hidden chambers of the dead,
Our guiding lamp, with fire immortal fed.

Mrs. Hemans.

Love never fails ; though knowledge cease,
Though prophecies decay,

Love—Christian love, shall still increase,
Shall still extend her sway.

Peter.

Cling to thy faith—'t is higher than the thought
That questions of thy faith.

Mrs. Oakes Smith.

Man, by nature proud,
Was taught the Scriptures by the love of praise,
And grew religious, as he grew in fame.

Follock.

REMEMBRANCE.

Remember thee ?

Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there ;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmixed with baser matter.

Shakespeare.

She placed it sad, with needless fear,
Lest time should shake my wavering soul—
Unconscious that her image there

Held every sense in fast control.

Byron.

Oh ! only those

Whose souls have felt this one idolatry,
Can tell how precious is the slightest thing
Affection gives and hallows ! A dead flower
Will long be kept, remembrancer of looks
That made each leaf a treasure.

Miss Landon.

Thy imaged form I shall survey,

And, pausing at the view,

Recall thy gentle smile, and say,

"Oh, such a maid I knew !" *Bowles.*

Man hath a weary pilgrimage,

As through the world he wends ;

On every stage, from youth to age,

Still discontent attends ;

With heaviness he casts his eye

Upon the road before,

And still remembers with a sigh,

The days that are no more.

Southey.

There's not an hour

Of day, or dreaming night, but I am with thee :

There's not a wind but whispers of thy name ;

And not a flower that sleeps beneath the moon,

But in its fragrance tells a tale

Of thee.

Proctor.

There's not a look, a word of thine,

My soul hath e'er forgot ;

Thou ne'er hast bid a ringlet shine,

Nor given thy locks one graceful twine,

Which I remember not. *Moore.*

Oh ! these are the words that eternally utter

The spell that is seldom cast o'er us in vain ;

With the wings and the wand of a fairy they flutter,

And draw a charmed circle about us again.

We return to the spot where our infancy gambolled ;

We linger once more in the haunts of our youth ;
We re-tread where young Passion first stealthily
rambled,

And whispers are heard full of Nature and Truth,

Saying, "Don't you remember?"

Eliza Cook.

When shall we come to that delightful day,

When each can say to each, "Dost thou remem-
ber?"

Let us fill urns with rose-leaves in our May,

And hive the thrifty sweetness for December !

Bulwer.

Remember me, I pray—but not

In Flora's gay and blooming hour,

When every brake hath found its note,

And sunshine smiles in every flower ;

But when the falling leaf is sere,

And withers sadly from the tree,

And o'er the ruins of the year

Cold autumn weeps—remember me.

Everett.

Remember me—not, I entreat,

In scenes of festal week-day joy ;

For then it were not kind or meet

Thy thoughts thy pleasures should alloy ;

But on the sacred Sabbath day,

And, dearest, on thy bended knee,

When thou for those thou lov'st dost pray,

Sweet sister, then remember me. *Everett.*

RICHES.

Extol not riches then, the toil of fools,
The wise man's cumbrance, if not snare, more apt
To slacken virtue, and abate her edge,
Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise.
Milton.

Much learning shows how little mortals know;
Much wealth, how little worldlings can enjoy;
At best, it babies us with endless toys,
And keeps us children till we drop to dust.
As monkeys at a mirror stand amazed,
They fail to find what they so plainly see;
Thus men, in shining riches, see the face
Of happiness, nor know it as a shade;
But gaze, and touch, and peep, and peep again,
And wish, and wonder it is absent still.
Young.

The rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick, and stone, and gold,
And he inherits soft white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee. *Lowell.*

The flying rumors gathered as they rolled,
Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told,
And all who told it added something new,
And all who heard it made enlargement, too,
In every ear it spread, on every tongue it grew.
Pope.

And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear;
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist;
Whilst he that hears makes fearful action.
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
Shakespeare.

SABBATH.

Oh! welcome to the wearied earth
The Sabbath resting comes,
Gathering the sons of toil and care
Back to their peaceful homes;
And, like a portal to the skies,
Opens the house of God,
Where all who seek may come and learn
The way the Saviour trod.
But holier to the wanderer seems
The Sabbath on the deep.
When on, and on, in ceaseless course,
The toiling bark must keep,
And not a trace of man appears
Amid the wilderness
Of waters—then it comes like dove
Direct from heaven to bless.
Mrs. Hale.

Then let us get money, like bees lay up honey;
We build us new hives and store each cell;
The sight of our treasure shall yield us great
pleasure,
We'll count it, and chink it, and jingle it well.
Ben Franklin.

My purse is very slim, and very few
The acres that I number;
But I am seldom stupid, never blue;
My riches are an honest heart and true,
And quiet slumber. *Sargent.*

The rich man's son inherits cares;
The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble shares,
And soft white hands could hardly earn
A living that would serve his turn.
Lowell.

The rich scarce know the sweetest thought
That gives to gold its worth:
'Tis in the dwelling of the poor
This thankful thought has birth,
When, for a time, the wolf of want
Is driven from the hearth. *Mrs. Hale.*

RUMOR.

Rumor is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;
And of so easy and so plain a stop,
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still discordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it.
Shakespeare.

By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly,
That fills his ears with such dissentious rumors.
Shakespeare.

Fresh glides the brook and blows the gale,
Yet yonder halts the quiet mill;
The whirling wheel, the rushing sail,
How motionless and still!
Six days stern labor shuts the poor
From nature's careless banquet-hall;
The seventh, an angel opens the door,
And, smiling, welcomes all!
Bulwer.

Let us escape! This is our holiday—
God's day, devote to rest; and through the
wood
We'll wander, and perchance find heavenly
food,
So, profitless it shall not pass away.
Simms.

Yes, child of suffering, thou may'st well be sure
He who ordained the Sabbath loves the poor.

Holmes.

But, chiefly, man the day of rest enjoys.
Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day:
On other days, the man of toil is doomed
To eat his joyless bread, lonely, the ground
Both seat and board—screened from the winter's
cold

And summer's heat, by neighboring hedge or tree;
But on this day, embosomed in his home.
He shares the frugal meal with those he loves;
With those he loves he shares the heartiest joy
Of giving thanks to God—not thanks of form,

A word and a grimace, but reverently,
With covered face and upward earnest eye.
Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day.
The pale mechanic now has leave to breathe
The morning air pure from the city's smoke,
As wandering slowly up the river's bank,
He meditates on Him whose powers he marks
In each green tree that proudly spreads the bough,
And in the tiny dew-bent flowers that bloom
Around the roots; and while he thus surveys
With elevated joy each rural charm,
He hopes (yet fears presumption in the hope),
That heaven may be one Sabbath without end.

Graham.

SCHOOL.

See, toward yon dome where village science
dwells,
Where the church-clock its warning summons
swells,
What tiny feet the well-known path explore,
And gaily gather from each rustic door.
Light-hearted group!—who carol wild and high,
The daisy cull, or chase the butterfly,
Or by some traveler's wheels aroused from play,
The stiff salute, with deep demureness, pay,
Bare the curled brow, and stretch the sunburnt
hand,
The home-taught homage of an artless land.
The stranger marks, amid their joyous line,
The little baskets, whence they hope to dine,
And larger books, as if their dexterous art
Dealt most nutrition to the noblest part!—
Long may it be, ere luxury teach the shame
To starve the mind, and bloat the unwieldy frame.

Mrs. Sigourney.

Oh ye! who teach the ingenious youth of nations,
Holland, France, England, Germany or Spain,
I pray ye flog them upon all occasions,
It mends their morals, never mind the pain. *Byron.*
In a green lane that from the village street
Diverges, stands the school-house; long and low
The frame, and blackened with the hues of time,
Street.

The room displays
Long rows of desk and bench; the former stained
And streaked with blots and trickles of dried ink,
Lumbered with maps and slates, and well-thumbed
books,
And carved with rude initials. *Street*

Yet is the school-house rude,
As is the chrysalis to the butterfly—
To the rich flower the seed. The dusky walls
Hold the fair germ of knowledge, and the tree
Glorious in beauty, golden with its fruits,
To this low school-house traces back its life. *Street.*

SELFISHNESS.

That smooth-faced gentleman, trickling commo-
dity—
Commodity the bias of the world:
The world, who of itself is poised well,
Made to run even, upon even ground;
Till this advantage, this vile drawing bias,
This sway of motion, this commodity,
Makes it take heed from all indifference,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent.

Shakespeare.

Whate'er the passion, knowledge, fame or pelf,
No one will change his neighbor for himself;
The learned is happy nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more;
The rich is happy in the plenty given,
The poor contents him with the care of heaven.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing;
The sot a hero, lunatic a king;
The starving chemist, in his golden views
Supremely blest, the poet in his muse.

Pope.

Ye may twine the living flowers
Where the living fountains glide,
And beneath the rosy bowers
Let the selfish man abide;
And the birds upon the wing,
And the barks upon the wave,
Shall no sense of freedom bring—
All is slavery to the slave:
Mammon's close-linked chains have bound
him,
Self-imposed and seldom burst;
Though heaven's waters gush around him,
He would pine with earth's poor thirst.

Mrs. Hale.

How cold he hearkens to some bankrupt's woe,
Nods his wise head, and cries,—“I told you so!”
Sprague.

And though all cry down self, none means
His own self in a literal sense.

Butler.

Self is the medium least refined of all,
Through which opinion's searching beam can fall;
And passing there, the clearest, steadiest ray
Will tinge its light and turn its line astray.

Moore.

Self-love never yet could look on truth,
But with bleared beams; sleek flattery and she
Are twin-born sisters, and so mix their eyes,
As if you sever one, the other dies.

Ben Jonson.

SHIP.

So turns the faithful needle to the pole,
Though mountains rise between and oceans roll.

Darwin.

The obedient steel with living instinct moves,
And veers for ever to the pole it loves.

Darwin.

She comes majestic with her swelling sails,
The gallant bark; along her watery way
Homeward she drives before the favoring gales;
Now flirting at their length the streamers play,
And now they ripple with the ruffling breeze.

Southey.

On each gay deck they might behold
Lances of steel and crests of gold,
And hauberks with their burnished fold,
That shimmered fair and free;
And each proud galley, as she passed,
To the wild cadence of the blast
Gave wilder minstrelsy.

Scott.

Upon the gale she stooped her side,
And bounded o'er the swelling tide,
As she were dancing home;
The merry seamen laughed to see
Their gallant ship so lustily
Furrow the green sea-foam.

Scott.

Merrily, merrily goes the bark,
On a breeze from the northward free;
So shoots through the morning sky the lark,
Or the swan through the summer sea.

Scott.

How gloriously her gallant course she goes!
Her white wings flying—never from her foes;
She walks the waters like a thing of life,
And seems to dare the elements to strife.
Who would not brave the battle-fire—the wreck—
To move the monarch of her peopled creak?

Byron.

SILENCE.

They never felt,
Those summer flies that flit so gayly round thee,
They never felt one moment what I feel,
With such a silent tenderness, and keep
So closely in my heart.

Percival.

The temple of our purest thoughts is—silence!

Mrs. Hale.

There is a silence where hath been no sound,
There is a silence where no sound may be,
In the cold grave, under the deep, deep sea,
Or in wide desert where no life is found,

Which hath been mute, and still must sleep profound;

No voice is hushed—no life treads silently,
But clouds and cloudy shadows wander free,
That never spoke, over the idle ground;
But in green ruins, in the desolate walls

Of antique palaces, where man hath been,
Though the dun fox or wild hyena calls,

And owls that flit continually between,
Shriek to the echo, and the low wind moan,
There the true silence is, self-conscious and alone.

Hood.

SINCERITY.

Men should be what they seem:
Or, those that be not, would they might seem
none.

Shakespeare.

His nature is too noble for the world;
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for's power to thunder: his heart's his
mouth:

What his breast forges that his tongue must vent;
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death.

Shakespeare.

His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears pure messengers sent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.

Shakespeare.

You have a natural wise sincerity,
A simple truthfulness;
And, though yourself not unacquaint with care,
Have in your heart wide room.

Lowell.

SLANDER.

O many a shaft at random sent,
Finds mark the archer never meant;
And many a word at random spoken,
May soothe or wound the heart that's broken!

Scott.

There is a lust in man no charm can tame,
Of loudly publishing his neighbor's shame;
On eagle's wings immortal scandals fly;
While virtuous actions are but born and die.

Harvey.

A whisper woke the air—
A soft light tone and low,
Yet barbed with shame and woe—
Now might it only perish there!
Nor farther go.
Ah me! a quick and eager ear
Caught up the little meaning sound!
Another voice hath breathed it clear,
And so it wanders round
From ear to lip—from lip to ear—
Until it reached a gentle heart,
And *that—it broke.*

Mrs. Osgood.

'Tis slander:
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose
tongue
Out-venoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world: kings, queens, and
states,
Maids, matrons—nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters.

Shakespeare.

Society itself, which should create
Kindness, destroys what little we had got:
To feel for none is the true social art
Of the world's stoics—men without a heart.

Byron.

How many pleasant faces shed their light on every
side,
How many angels unawares have crossed thy casual
way!
How often, in thy journeyings, hast thou made
thee instant friends,
Found, to be loved a little while, and lost, to meet
no more;
Friends of happy reminiscences, although so tran-
sient in their converse,
Liberal, cheerful, and sincere, a crowd of kindly
traits.
I have sped by land and sea, and mingled with
much people,

What bliss is born of sorrow!
'Tis never sent in vain—
The heavenly Surgeon maims to save,
He gives no useless pain.

Watts.

When the cold breath of sorrow is sweeping
O'er the chords of the youthful heart,
And the earnest eye, dimmed with strange weeping,
Sees the visions of fancy depart;
When the bloom of young feeling is dying,
And the heart throbs with passion's fierce strife,
When our sad days are wasted in sighing,
Who then can find sweetness in life?

Mrs. Embury.

What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tongue
In noise so rude against me?

Shakespeare.

Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou
Shalt not escape calumny.

Shakespeare.

No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes: what king so strong,
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?

Shakespeare.

Nor do they trust their tongues alone,
But speak a language of their own:
Can read a nod, a shrug, a look,
Far better than a printed book;
Convey a libel in a frown,
And wink a reputation down;
Or, by the tossing of a fan,
Describe the lady and the man.

Swift.

Slander meets no regard from noble minds;
Only the base believe, what the base only utter.

Beller.

SOCIETY.

But never yet could find a spot unsunned by
human kindness:
Some more, and some less—but, truly, all can
claim a little:

And a man may travel through the world, and sow
it thick with friendships.

Tupper.

Society is now one polished horde,
Formed of two mighty tribes, the *bored* and *bored*.

Byron.

Blessed we sometimes are! and I am now
Happy in quiet feelings; for the tones
Of a most pleasant company of friends
Were in my ear but now, and gentle thoughts
From spirits whose high character I know;
And I retain their influence, as the air
Retains the softness of departed day.

Willis.

SORROW.

Sorrow treads heavily, and leaves behind
A deep impression, e'en when she departs:
While joy trips by with steps light as the wind,
And scarcely leaves a trace upon our hearts
Of her faint foot-falls: only this is sure,
In this world nought, save misery, can endure.

Mrs. Embury.

Ye withered leaves! Ye withered leaves!
To mark your premature decay,
With sympathy my bosom heaves,
For like its hopes, ye pass away!
Like you, they brightened in the gleam
Of summer's sweetly genial ray,
But brilliant, transient as a dream,
The autumn found them in decay.

Mrs. Dennis.

SOUL.

Inward turn
Each thought and every sense,
For sorrow fingers from without,
Thou canst not charm it thence.
But all attuned the soul may be
Unto a deathless melody.

Mrs. Oakes Smith.

Our thoughts are boundless, though our frames are
frail,

Our souls immortal, though our limbs decay;
Though darkened in this poor life by a veil
Of suffering, dying matter, we shall play
In truth's eternal sunbeams; on the way
To Heaven's high capitol our cars shall roll;
The temple of the Power whom all obey,
That is the mark we tend to, for the soul
Can take no lower flight, and seek no meaner goal.

Fervid.

What, my soul, was thy errand here?

Was it mirth or ease,

O'er heaping up dust from year to year?

Nay, none of these!"

Whom their great stars
Throne and set high.

Shakespeare.

Here
Will I set up my everlasting rest,
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-weary'd flesh.

Shakespeare.

See, at the call of night,
The star of evening sheds her silver light.

Gay.

There they stand,
Shining in order like a living hymn
Written in light.

Willis.

They are all up—the innumerable stars
That hold their place in heaven. My eyes have been
Searching the pearly depths through which they
spring

Like beautiful creations.

Willis.

'Tis not in mortals to command success;
But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it.

Addison.

Had I miscarried, I had been a villain;
For men judge actions always by events;
But when we manage by a just foresight,
Success is prudence, and possession right.

Higgins.

It is success that colors all in life:
Success makes fools admired, makes villains honest,
All the proud virtue of this vaunting world
Fawns on success and power, howe'er acquired.

Thomson.

Speak, soul, aright in His holy sight,
Whose eye looks still
And steadily on thee through the night;
"To do His will!"

Whittier.

Oh, laggard soul! unlose thine eyes—
No more in luxury soft
Of joy ideal waste thyself;
Awake, and soar aloft!
Untill this hour those falcon wings
Which thou dost fold too long;
Raise to the skies thy lightning gaze,
And sing thy loftiest song!

Mrs. Osgood.

Oh soul! I said, "thy hoding murmurs cease;
Though sorrow bind thee as a funeral pall,
Thy Father's hand is guiding thee through all,
His love will bring a true and perfect peace.
Look upward once again; though drear the
night,
Earth may be darkness, Heaven will give thee
light!"

Mrs. Neal.

STARS.

Ye stars, that are the poetry of heaven.

Ryron.

The sky
Spreads like an ocean hung on high.
Bespangled with those isles of light
So wildly, spiritually bright.
Who ever gazed upon them shining,
And turned to earth without repining,
Nor wished for wings to flee away,
And mix with their eternal ray?

Ryron.

But the stars, the soft stars!—when they glitter
above us,

I gaze on their beams with a feeling divine;
For, as true friends in sorrow more tenderly love us,
The darker the heaven, the brighter they shine.

Mrs. Wether.

And infant cherubs pierced the blue,
Till rays of heaven came shining through

Peabody.

SUCCESS.

What though I am a villain, who so bold
To tell me so? let your poor petty traitors
Feel the vindictive lash and scourge for wrong;
But who shall tax successful villainy,
Or call the rising traitor to account?

Harvard.

Applause
Waits on success; the fickle multitude,
Like the light straw that floats along the stream,
Glide with the current still, and follow fortune.

Ben. Franklin

SYMPATHY.

What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say.
Shakespeare.

Kindness by secret sympathy is tied,
For noble souls in nature are allied.
Dryden.

Love's soft sympathy imparts
That tender transport of delight
That beats in undivided hearts.
Cartwright.

A knight and a lady once met in a grove,
While each was in quest of a fugitive love;
A river ran mournfully murmuring by,
And they wept in its waters for sympathy.
"Oh, never was knight such a sorrow that bore,
Oh, never was maid so deserted before."
"From life and its woes let us instantly fly,
And jump in together for sympathy!"
At length spoke the lass, 'twixt a smile and a tear:
"The weather is cold for a watery bier,
When the summer returns, we may easily die;
Till then let us sorrow in sympathy."
Heber.

It is not well.
Here in this land of Christian liberty,
That honest worth or hopeless want should dwell
Unaided by our care and sympathy.
Phoebe Cary.

Oh, there is need that on men's hearts should fall
A spirit that can sympathize with all!
Phoebe Cary.

TALKING.

Nor did we fail to see within ourselves
What need there is to be reserved in speech,
And temper all our thoughts with charity.
Wordsworth.

And we talked—oh, how we talked! her voice so
cadenced in the talking,
Made another singing—of the soul! a music
without bars—
While the leafy sounds of woodlands, humming
round where we were walking,
Brought interposition worthy—sweet,—as skies
about the stars,
And she spake such good thoughts natural, as if
she always thought them.
Mrs. Browning.

Speak gently! 'Tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy which it may bring
Eternity shall tell.
Bates.

It may be glorious to write
Thoughts that shall glad the two or three
High souls, like those far stars that come in sight
Once in a century;—
But better far it is to speak
One simple word, which now and then
Shall waken their free nature in the weak
And friendless sons of men.
Lowell.

Thy talk is the sweet extract of all speech,
And holds mine ear in blissful slavery.
Bailey.
She spake,
And his love-wildered and idolatrous soul
Clung to the airy music of her words,
Like a bird on a bough, high swaying in the wind.
Bailey.

I cannot tell thee, hour by hour,
That I adore thee dearly;
I cannot talk of passion's power—
But oh! I feel sincerely!
Mrs. Osgood.

TEARS.

The tear that is shed, though in secret it roll,
Shall long keep his memory green in my soul.
Moore.

Thank God, bless God, all ye who suffer not
More grief than ye can weep for.
Mrs. Browning.

Oh! ask not, hope thou not too much
Of sympathy below;
Few are the hearts whence one same touch
Bids the sweet fountain flow.
Mrs. Hemans.

If there be one that o'er thy dead
Hath in thy grief borne part,
And watched through sickness by thy bed—
Call this a kindred heart!
Mrs. Hemans.

It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
In body and in soul can bind.
Scott.

Like warp and woof all destinies
Are woven fast,
Linked in sympathy like the keys
Of an organ vast;
Pluck one thread, and the web ye mar;
Break but one
Of a thousand keys, and the paining jar
Through all will run.
Whittier.

In the same beaten channel still have run
The blessed streams of human sympathy;
And though I know this ever hath been done,
The why and wherefore I could never see!
Phoebe Cary.

Hide thy tears—

I do not bid thee not to shed them—'twere
Easier to stop Euphrates at its source
Than one tear of a true and tender heart—
But let me not behold them ; they unman me.

Byron.

Tears! what are tears? The babe weeps in his cot,
The mother singing ; at her marriage bell,
The bride weeps ; and before the oracle
Of high-famed hills, the poet hath forgot
The moisture on his cheeks. *Mrs. Browning.*

Give our tears to the dead ! For humanity's claim
From its silence and darkness is ever the same ;
The hope of the world whose existence is bliss,
May not stifle the tears of the mourners of this.

Whittier.

Yet thou, didst thou but know my fate,
Wouldst melt, my tears to see ;
And I, methinks, would weep the less,
Wouldst thou but weep with me.

Percival.

TEMPERANCE.

Temperate in every place—abroad, at home,
Thence will applause, and hence will profit come ;
And health from either he in time prepares
For sickness, age, and their attendant cares. *Crabbe.*

Beware the bowl ! though rich and bright
Its rubies flash upon the sight,
An adder coils its depth beneath,
Whose lure is woe, whose sting is death. *Street.*

Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty,
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood ;
Nor did I with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility ;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly. *Shakespeare.*

Health in the shaded spring. *Foster.*

VANITY.

These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air :
And like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-clapped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit shall dissolve ;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind : we are such stuff

As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. *Shakespeare.*

Thus felt Sir Owen, as a man whose cause
Is very good—it has his own applause. *Crabbe.*

And he, the light and vain one, for him there never
wakes

That love, for which a woman's heart will beat
until it breaks. *Miss Landon.*

VIRTUE.

A virtuous deed should never be delayed,
The impulse comes from heaven, and he who
strives

A moment to repress it, disobeys
The god within his mind. *Dowe.*

The only amaranthine flower on earth
Is virtue ; th' only lasting treasure, truth.

Cowper.

Virtue
Stands like the sun, and all which rolls around
Drinks life, and light, and glory from her aspect.

Byron.

How insecure, how baseless in itself
Is that philosophy, whose sway is framed
For mere material instruments ! How weak
The arts and high inventions, if unpropped
By virtue ! *Wordsworth.*

All true glory rests,
All praise, all safety, and all happiness,
Upon the moral law.

Wordsworth.

Think—if thou on beauty leanest,
Think how pitiful that stay,
Did not virtue give the meanest
Charms superior to decay.

Wordsworth.

Keep thy spirit pure
From worldly taint, by the repellant power
of virtue. *Bailey.*

Morality's the right rule for the world,
Nor could society cohere without
Virtue ; and there are those whose spirits walk
Abreast of angels and the future here. *Bailey.*

WATER.

Water, water, every where,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, every where,
Nor any drop to drink! *Coleridge.*

For the cool water we have quaffed,
Source of all good, we owe thee much;
Our lips have touched no burning draught
This day—nor shall they ever touch.
Pierpont.

Pour the bright lymph that Heaven itself let fall—
In one fair bumper let us toast them all!
Holmes.

Let light on water shine—
The light of love and truth
Then shall that drink divine
Be quaffed by age and youth.
Pierpont.

Joy smiles in the fountain, health flows in the rills,
And the ribands of silver unwind from the hills;
They breathe not the mist of the bacchanal's
dreams,
But the lilies of innocence float on their streams.
Holmes.

WEEPING.

Oh, weep not for the dead!
Rather, oh, rather give the tear
To those who darkly linger here,
When all besides are fled:
Weep for the spirit withering
In its cold, cheerless sorrowing;
Weep for the young and lovely one
That ruin darkly revels on;
But never be a tear-drop shed
For them, the pure enfranchised dead.
Mary E. Brooks.

Do not weep so, dear-heart-warm!
It was best as it befell!
If I say he did me harm,
I speak wild—I am not well.
All his words were kind and good—
He esteemed me! Only blood
Runs so faint in womanhood.
Mrs. Browning.

On that grave drop not a tear!
Else, though fathom deep the place,
Through the woollen shroud I wear
I shall feel it on my face.
Rather smile there, blessed one,
Thinking of me in the sun—
Or forget me—smiling on!
Mrs. Browning.

In silence weep,
And thy convulsive sorrows inward keep.
Prior.

The sum of all that makes a just man happy
Consists in the well choosing of his wife;
And there, well to discharge it, does require
Equality of years; of birth, of fortune;
For beauty being poor, and not cried up
By birth or wealth, can truly mix with neither.
And wealth, when there's such difference in
years
And fair descent, must make the yoke uneasy.
Massinger.

I so lively acted with my tears,
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly.
Shakespeare.

Larded all with sweet flowers,
Which bewept to the grave did go,
With true love showers.
Shakespeare.

This heart shall break into a thousand flaws
Or ere I weep.
Shakespeare.

Old fond eyes,
Bewep this cause again, I'll pluck you out,
And cast you with the waters that you lose,
To temper clay.
Shakespeare.

I weep, but not rebellious tears;
I mourn, but not in hopeless woe;
I droop, but not with doubtful fears;
For whom I've trusted, Him I know.
Lord, I believe; assuage my grief,
And help, oh! help my unbelief.

My days of youth and health are o'er;
My early friends are dead and gone;
And these are times it tries me sore
To think I'm left on earth alone.
But yet Faith whispers, "'Tis not so:
He will not leave, nor let thee go."
Caroline A. Southey.

WIFE.

Give me, next good, an understanding wife,
By nature wise, not learned by much art;
Some knowledge on her side will all my life
More scope of conversation then impart;
Besides her inborn virtue fortify;
They are most good who best know why.
Overbury.

Sole partner and sole part, of all these joys,
Dearer thyself than all.
Milton.

Men dying make their wills,
But wives escape a task so sad :
Why should they make what all their lives
The gentle dames have had ?

I want (who does not want ?) a wife
Affectionate and fair,
To solace all the woes of life,
And all its joys to share ;
Of temper sweet, of yielding will,
Of firm yet placid mind,
With all my faults to love me still
With sentiment refined.

J. Q. Adams.

She is mine own ;
And I as rich in having such a jewel,
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.

Shakespeare.

Should all despair,
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves.

Shakespeare.

What thou did'st
Unargued I obey ; so God ordains ;
God is thy law ! thou mine ; to know no more
Is woman's happiest knowledge, and her praise.

Milton.

Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self,
Thy wish exactly to thy heart's desire.

Milton.

For nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to study household good,
And good works in her husband to promote.

Milton.

Of earthly good, the best is a good wife,
A bad—the bitterest curse of human life.

My bride,
My wife, my life. O we will walk this world,
Yoked in all exercise of noble aim,
And so through those dark gates across the wild
That no man knows.

Tennyson.

O wisdom ! if thy soft control
Can soothe the sickness of the soul,
Can bid the warring passions cease,
And breathe the calm of tender peace ;
Wisdom ! I bless thy gentle sway,
And ever, ever will obey.

Mrs. Barbauld.

All human wisdom to divine is folly ;
This truth, the wisest man made melancholy.

Denham.

Wisdom sits alone,
Topmost in heaven—she is its light—its God
And in the heart of man she sits as high—
Though grovelling minds forget her oftentimes,
Seeing but this world's idols. The pure mind

Look through mine eyes with thine, true wife,
Round my true heart thine arms entwine ;
My other, dearer life in life,
Look through my very soul with thine !

Tennyson.

What bliss for her who lives her little day,
In blest obedience, like to those divine,
Who to her loved, her earthly lord can say,
"God is thy law, most just, and thou art mine."

Mrs. Brooks.

Thou wast my nurse in sickness, and my comforter
in health ;

So gentle and so constant, when our love was all
our wealth :

Thy voice of music soothed me, love, in each des-
ponding hour,

As heaven's honey-dew consoles the bruised and
broken flower.

Pike.

Why tarries he so long, while she—that one,
So fond and true, so beautiful and bright—
Now sits in cheerless watchfulness alone,
Waiting his coming through the tedious night ?
And as the chimes upon the distant bell
Mark mournfully and sad his lingering stay,
Each echoing peal seems but the gloomy knell
Of joys departed, pleasures passed away.

Patterson.

The world well tried—the sweetest thing in life
Is the unclouded welcome of a wife.

Willis.

All day, like some sweet bird, content to sing
In its small cage, she moveth to and fro—
And ever and anon will upward spring
To her sweet lips, fresh from the fount below,
The murmured melody of pleasant thought,
Light household duties, evermore inwrought
With pleasant fancies of one trusting heart,
That lives but in her smile, and ever turns
To be refreshed where one pure altar burns ;
Shut out from hence the mockery of life,
Thus liveth she content, the meek, fond, trusting
wife.

Mrs. Oakes Smith.

WISDOM.

Sees her forever : and in youth we come
Filled with her sainted ravishment, and kneel,
Worshipping God through her sweet altar fires,
And then is knowledge "good !" *Willis.*

The bearing and the training of a child
Is woman's wisdom.

Tennyson.

The wise do always govern their own fates,
And fortune with officious zeal attends
To crown their enterprises with success.

Walk

Boldly and wisely in that light thou hast ;
There is a hand above will help thee on.

Bailey.

WOMAN.

A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright,
With something of an angel light.

Wordsworth.

Women act their parts
When they do make their ordered houses know
them.

Knowles.

Happy—happier far than thou,
With the laurel on thy brow;
She that makes the humblest hearth
Lovely but to one on earth.

Mrs. Hemans.

Fairest and loveliest of created things,
By our great Author in the Image formed
Of His celestial glory, and designed
To be man's solace.

Herbert.

Man is but half without woman; and
As do idolaters their heavenly gods,
We deify the things that we adore.

Bailey.

And I marvel, sir,
At those who do not feel the majesty,
By heaven! I'd almost said the holiness,—
That circles round the fair and virtuous woman!

Frances Butler.

Charming woman can true converts make,
We love the precepts for the teacher's sake;
Virtue in her appears so bright and gay,
We hear with pleasure, and with pride obey.

Ben Franklin.

Earlier than I know
Immersed in rich foreshadowings of the world,
I loved the woman: he that doth not, lives
A drowning life, besotted in sweet self,
Or pines in sad experience, worse than death,
Or keeps his winged affections clipt with crime.

Tennyson.

Woman! blest partner of our joys and woes!
Even in the darkest hour of earthly ill,
Untarnished yet thy fond affection glows,
Throbs with each pulse, and beats with every
thrill!

Bright o'er the wasted scene thou hoverest still,
Angel of comfort to the failing soul;

Undaunted by the tempest, wild and chill,
That pours its restless and disastrous roll
O'er all that blooms below, with sad and hollow
howl.

Sand.

Through suffering and sorrow thou hast passed,
To show us what a woman true may be.

Lowell.

Maiden, when such a soul as thine is born,
The morning-stars their ancient music make.

Lowell.

A health to sweet woman! the days are no more,
When she watched for her lord when the revel
was o'er,
And soothed the white pillow, and blushed when
he came,
As she pressed her cold lips on his forehead of
flame.

Alas, for the loved one! too spotless and fair,
The joys of his banquet to chasten and share!
Her eye lost its light, that its goblet might shine,
And the rose on her cheek was dissolved in his
wine.

Holmes.

She had a mind,
Deep and immortal, and it would not feed
On pageantry. She thirsted for a spring
Of a screener element, and drank
Philosophy, and for a little while
She was allayed, till presently it turned
Bitter within her, and her spirit grew
Faint for undying waters. Then she came
To the pure fount of God—and is athirst
No more—save, when the "fever of the world"
Falleth upon her, she will go and breathe
A holy aspiration after heaven.

Wills.

In that stillness
Which most becomes a woman—calm and holy—
Thou sittest by the fireside of the heart,
Feeding its flame.

Longfellow.

Ah! woman—in this world of ours,
What gift can be compared to thee?
How slow would drag life's weary hours,
Though man's proud brow were bound with flowers,
And his the wealth of land and sea,
If destined to exist alone,
And ne'er call woman's heart his own.

Morris.

Yes, woman's love is free from guile,
And pure as bright Aurora's ray;
The heart will melt before its smile,
And earthly objects fade away,
Were I the monarch of the earth,
And master of the swelling sea,
I would not estimate their worth,
Dear woman, half the price of thee.

Morris.

And well the poet, at her shrine,
May bend and worship while he woos;
To him she is a thing divine,
The inspiration of his line,
His loved one, and his muse.
If to his song the echo rings
Of fame—'tis woman's voice he hears;
If ever from his lyre's proud strings
Flow sounds, like rush of angel wings—
'Tis that she listens while he sings,
With blended smiles and tears.

Halleck.

WORDS.

A word is ringing through my brain,
It was not meant to give me pain;
It was when *first* the sound I heard
A lightly uttered, careless word.

Mrs Norton.

Oh! ye who, meeting, sigh to part,
Whose words are treasures to some heart,
Deal gently, ere the dark days come,
When earth hath but for *one* a home;
Lest musing o'er the past, like me,
They feel their hearts wrung bitterly,
And, heeding not what else is heard,
Dwell weeping on a careless word.

Mrs. Norton.

Words are the motes of thought, and nothing more.
Words are like sea-shells on the shore; they show
Where the mind ends, and not how far it has been.

Bailey.

Cold words that hide the envious thought!

Willis.

On my ear her language fell
As if each word dissolved a spell.

Willis.

A mist of words,
Like haloes round the moon, though they enlarge
The seeming size of thoughts, make the light less
Doubly. It is the thought writ down we want,
Not its effect—not likenesses of likenesses.
And such descriptions are not, more than gloves
Instead of hands to shake, enough for us.

Bailey.

Words lead to things; a scale is more precise,—
Coarse speech, bad grammar, swearing, drinking
vice.

Holmes.

One vague inflection spoils the whole with doubt,
One trivial letter ruins all left out;
A knot can choke a felon into clay;
A "not" will save him, spelt without the "k;"
The smallest word has some unguarded spot,
And danger lurks in "i" without a dot.

Holmes.

YOUTH.

Of gentle blood, his parents' only treasure,
Their lasting sorrow, and their vanished pleasure.
Adorned with features, virtues, wit, and grace,
A large provision for so short a race:
More moderate gifts might have prolonged his date,
Too early fitted for a better state:
But, knowing heaven his home, to shun delay,
He leaped o'er age, and took the shortest way.

Dryden.

Something of youth, I in old age approve;
But more the marks of age in youth I love.
Who this observes, may in his body find
Decrepit age, but never in his mind.

Denham.

Intemperate youth, by sad experience found,
Ends in an age imperfect and unsound.

Denham.

The love of higher things and better days;
The unbounded hope, and heavenly ignorance
Of what is called the world, and the world's ways,
The moments when we gather from a glance
More joy than from all future pride or praise,
Which kindle manhood, but can ne'er entrance
The heart in an existence of its own,
Of which another's bosom is the zone.

Byron.

In earlier days, and calmer hours,
When heart with heart delights to blend,
Where bloom my native valley's bowers,
I had—ah! have I now?—a friend!

Byron's Giaour.

Here—while I roved, a heedless boy,
Here, while through paths of peace I ran,
My feet were vexed with puny snares,
My bosom stung with insect-cares:
But ah! what light and little things
Are childhood's woes!—they break no rest,
Like dew-drops on the skylark's wings,
While slumbering in his grassy nest,
Gone in a moment, when he springs
To meet the morn with open breast,
As o'er the eastern hills her banners glow,
And veiled in mist the valley sleeps below.

Montgomery.

Let them exult! their laugh and song
Are rarely known to last too long;
Why should we strive, with cynic frown,
To knock their fairy castles down?

Eliza Cook.

Youth might be wise. We suffer less from pains
Than pleasures.

Bailey.

Youth hath a strong and strange desire to try
All feelings on the heart: it is very wrong,
And dangerous, and deadly: strive against it!

Bailey.

The rainbow's lovely on the eastern cloud,
The rose is beauteous on the bended thorn,
Sweet is the evening ray from purple shroud,
And sweet the orient blushes of the morn;
Sweeter than all the beauties which adorn
The female form in youth and maiden bloom.

Hogg.

Promise of youth! fair as the form
Of heaven's benign and golden bow,
Thy smiling arch begirds the storm,
And sheds a light on every woe.

Brooks.

I feel the rush of waves that round me rise—
The tossing of my boat upon the sea;
Few sunbeams linger in the stormy skies,
And youth's bright shore is lessening on the lee!

Bayard Taylor.

In the passion hour of youth,
The lip may speak its holiest vow,
Yet shadows dim the spirit's truth
And pride and coldness change the brow.

Bayard Taylor.

Light to thy path, bright creature! I would
charm

Thy being, if I could, that it should be
Ever as now thou dreamest, and flow on,
Thus innocent and beautiful, to heaven.

Willis.

But *can* there grow cowslips and lilies,
Like those that I gathered in youth?
With my heart in the depths of their blossoms,
All steeped in the dew-drops of truth?

Miss Jewsbury.

Youth has spent his wealth and bought
The knowledge he would fain
Change for forgetfulness, and live
His dreaming life again.

Miss Landon.

Youth, that pursuest, with such eager pace,
Thy even way,

Thou pantest on to win a mournful race:

Then stay! oh stay!

Milnes.

Spread out earth's holiest records here,
Of days and deeds to reverence dear;
A zeal like this what pious legends tell?

Sprague.

His zeal
None seconded, as out of season judged,
Or singular and rash,

Milton.

Press bravely onward!—not in vain
Your generous trust in human kind;
The good which bloodshed could not gain
Your peaceful zeal shall find.

Whittier.

Alas! that youth's fond hopes should fade,
And love be but a name,
While its rainbows, followed e'er so fast,
Are distant still the same.

Darwin.

The restless spirit charmed thy sweet existence,
Making all beauteous in youth's pleasant maze,
While gladsome hope illumed the onward dis-
tance,

And lit with sunbeams thy expectant days.

Clark.

The youth whose bark is guided o'er
A summer stream by zephyr's breath,
With idle gaze delights to pore
On imaged skies that glow beneath.

Leggett.

How beautiful who scatters, wide and free,
The gold—bright seeds of loved and loving
truth!

By whose perpetual hand each day supplied—
Leaps to new life the empire's heart of youth.

Mathews.

How shall I ever go through this rough world!
How find me older every setting sun!
How merge my boyish heart in manliness!

Coxe.

Remember not the follies of my youth,
But in thy mercy think upon me, Lord!

Coxe.

I go from strength to strength, from joy to joy;
From being unto being. I will snatch
This germ of comfort from departing youth,
And when the pictured primer's thrown aside,
I'll hoard its early lessons in my heart.

Coxe.

ZEAL.

Zeal and duty are not slow:

But on occasion's forelock watchful wait.

Milton.

How beautiful it is for man to die
Upon the walls of Zion! to be called
Like a watch-worn and weary sentinel,
To put his armor off, and rest—in heaven!
His heart was with Jerusalem; and strong
As was a mother's love, and the sweet ties
Religion makes so beautiful at home,
He flung them from him in his eager race,
And sought the broken people of his God,
To preach to them of JE-^{US}!

Willis.

VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC:

COMPRISING

MASTERPIECES FROM THE MOST CELEBRATED COMPOSERS.

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.

Shakespeare.

For mine is the lay that lightly floats,
And mine are the murmuring dying notes,
That fall as soft as snow on the sea,
And melt in the heart as instantly!
And the passionate strain that, deeply going,
Refines the bosom it trembles through,
As the musk-wind, over the water blowing,
Ruffles the wave, but sweetens it, too!

Moore.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tints like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

Longfellow.

Of all the liberal arts, music has the greatest influence over the passions, and is that to which the legislator ought to give the greatest encouragement. A well-composed song strikes and softens the mind, and produces a greater effect than a moral work, which convinces our reason, but does not warm our feelings, nor effect the slightest alteration in our habits.

Napoleon.



The Stray Dove.

Words and Music by BENJAMIN CROSS, Jr.

Allegro.

f *Ped.* *f* *p* *Ped.*

1. Hark! the ves - per bell is ring - ing, Sad - ly its vi
2. In the shad - ow of the or - gan Nest - ling is a

bri - tions fall; To the church up on the hill - side
snow white dove, It has flown for rest and shel - ter

THE STRAY DOVE.

p
Come the sup - pliants at its call. Now the bell has
this ha - ven far a - bove. Ho - ly Spir - it

p
ceased its toll - ing And the or - gan's sol - emn peal
Heav'n - ly dove: As the cho - ir sweet - ly sings,
p

p
Ming - ling with the fra - grant in - cense O'er the . . . sen - ses
T'ward the stars through o - pen win - dow Flies the . . . bird with
p

pp
faint - ly steal.
out - stretched wings.
pp *f*

For You and Me.

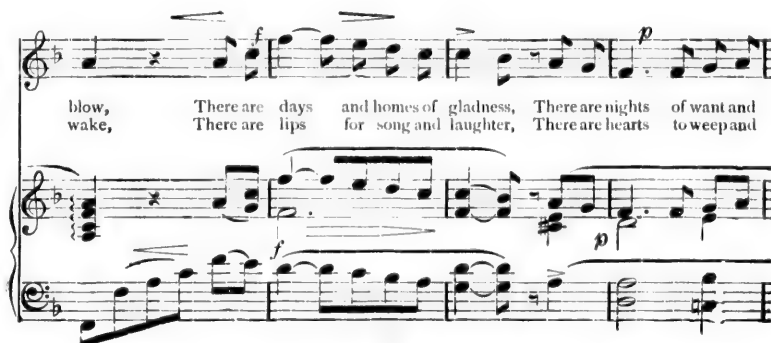
SON 3.

Words by FRED. E. WEATHERLY.

Music by CIRO PINSUTI.

Andante moderato.

Piano.



FOR YOU AND ME.

cres. *f rall.*

woe; break; There are winds to whisper gent - ly, There are storms to vex the
There are stars to light the darkness, There are suns to bless the

cres. *f rall.*

dolce assai. *cres.*

sea, } And there's love for you and me, love, There's love for you and
blue, }

p dolce assai. *cres.*

f *dim.* *con grazia. a piacere.*

me, And there's love for you and me, love, There's love for you and me.

f *dim.* *p* *col canto. p*

Angel's Greeting.

For One or Two Voices, AD LIB.

FRANZ ABT.

Moderato.

1. See now, see now, stars the dark gloom pierce - ing,

O'er thee shed their all - v'ry light, their all - v'ry light;

sostenuto.

Tho' the bound - less e - the - real space di - vide thee,

ANGELS' GREETING.

They will guide thee all through the drear-y night,

They will guide thee all through the drear-y night.

2.

See now, see now, how yon star is twinkling,
On its beams so soft and clear, so soft and clear!
Guardian angels send thee holy greetings,
Thy sad heart and thy trembling soul to cheer.

3.

See now, see now, how the stars are flashing!
Angels beckon thee away, far, far away;
And their beacons bright they'll still keep burning
Till o'er thee breaketh the long'd-for dawn of Day.

Dear Native Home.

WILLIAM BALL.

Andantino.

1. Far o'er the wave, as morn's soft beam re - turn - ing, Slow - ly un - veiled the
 2. Vain - ly for me Love's sig - nal radiance bright'n'ing, Flamed from his al - tars
 3. Cease, ye who sing the wand'rer's heartless pleas - ure, Leave, leave my path! no

well - re - member'd shore, How swell'd my heart, with ea - ger fan - cies burn - ing,
 o'er my tru - ant way, Ab - sent from thee, the summer's beauteous light'n'ing,
 more, no more I roam: Here lives a charm, worth all un - counted treas - ure,

Dreams of past joys, and hopes of price - less store! Sweet home, receive me!
 All harm - less, played not round the sad - ing day. Sweet home, receive me!
 Here breathes the sigh of Welcome, welcome home! Sweet home, receive me!

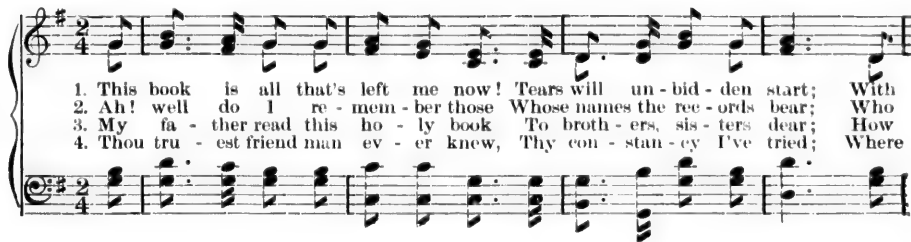
Faith - ful I come, Nev - er, oh! nev - er to leave thee, Dear na - tive home, Sweet home, re -

ceive me! Faith - ful I come, Nev - er, oh! never to leave thee, Dear na - tive home.

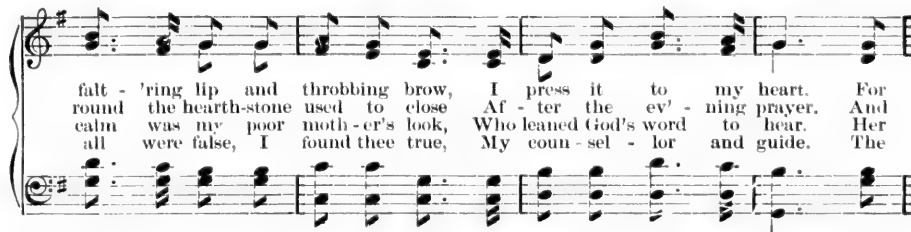
My Mother's Bible.

HENRY RUSSELL.

GEORGE P. MORRIS.



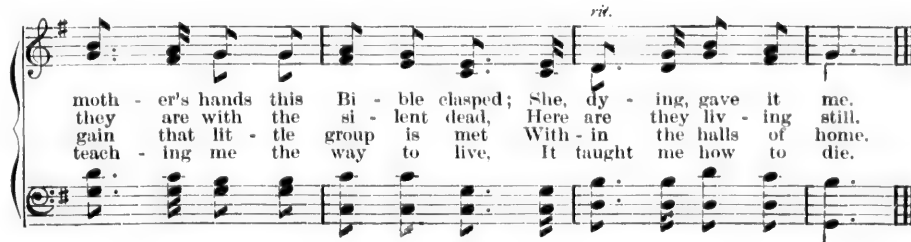
1. This book is all that's left me now! Tears will un-bid-den start; With
 2. Ah! well do I re-mem-ber those Whose names the rec-ords bear; Who
 3. My fa-ther read this ho-ly book To broth-ers, sis-ters dear; How
 4. Thou tru-est friend man ev-er knew, Thy con-stan-cy I've tried; Where



falt-'ring lip and throbbing brow, I press it to my heart. For
 round the hearth-stone used to close Af-ter the ev'-ning prayer. And
 calm was my poor moth-er's look, Who leaned God's word to hear. Her
 all were false, I found thee true, My coun-sel-lor and guide. The



ma-ny gen-er-a-tions past, Here is our fam-'ly tree; My
 speak of what these pa-ges said, In tones my heart would thrill! Tho'
 an-gel face-I see it yet! What throng-ing mem'-ries come! A-
 mines of earth no treas-ure give That could this vol-ume buy; In



moth-er's hands this Bi-ble clasped; She, dy-ing, gave it me.
 they are with the si-lent dead, Here are they liv-ing still.
 gain that lit-tle group is met With-in the halls of home.
 teach-ing me the way to live, It taught me how to die.

The Three Jovial Huntsmen.

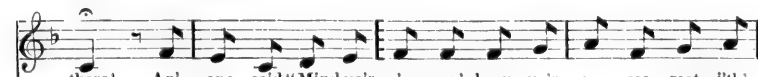
Music by JOHN FARMER.



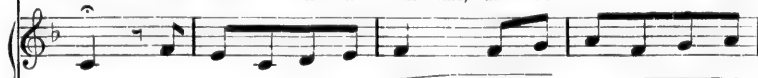
1. It's of three jo-vial huntsmen, an' a hunt-ing they did go; 'n' they
2. They hunt-ed, an' they hol-lo'd, an' the next thing they did find Was a
3. They hunt-ed, an' they hol-lo'd, an' the next thing they did find Was a
4. They hunt-ed, an' they hol-lo'd, an' the next thing they did find Was a



hunted, an' they : 'wio'd, an' they blew their horns al-so. Look ye there! Look ye
tatter'd boggart in a field, an' that they left be-hind. Look ye there! Look ye
gruntin', grindin' grindstone, an' that they left be-hind. Look ye there! Look ye
bull-calf in a pin-fold, an' that, too, they left be-hind. Look ye there! Look ye



there! An' one said "Mind yo'r e'en, an' keep yo'r no-ses reet i'th'
there! One said it was a bog-gart, an' an-oth-er he said
there! One said it was a grin-dle-stone, an-oth-er he said
there! One said it was a bull-calf, an' an-oth-er he said



THE THREE JOVIAL HUNTSMEN.

wind, An' then, by scent or seet, we'll leet o' sum-mat to our
 "Nay, 'Its just a ge'-men far-mer that has gone an' lost his
 "Nay, 'Its nought but an owd fos-sil cheese that somebody's roll't a
 "Nay, 'Its just a paint-ed jack-ass, that has nev-er larnt to
 mind." Look ye there! Look ye there! Look ye there!
 way." Look ye there! Look ye there! Look ye there!
 way." Look ye there! Look ye there! Look ye there!
 bray." Look ye there! Look ye there! Look ye there!

Есно.

f *pp*

5. They hunted, an' they hollo'd, an' the next thing they did find
 Was a two-three children leaving school, an' these they left behind.
 Look ye there! Look ye there!
 One said that they were children, but another he said "Nay,
 They're no' but little angels, so we'll leave em' to their play."
 Look ye there! Look ye there! Look ye there!
6. They hunted, an' they hollo'd, an' the next thing they did find,
 Was a fat pig smiling in a ditch, an' that, too, they left behind.
 Look ye there! Look ye there!
 One said it was a fat pig, the other he said "Nay,
 It's just a Lunnan Alderman whose clothes are stole away."
 Look ye there! Look ye there! Look ye there!
7. They hunted, an' they hollo'd, an' the next thing they did find
 Was two young lovers in the lane, an' these they left behind
 Look ye there! Look ye there!
 One said that they where lovers, but another he said "Nay,
 They're two poor wandering lunatics, come, let us go away."
 Look ye there! Look ye there! Look ye there!
8. So they hunted, and they hollo'd, till the settin of the sun;
 And they'd nought to bring away at last, when th' huntin' day was done.
 Look ye there! Look ye there!
 Then one unto the other said, "This huntin' doesn't pay;
 But we'n powlert up an' down a bit, an' had a rattlin' day."
 Look ye there! Look ye there! Look ye there!

The First Letter.

Words by F. E. WEATHERLY.

Music by J. L. MOLLOY.

Allergo Moderato.

1. A let - ter I've had from my
2. 'Tis the first that I've had from my

own true lad: He's a - way on the frozen Arctic o - cean, And it must be the cold that has
sail - or lad: There are no fine words of tender pas - sion, But it's all just expressed as I

made him bold To write to me all his heart's de - vo - tion: He talk'd of his ship when he
like it best, In his own simple hon - est lov - ing fash - ion: My dear lit - tle girl, I'm so

last was on shore, Of the cap - tain and crew, of the weather and war, Then said he must go, and
hard and so rough, And you're sweet and good, and I'm not good enough, but my heart it is true, and my

THE FIRST LETTER.

nothing, nothing more, Tho' I knew that he loved me, O so dear - ly! And I knew that my lad was so love - It is tough, And I love you for ev - er and for ev - er I may

sad, so sad, As the ship sailed away so gay and cheer - ly.

have man-y let - ters in days to come, But there's one that will be for-got-ten nev - er, It's the

poco lento. rall. ad lib.

first that I've had from my own true lad, And 'tis writ in my loving heart for ev - er.

A Mother's Song.

Words by Dr. BLATHERWICK.

Music by VIRGINIA GABRIEL.

Moderato.



p

1. Sleep, ba-by, sleep, your father's a-way, Sleep, ba-by, sleep, and moth-er will pray,
 2. Sleep, ba-by, sleep, your father's a-way, Sleep, ba-by, sleep, and moth-er will pray,

The vocal melody is in the right hand, and the piano accompaniment is in the left hand. The melody is simple and lullaby-like.

dim.

Pray for poor fa-ther who sails on the sea, Pray while I'm rock-ing his
 Pray all the night thro' the sea's sul-len roar, Pray while I'm watching and

The vocal melody is in the right hand, and the piano accompaniment is in the left hand. The melody is simple and lullaby-like.

habe on my knee; May breez-es blow gent-ly wher-e'er he may be, And
 weep-ing so sore; But there's fa-ther's voice com-ing up from the shore, And

The vocal melody is in the right hand, and the piano accompaniment is in the left hand. The melody is simple and lullaby-like.

A MOTHER'S SONG.

Alm.

blow him home safe-ly to ba-by and me; Safe-ly, safe-ly, to
ba-by and moth-er are weep-ing no more; Ba-by and moth-er are

ba-by and me..... to ba-by and me.
weep-ing no more..... are

rit. a tempo. p

mf 2

his
and

weep-ing no

And
And

more.....

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The Snow-White Rose.

Words and Music by ALICE HAWTHORN.

Moderato.

Piano. *p* **cres.*

1. if in this world there is a flow'r To
 2. And now when spring is on her way, When
 3. What-e'er my heart may learn to prize 'Till

Ped. *p*

me more love-ly than the rest, It is the rose, the pale white rose, The
 flow'rs with their per-fume a-bound, I seek the grove and love to dwell Where
 life shall meet its cer-tain close; I know I ne'er shall cease to love The

snow-white rose I love the best, But why this flow'r so dear to me? Why
 e'er the snow-white rose is found. But why this flow'r so dear to me? Why
 beau-ty of the snow-white rose. For oh, this flow'r so dear to me, So

THE SNOW-WHITE ROSE.

ritard. *tempo.*

to my heart such pleasures send?..... Be - cause it was the
 to my heart such pleasures send?..... Be - cause it was the
 sweet, so beau - ti - ful to view..... I love be - cause it

ritard. *tempo.*

first fond gift Of one who ev - er is my friend, Be -
 first fond gift Of one who ev - er is my friend, Be -
 was the gift Of one whose heart is ev - er true, I

ten.

cause it was the first fond gift Of one who ev - er
 cause it was the first fond gift Of one who ev - er
 love be - cause it was the gift Of one whose heart is

ten.

rall.


is my friend,
 is my friend,
 ev - er true.

rall. *Ped.* *


I Love My Sailer Boy.

Ballad by GEO. A. CRAGG.

Arranged for the Guitar by SEP. WINNER.

Voice. 

1. He said good-by a year a-go, And sail'd a-cross the
2. 'Twas but a dream, the cru-el sea My love had not brought

Guitar. 



sea; He said, my love, I will return A-gain sweet-heart to
back, And gold-en years had fled apace, Since I had seen my





thee. One night I had the sweet-est dream, A vis-ion won-d'rous clear— I
Jack. But then there came an-oth-er dream, His form my vis-ion drew When





saw his ship at an-chor ride, My love stood smil-ing near, I
I a-woke, oh joy, oh bliss, My dream, my dream was true, When





saw his ship at an-chor ride, My love stood smil-ing near.
I a-woke, oh joy, oh bliss, My dream, my dream was true.



I LOVE MY SAILOR BOY.

Tempo di Valse.

Jack stood be - side me, laugh - ing and teas - ing, Shout - ing his lus - ty a -

hoy..... Ah, hap - py meet - ing, What joy - ous greet - ing,

Gave I my brave sail - or boy..... You have my heart, love,

We'll nev - er part, love, Ah, how his words gave me joy..... Here in our

cot, love, I'll cast my lot, love, I love my brave sail - or boy

rit. *tempo.*

A Garden of Roses.

Words and Music by ALICE HAWTHORNE.

Moderato.

Voice.

1. In a garden of roses I met her, On a beauti-ful bright after-noon, And the
2. In a garden of roses we laid her, On a sorrowful morning in Spring, But the

Piano.

rall. *tempo.*

mild, balmy breezes of Summer were sweet From the meadows and flowers of June. We
bright sunny fields, nor the meadows again A comfort-ing so-lace could bring. We were

rall. *tempo.*

wandered a-round as the sun-set Brought the gloom of the twi-light a-bout, But we
part-ed at last and for-ever, And the sweetest com-pan-ion was lost; Ah, the

part-ed at last when the shadows of night Had the beauties of day blotted out..... Oh, that
world seemed a deso-late region of gloom When we buried the one we loved most..... A -

A GARDEN OF ROSES.

beau-ti-ful gar-den of ro-ses On my mind hath its sweet pic-ture set; And the
 las! for the hearts that are broken When near ones and dear ones are gone; A

moments, sweet moments of pleasure enjoyed In its beauties I nev-er for-get.
 las! for all sigh-ing and weeping is vain When we find we are left all a-lone, In a

nev-er for-get for a moment Those eyes that en-chant-ed me there, Nor the
 gar-den of ro-ses I'm sigh-ing, Nor peace for the fu-ture I see, Yet I

charm of that voice, so per-sua-sive to joy, In that gar-den of ro-ses so fair,
 rather would grieve for my dar-ling so dear Than that she should be weeping for me.

rall. *tempo.* *rall.* *tempo.*

Tell Me a Story.

Words by F. E. WEATHERLY.

Music by A. H. BEHREND.

Allegretto.

mf

1. Tell me a sto - ry, just one, moth - er dear, Can - dles are com - ing,
2. Ah! there is Ma - ry just come with a light, Now there's no time for a

mf

bed-time is near. There is my hand to hold, Bend down your head,
sto - ry to - night, Please make the boys, mother, Mind how they tread, Their

tempo.

Don't speak too loud, mother, Dol - ly's in bed. No! not the sto - ry of
boots are so heav-y, and Dol - ly's in bed. Good-night, dear moth - er!

tempo.

TELL ME A STORY.

old Jack and Jill, They were so stu-pid to tum-ble down hill. I'm
Ask pa - pa, please, When he comes home, not to cough or to sneeze.

1 rall.
tir'd of Jack Horn - er and Lit - tle Bo-Peep— Stay! let me see if
rall.

p Dol - ly's a - sleep. *2 p rall.* Give me your hand, Mary, Hush, soft - ly creep, *pp*
p *p rall.* *pp*

pp rit.
We must not wake her, Dol - ly's a - sleep. . . .
pp . rit. *Ped.* *

Heart Whispers.

Words by J. ANDERSSOHN.

Music by FRANZ ABT.

Animato.

Piano. *p poco a poco. cres.* *f* *p*

Scal. *sf* *pp*

p poco cres. *p*

1. If I should see up-on thy face A smile a-kin to sad-ness, I
 2. Then if I saw the shades depart, Love's peace-ful sky re-veal-ing, And

p poco cres.

would 'twere mine the cloud to chase, And fill thy soul with glad-ness, Ay,
 mark'd the sun-shine of the heart O'er ev-'ry feature steal-ing, I'd

p cres.

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HEART WHISPERS.

cres.

I would promise happy hours, When grief should harm thee never, I'd
weave for thee a chaplet bright No chance nor change should sever; I'd

cres. *poco rit.*

seek to strew thy path with flow'rs, And whisper, "Thine for - ev - er!" I'd
welcome days of calm de - light, And whisper, "Mine for - ev - er!" I'd

p

seek to strew thy path with flow'rs, And whisper, "Thine for - ev - er!"
wel - come days of calm de - light, And whisper, "Mine for - ev - er!"

p *rit.*

f *pp*

The Double Loss.

(Leichter Verlust.)

ERIK MEYER-HELMUND, Op. 5, No. 1.

p Allegretto scherzando.

Voice.

A - las! A - las! I've lost my heart To a lit - tle maid's blue
Ich hab' mein Herz ver - lo - ren an ein bion - des Mäg - de -

Piano.

p

eyes; My heart is young, and she so fair, How could it be oth - er -
lein, mein Herz ist jung, sie ist so lieb, wie konnt' es auch an - ders

mf With humor.

wise?
sein.

Ah! yes, and I lost my cap to - day,
Ich hab' meinen Hut ver - lo - ren,

mf

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

THE DOUBLE LOSS.

Born a - way by sportive breeze In - to the ve - ry gar - den Where she paced 'neath the
fort trug ihn mir der Wind, er weht' ihn in den Gar - ten zu meinem hol - den

Ped. *with comic fervor.*

trees.
Kind. Oh! give me back, my dar - ling,
"Gieb mir zu - rück, mei Lieb - chen,

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

Give me back my cap! My heart is thine al - rea - dy, Lost!
gieb mir zu - rück den Hut, mein Herz kannst du be - hal - ten, es

ad lib. *a* *Ped.*

lost thro' my mis - hap!
ist dir gar zu gut."

ad lib. *a tempo.*

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Castles in the Air.

SCOTCH SONG.

Allegretto.

1. The bon-nie, bon-nie bairn, who sits pok-ing in the aee,
 2. He sees muc-kle cas-tles tow'-ring to the moon!

Glow'ring in the fire wi' his wee round face; Laugh-ing at the
 He sees lit-tle sod-gers pu'-ing them a' down! Worlds whombling

fuf-fin lowe what sees he there? Ha! the young dreamer's big-ging
 up and down, bleez-ing wi' a flare— See how he louns! as they

cas-tles in the air. His wee chubby face, and his tou-zie cur-ly
 glimmer in the air. For a' sac sage he looks— what can the lad-die

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

pow, Are laugh - ing and nodding to the dancing lowe: - He'll
ken? He's thinking up - on naething, like mo - ny mighty men; A

brown his ro - sy cheeks, and singe his sun - ny hair,
wee thing mak's us think, a sma' thing mak's us stare, There are

Glow - ring at the imps wi' their cas - tles in the air.
mair folk than him big - ging cas - tles in the air.

3.

Sie a night in winter may weel make him cauld:
His chin upon his buffy hand will soon mak' him auld:
His brow is brent so braid, O pray that daddy care
Would let the wean alone wi' his castles in the air!
He'll glower at the fire and he'll keek at the light!
But mony sparkling stars are swallowed up by night
Auder een than his are glamour'd by a glare,
Hearts are broken, heads are turn'd wi' castles in the air.

The Young Recruit.

Written and Arr. by LINDLEY.

Composed by KÜCKEN.

Allegretto.

1. See! these rib - bons gal - ly stream - -
 2. We will march a - way to - mor - - -
 3. Shame! Lizette, to still be weep - - -

f marcato. *mf* *Ped.*

cres.

- ing, I'm a sol - dier now, Li - zette, I'm a sol - dier now, Li - zette, Yes, of
 - row, At the break - ing of the day, At the break - ing of the day, And the
 - ing, While there's fame in store for me, While there's fame in store for me, Think when

mf

bat - tle I am dream - - ing. And the hon - or
 trum - pets will be sound - - ing, And the mer - ry
 home I am re - turn - - ing, What a joy - ful

cres.
ben marcato.

I shall get. With a sa - bre by my side, And a
 cym - bals play. Yet be - fore I say good - bye, And a -
 day 'twill be. When to church you're fondly led, Like some

p *pp dolce.*

THE YOUNG RECRUIT.

hel - met on my brow, And a proud steed to ride, I shall rush on the
last sad parting take, As a proof of your love, Wear this gift for my
la - dysmartly drest, And a he-ro you shall wed, With a medal on his

foe, Yes, I flatter me, Li - zette, 'Tis a life that well will suit; The gay
sake; Then cheer up my own Li - zette, Let not grief your beauty stain, Soon you'll
breast; Hat there's not a maiden fair, But with wel-come will sa - lute, The gay

life of a young Re - cruit, The gay life of a
see the Re - cruit a - gain, Soon you'll see the Re -
bride of the young re - cruit, The gay bride of the

young Re - cruit.
- cruit a - gain.
young Re - cruit.

f *Ped.*

ff *sf*

Wm. H. Keyser & Co., Music Typographers, 921 Arch St., Phila.

Old Lace.

SOPRANO.

Words by HUGH CONWAY.

Music by J. L. MOLLOY.

1. Here is a gift for your wedding morning, A dainty kerchief of old, old lace, And it's
3. How will you look as a bride, I wonder? For fashion changes each year they say, And I

man - y a year since I blush'd be - hind it, A bon - ny bride, with a bright young face;
now am old and the world gone past me, That world of wonders you know to - day,

Man - y a year since it light - ly covered, A sweet ba - by head and its angel gold, When
And tho' you love me a lit - tle, darling, Tho' you be fair for your bridal dress, Some -

rit. *rall.* FINE.
wife and mother, my heart was happy, With all the sweetness that life could hold.
how I think 'tis an old world fancy, Old lace, old friends, and old times were best.

OLD LACE.

2. Mark the del - i - cate threads entwining, forming the semblance of rar - est flow'rs, And as

The first system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It contains a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat, containing a melody of quarter and eighth notes. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat, containing a bass line of quarter and eighth notes.

close as the threads of our joy and sorrow, wo - ven in - to this life of ours;

The second system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat, containing a melody of quarter and eighth notes. The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat, containing a melody of quarter and eighth notes. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat, containing a bass line of quarter and eighth notes.

On - ly I pray that the days be fore you, Free, free from all sorrow as mine, may be, For

The third system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat, containing a melody of quarter and eighth notes. The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat, containing a melody of quarter and eighth notes. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat, containing a bass line of quarter and eighth notes.

you're to be mar - ried to - mor - row, darling, Take it, wear it, and think of me.

D. C.

The fourth system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat, containing a melody of quarter and eighth notes. The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat, containing a melody of quarter and eighth notes. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat, containing a bass line of quarter and eighth notes.

Steering.

Words by F. G. W.

Music by F. H. COWEN.

Andante con moto.

1. Each night when the sun is
2. I stand on the wave-kiss'd

p

mf marcato. *dim.* *p*

dy - ing A - far in the golden west,.... I watch o'er the rippling o - cean For the
shore, Watch - ing a sail a - far..... Rid - ing the silv'ry break - ers

mf

boat I love the best; I ask of the wheeling sea-gulls That fly o'er the whisp'ring
Straight for the harbor bar; My heart is wildly beat - ing With each surge of the flow'ing

mf

cres. *dim. e rit.*

sea,..... I ask of the wheeling sea - gulls That fly o'er the whisp'ring
sea,..... My heart is wild - ly beat - ing With each surge of the flowing

cres. *dim. e rit.*

STEERING.

p poco più lento, espress.

sea,..... Oh, tell me, ye winged spir - its, If my sail - or steers for
 sea,..... As my sail - or lad is whis - p'ring, My love, I steer'd for
acc.

cres.

me!..... Oh, tell me, oh, tell me If my sail - or steers for
 thee,..... My love, my love, my love, I steer'd for

cres.

rit.

me! Oh, tell..... me, oh, tell me If my sail - or steers for
 thee, As my sail - or lad is whis - p'ring, My sail - or steers for

colla voce.

rit.

me! love, my love, I steer'd for thee.
tempo primo.

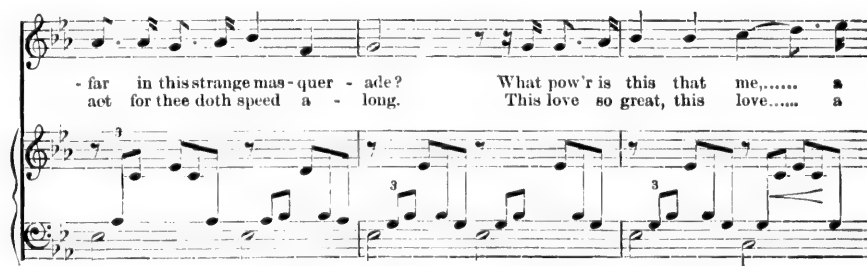
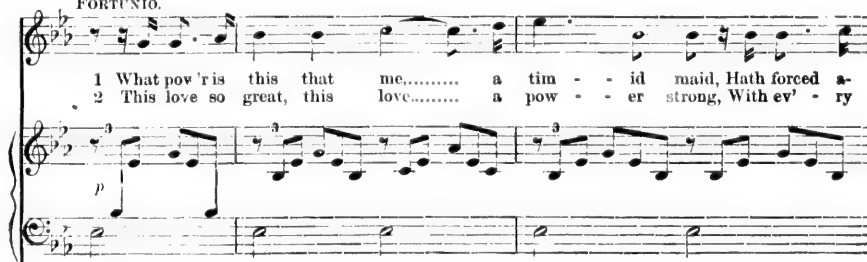
dim. *colla voce.* *f* *rall.*

What Power is This?

By FRANCIS T. S. DARLEY.



FORTUNIO.



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WHAT POWER IS THIS?

fight, as man to brave all woe, And wan-der forth 'midst dangers great to
know, e'er ma - ny years be told, How I love thee, and what hath made me

cres.

go..... That pow'r is } love, yes, love of thee, my King, To whom e'en
bold..... The pow'r is }

rallen. *riten.* *a tempo.*

Ossia for 2d verse.

now my heart its flight doth wing.

1st verse.

now my heart its flight doth wing.

coll. vocc.

dim.

2d end.

Solitaire.

By STACY GUYER.

Andante.

p *cres.* *rall.*

1. Ah, poor me! left a-lone, None to com-fort, none to cheer,
2. Ah, poor me! grow-ing old, Fond compan-ions won a-way;

Ah, poor me! no not one, One fond heart to hold me dear.
Youth is like a sto-ry told, Life hath seen its bet-ter day.

SOLITAIRE.

Sweet is the dream That hope awakes, that hope a-wakes.
Joy is the life, Of ear - ly years, of ear - ly years.

rit.
Af - ter the night, the morn - ing, morn - ing breaks!.....
Age is the time of thought, of thought and tears!.....
rit.

tempo.
Ah, poor me! morn may shine, Yet no sun - ny day is mine,
Ah, poor me! all the world, Seems a re - gion dark and cold,
tempo.

Ah, poor me! let me sigh, Life's a blank to such as I.
Ah, poor me! let me sigh, Hope still points to "by - and-by!"

Wake, for the Night is Flying.

(Wachet Auf.)

PHILIP NICOLAI, 1599.

1. Wake, a - wake, for night is fly - ing, The watch - men on the
 2. Zi - on hears the watch-men sing - ing, And all her heart with
 3. Now let all the heavens a - dore Thee, And men and an - gels

heights are cry - ing; A - wake, Je - ru - sa - lem, at last! Mid - night hears the
 joy is spring - ing; She wakes, she ris - es from her gloom; For her Lord comes
 sing be - fore Thee, With harp and cymbal's clearest tone; Of one pearl each

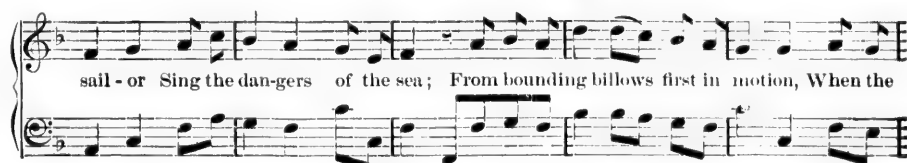
welcome voi - ces, And at the thrilling cry re - joice - es; Come forth, ye vir - gins,
 down all glo - rious, The strong in grace, in truth vic - to - rious; Her Star is ris'n, her
 shin - ing por - tal, Where we are with the choir im - mor - tal Of an - gels round Thy

night is past! The Bridegroom comes, awake, Your lamps with gladness take; Hal - le - lu -
 Light is come! Ah, come, Thou blessed Lord, O Je - sus, Son of God, Hal - le - lu -
 dazzling throne; Nor eye hath seen, nor ear Hath yet attained to hear What there is

jah! And for His marriage feast pre - pare, For ye must go to meet Him there.
 jah! We fol - low till the halls we see Where Thou hast bid us sup with Thee,
 ours, But we re - joice and sing to Thee, One hymn of joy e - ter - nal - ly.

The Storm.

By GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS.



Hark! the boatswain hoarsely bawling,—
By topsail sheets and halyards stand,
Down top-gallants quick be hauling,
Down your staysails,—hand, boys, hand!
Now it freshens, set the braces,
Quick the topsail-sheets let go;
Luff, boys, luff, don't make wry faces,
Up your topsails nimbly clew.

Now all you at home in safety,
Sheltered from the howling storm,
Tasting joys by Heaven vouchsafed ye,
Of our state vain notions form,
Round us roars the tempest louder,
Think what fear our mind enthral!s!
Harder yet it blows, still harder,
Now again the boatswain calls.

The topsail-yards point to the wind, boys,
See all clear to reef each course—
Let the foresheet go—don't mind, boys,
Though the weather should be worse.
Fore and aft the sprit-sail yard get,
Reef the mizzen—see all clear—
Hand up, each preventer-brace set—
Man the foreyards—cheer, lads, cheer!

Now the awful thunder's rolling,
Peal on peal contending clash;
On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
In our eyes blue lightnings flash;
One wide water all around us,
All above us one black sky;
Different deaths at once surround us,
Hark! what means that dreadful cry?

The foremast's gone! cries every tongue, out
O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck;
A leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung out—
Call all hands to clear the wreck.
Quick, the lanyards cut to pieces—
Come, my hearts, be stout and bold!
Plumb the well—the leak increases—
Four feet water in the hold!

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,
We for our wives and children mourn;
Alas, from hence there's no retreating!
Alas, to them, there's no return!
Still the danger grows upon us,
Wild confusion reigns below;
Heaven have mercy here upon us,
For only that can save us now.

O'er the lee-beam is the land, boys—
Let the guns o'erboard be thrown—
To the pump, come, every hand, boys,
See, our mizzenmast is gone.
The leak we've found, it cannot pour fast,
We've lightened her a foot or more;
Up and rig a jury foremast—
She rights!—she rights!—boys, wear off shore.

Now once more on joys we're thinking,
Since kind heaven has spared our lives,
Come, the can, boys, let's be drinking
To our sweethearts and our wives;
Fill it up, about ship wheel it,
Close to the lips a brimmer join—
Where's the tempest now, who feels it?
None—our danger's drowned in wine.

Little Annie Rooney Waltz.

(ARRANGED FOR SMALL HANDS.)

p

mf

f

p

2nd time forte.

mf

p

LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY WALTZ.

The musical score is written for piano in 3/4 time, featuring a treble and bass staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The score is divided into several systems. The first system shows the initial melody and accompaniment. The second system continues the piece. The third system includes a first ending marked '1' and a second ending marked '2', with the word 'DANCE.' written above the second ending. Dynamic markings include 'cres.' (crescendo) and 'pp' (pianissimo). The fourth system continues the melody. The fifth system features a forte 'f' dynamic marking. The sixth system concludes the piece with a final cadence.

"Eventide."

(REVERIE.)

SEP. WINNER.

Moderato.

Organ.

p *cres.*

mf *cres.*

p

cres. rit. *a tempo.* *f*

dim. *Espressivo.* *p*

BY PER. OF SEP. WINNER & SON, PROPS. OF COPYRIGHT.

"EVENTIDE."



Gond Hearts Must Part.

GUSTAV LANGE

Andante tranquillo.

mf Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Ped. *cres.* * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *rit. poco.* *

a tempo.

f Ped. Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

cres. Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

FINE.

590

FOND HEARTS MUST PART.

The musical score is written for piano and includes several dynamic and performance markings. The first system begins with *mf* and *Ped.*, followed by ** Ped.* and *Ped.*. The second system includes *f*, *Ped.*, *piu.*, *cres.*, ** Ped.*, ** Ped.*, ** Ped.*, *mf dolce.*, and ***. The third system features *Ped.*, ** Ped.*, ** Ped.*, ** Ped.*, *piu. f*, and ***. The fourth system contains *Ped.*, ** Ped.*, *f*, ** Ped.*, *Ped.*, *mf*, and ***. The final system includes *rit. poco.*, *cres.*, *f*, *Ped.*, *R. H.*, *riten molto.*, ** D. C.*, and *cadenza a piacere.*

And Ye Shall Walk in Silk Attire.

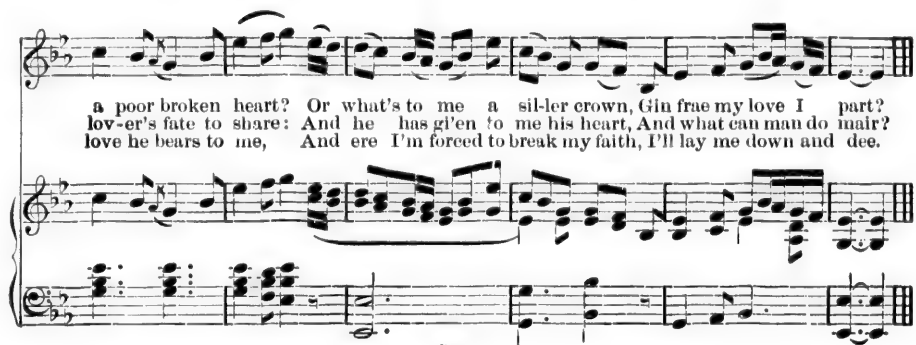
By SUSANNA BLAMIRE.



1. And ye shall walk in silk at-tire, And sil-ler ha'e to spare, Gin ye'll con-sent to
 2. The mind whose meanest wish is pure, Far dearer is to me; And ere I'm forced to
 3. His mind and manners wan my heart, He gratefu' took the gift, And did I wish to



be my bride, Nor think on Don - ald mair, O, wha wad buy a silk-en gown, Wi'
 break my faith, I'll lay me down and dee. For I ha'e vow'd a vir-gin's vow, My
 see it back, It wad be waur than theft; For langest life can ne'er re-pay The



a poor broken heart? Or what's to me a sil-ler crown, Gin frae my love I part?
 lov-er's fate to share: And he has gi'en to me his heart, And what can man do mair?
 love he bears to me, And ere I'm forced to break my faith, I'll lay me down and dee.

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BIOGRAPHIES

OF

CELEBRATED AUTHORS

WHOSE PRODUCTIONS APPEAR IN THIS VOLUME.

The following pages contain comprehensive Biographies of all the great Authors, in both hemispheres, whose writings have made them famous. Particular attention is given to those whose brilliant productions enrich American literature, sketches of whom cannot fail to have a special interest to all readers. For convenience in reference, the names of the Authors are arranged alphabetically.

ADDISON, JOSEPH.

This noted English writer who achieved distinction as an essayist, humorist, and moralist, was born at Milston in Wiltshire on the 1st of May, 1672. He was destined for the church by his friends, but having a taste for literary pursuits, he followed the bent of his genius. Addison held several political offices and also became distinguished as an author. "He not only made proper use of wit himself," says Dr. Johnson, "but taught it to others. He restored virtue to its dignity and taught innocence not to be ashamed. This is an elevation of literary character 'above all Greek, above all Roman fame.'" Addison died June 17th, 1719, leaving no child but a daughter and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Shortly before his death he said to his step-son, Lord Warwick, "I have sent for you in order that you might see in what peace a Christian can die."

ALFORD, HENRY.

This English poet and divine, commonly known as Dean Alford, was born in London in 1810, and was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. He published in 1835 "The School of the Heart and other Poems." Says the Edinburgh Review, "The present volume appears to us to be the beginning of great promise. Extracts so much longer than we are in the habit of making are a sufficient proof of our sense of the talent displayed in these poems." Dean Alford's reputation as a divine is founded on an excellent edition of the

Greek New Testament. He also published a small volume entitled, "The Queen's English," which attracted much attention. His death occurred in 1871.

ALLEN, ELIZABETH ACKERS.

This American poet was born at Strong, Maine, October 9, 1832. She became a contributor to various magazines and under the pseudonym of "Florence Percy" became widely known as an author. A volume of poems published in 1867 was favorably received. In 1860 she became the wife of Paul Ackers, the sculptor, but survived her husband, and some time after his death was married to Mr. E. M. Allen of New York. Her painstaking work has been widely appreciated, and while her productions are not so abundant as those of many others, she has gained an enviable distinction as a graceful writer, with fine poetic taste. Her beautiful poem entitled, "Rock me to Sleep, Mother," has become a household treasure. It exalts and ennobles motherhood, and its tender pathos is universally admitted.

ALLINGHAM, WILLIAM.

Ireland is rich in genius and some of the names best known in the literary world are claimed by the Emerald Isle. One of these is the subject of this sketch. He was born at Ballyshannon about the year 1828. His first volume of poems was published in 1850. "Day and Night Songs" appeared in 1854; "Lawrence Bloomfield in Ireland," appeared in 1864; "Songs, Ballads, and

Stories," in 1877, and "Irish Songs and Poems," in 1887. In addition to his literary labors he was, like our own Hawthorne, a collector of customs, and held a Custom House appointment under the Government of Great Britain. In 1864 he was granted a literary pension which was continued until his death in 1889.

ALLSTON, WASHINGTON.

This eminent American artist and man of letters was born at Waccamaw in South Carolina, November 5, 1779. Being of delicate health he was sent to Newport, R. I., where he remained in school ten years. Having graduated at Harvard College in 1796, he soon afterward went abroad for the purpose of studying, and perfecting himself as a painter. Soon his productions attracted wide attention. At length he returned to his native land and was engaged on a large painting of "Belshazzar's Feast" when he died July 9, 1843. In addition to his genius as a painter, Allston possessed poetic talent of a high order. He was the author of "The Sylphs of the Season and Other Poems," published in 1813. Washington Irving says of him: "There was something to me inexpressibly engaging in the appearance and manners of Allston. He was of a light, graceful form, with large blue eyes, and black silken hair waving and curling around the pale expressive countenance. Everything about him bespoke the man of intellect and refinement."

ALTENBURG, MICHAEL.

This German poet is known for his "Battle Song of Gustavus Adolphus," which for nearly three hundred years has been a popular favorite. It stands almost unrivalled for lofty sentiment and majestic style. Altenburg was born in 1583 and died in 1640. The inspiring song he composed has perpetuated his name, an instance of the enduring fame sometimes gained by a single poem.

ANDERSEN, HANS CHRISTIAN.

A well-known magazine, the "Quarterly Review," says concerning this author, "For vividness and reality of detail, for breadth and boldness in the description of scenery, and for skill in conveying the impression made on a fine mind and earnest heart by all that is beautiful in nature and true in art, he stands without a rival among recent writers of romance."

This is high commendation, yet it accords with the judgment of multitudes who have been charmed by his writings. Not only have his works been widely circulated in his own country, but they have been translated into many foreign languages. The young, especially, have found instruction and entertainment in his delightful stories and fairy tales, published in several volumes, and which are characterized by vivid imagination, quaint humor and not infrequently profound pathos.

Andersen was born at Odense, in the island of Funen, April 2, 1805. His father's family was one of some note and at one time had been rich, but when Hans was born had fallen into poverty. The boy was only nine years old when his father, who had followed the trade of a shoemaker, died, and he was left to shift for himself and make his own way in the world. Instead of becoming a tailor as his mother wished him to be, he tried to obtain a position in a theatre at Copenhagen, but being small and thin his appearance was against him and he did not succeed. He was gifted with a fine voice and for a time supported himself by singing, but at the end of six months, having lost his voice, he was again thrown almost upon the charity of others.

He was fortunate enough at this time to meet several influential friends who enabled him to obtain an education at the expense of the State. At an early age he wrote several poems, among which "The Dying Child" was particularly admired. From this time he entered upon an upward career and surprised and delighted the public by his tales and romances. Some of his volumes of travel have had a wide circulation. He died in August, 1875. On his seventieth birthday he was presented with a book containing one of his tales in fifteen languages.

ANDERSON, ALEXANDER.

Many of the world's most honored geniuses have been of humble origin, and this was true of this Scottish poet, who was born at Kirkconnel, April 30, 1845. He worked as a common laborer on a railway, meanwhile exhibiting considerable talent as a versifier, so much so that in 1873 he was encouraged to publish a volume of poems entitled "Songs of Labor," which gave him a reputation, especially among the laboring classes, who recognized in him one of their own number,

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endowed with more than ordinary gifts. Other poems, songs and ballads followed and were well received. These found their way into the homes of the common people and added to the distinction he had already gained

ARNOLD, MATTHEW.

This English poet, a son of Dr. Thomas Arnold, of Rugby, was born near Staines in Middlesex, December 24, 1822, and was educated at Rugby and Oxford. He gained prominence as an educator and inspector of schools. His first volume of poems appeared in 1848, and in 1857 he was elected professor of poetry at Oxford. "For combined culture and fine natural feeling in the matter of versification," says the *Edinburgh Review*, "Mr. Arnold has no living superior." His writings embrace prose as well as poetry, and his views upon religious subjects have attracted wide attention. He received the degree of L.L.D. from the universities of Edinburgh and Oxford. Died April 15, 1888.

ARNOLD, EDWIN.

Mr. Arnold has visited America several times and is well known among the literary circles of this country. He was born June 10, 1832, was educated at King's College, London, and University College, Oxford, where he graduated in 1854. For a time he held a government position in India as an educator. The work by which he is best known is entitled, "The Light of Asia," published in 1879. This poem was widely read in America and was considered to possess many claims for admiration. Mr. Arnold is a prolific author, and his works have secured a wide circle of readers. His scholarly and finished style entitles him to high rank among the authors of the day.

AYTOUN, WILLIAM EDMONSTOUNE.

In 1831 a young man, then connected with the University of Edinburgh, wrote a poem entitled "Judith," which gave evidence of a high order of talent. This was only a prophecy of the fame he was destined to gain afterward. He became a well-known critic and poet, and having studied law and been admitted to the bar, he soon gave up his profession and was made professor of rhetoric in the Edinburgh University in 1845. Mr. Aytoun was born in Fifeshire in 1813, and was a son-in-law of the well-known Professor Wilson.

He was reputed to be the editor of "Blackwood's Magazine;" this, however, was an error, although he was a contributor to that periodical. In the year 1849 he published "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers and Other Poems," which reached the tenth edition in 1857. "A volume of verse," says the "Quarterly Review," "which shows that Scotland has yet a poet. Full of true fire, it now stirs and swells like a trumpet tone, now sinks in cadences sad and wild as the wail of a Highland dirge." Other productions followed from his pen which added to his reputation. His death occurred in 1865.

BAILEY, PHILLIP JAMES.

This poet was born at Basford, Nottingham, 22d April, 1816, and after studying at Glasgow University, was called to the English bar in 1840, but never practiced. "Festus," the poem by which he is best known, was published in 1839, and reached an 11th edition in 1887, having in the course of these various editions received a large amount of new matter. It attracted considerable notice in England, and in America was hailed with a perfect tornado of applause. Before the enthusiasm had cooled, its author was in certain quarters mentioned in the same breath with Shakespeare, Milton, and Goethe. And by so great a poet as Rossetti it was, says his brother, under the date of 1843 "enormously relished, read again, and yet again." In 1850 appeared the "Angel World," possessing on a reduced scale all the faults and beauties of the former work, with which it is now incorporated. Subsequent writings have been the "Mystic," the "Age," and the "Universal Hymn."

BAILLIE, JOANNA.

Among British female poets few have obtained a higher rank, and none during their lifetime have been more highly honored. She was born near Glasgow in 1762, lived to be almost ninety years old and died in 1851. Her first volume was entitled, "Plays on the Passions," which was well received. In 1810 she published "The Family Legend," Sir Walter Scott having written the introduction, and one of the principal parts having been performed by Mrs. Siddons. The work achieved a brilliant success, and afterward the gifted author enjoyed the highest reputation as a successful delineator of character and the passions

of the human heart. Her writings are characterized by intellectual strength, bold and vigorous thought, while at the same time there is an ease and grace highly appreciated by cultivated readers.

BANCROFT, GEORGE.

He is principally distinguished as the author of the history of our country, but not without note as a diplomatist and statesman; he was born in Worcester, Massachusetts, October 3rd, 1800. At the age of thirteen he entered Harvard College, graduated with high honors in 1817, and spent two years in study at Gottingen, Germany, where in 1820 he received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. Returning to America in 1822, he served a year as a Greek tutor in Harvard College when he and Dr. Cogswell, a fellow-tutor, established the Round Hill School at Northampton, Massachusetts, with which Bancroft was associated until 1830. In 1823 he published a volume of poems, and subsequently made translations from the German of the minor poems of Goethe, Schiller, etc., and of some of the historico-political works of Heeren.

In 1834 appeared the first volume of his "History of the United States from the Discovery of the Continent;" followed by the second and third volumes in 1837 and 1840 respectively—the whole embracing "The History of the Colonization of the United States." These were succeeded in the interval from 1852 to 1860 by five volumes narrating the history of the colonial period to the Declaration of Independence, and in 1866 and 1874 respectively by the two concluding volumes, bringing the history to the treaty of peace with the mother-country in 1782. Bancroft subsequently published "The History of the Formation of the Constitution of the United States" (2 vols., 1882), which afterwards formed a constituent part of the revised edition of the complete "History of the United States" embraced in six volumes (1882-84).

In his political sentiments, Bancroft in early life was a democrat. He served as a collector of the port of Boston (1831-41), under President Van Buren, and was an unsuccessful candidate for the governorship of Massachusetts in 1844. He accepted a seat in the cabinet of President Polk as secretary of the Navy in 1845, and the following year was appointed minister to the court of St.

James, a position which he filled until 1849, with honor to his country. A period of retirement from public life followed his return to America. In the civil war he was heartily in accord with the national government, and in 1867 he was appointed by President Johnson minister to Berlin, serving with distinguished ability until recalled at his own request in 1874. He has since resided in Washington, and contributed articles to magazines as recently as 1887. The American press contained highly appreciative notices of Mr. Bancroft's character and work on the occasion of his death, January 17, 1891.

BARBAULD, ANNA LETITIA.

This English authoress was born in 1743, at Kibworth-Harcourt, Leicestershire, where her father, the Rev. John Aikin, D.D., a dissenter, kept an academy. Her private education, the religious influence of her home, and her secluded life in the country, were well fitted to develop early her natural taste for poetry; but it was not until 1773 that she published her "Poems," which ran through four editions in the twelvemonth. Encouraged by this, she the same year, conjointly with her brother, John Aikin, published "Miscellaneous Pieces in Prose." In 1792 she commenced with the same brother the well-known series, "Evenings at Home." In 1810 she published a collection of the British novelists, the task of editing which she had undertaken to divert her mind from the suicide of her husband two years before. Her last poetical effort was an ode, "Eighteen Hundred and Eleven," in which she anticipated Macaulay's New Zealander. All her compositions are characterized by an old-world grace, an easy flowing style, pure and elevated sentiment, and give token of a mind well versed in classical literature. She died at Stoke-Newington, 9th March, 1825.

BARKER, JAMES NELSON.

Among the older American dramatic writers Mr. Barker gained reputation in his day and was considered one of our most successful authors. He was born in Philadelphia in 1784 and died in 1858. His principal works are comprised in two comedies, one entitled "Tears and Smiles," and the other, "How to Try a Lover." These were produced with a good degree of success and are still regarded as possessing high merit. He also

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wrote a tragedy entitled, "Superstition," which shows the same order of talent as that displayed in his earlier writings. The first named comedy appeared in 1807; the second in 1817; and the tragedy in 1823.

BAYLY, THOMAS HAYNES.

This English song-writer and author was born at Bath, October 13, 1797. After deserting successively both law and church, Bayly, during a short sojourn amid the brilliant society of Dublin, first discovered his own powers as a ballad-writer and achieved his earliest successes. In 1824 he settled in London, and his "I'd be a Butterfly" was quickly followed by "The Soldier's Tear," "We Met—'Twas in a Crowd," "She Wore a Wreath of Roses," "Oh, No, We Never Mention Her," and many others, familiar wherever the English language is spoken. Bayly also wrote a novel, "The Aylmers," several volumes of verse, some tales, and numerous dramatic pieces, the best of which was "Perfection," a clever little comedy produced by Madame Vestris, and once very popular. In his last years he suffered much from confirmed jaundice and dropsy, which brought about his death, April 22, 1839.

BEAUMONT, FRANCIS.

This English dramatic poet was born in Leicestershire in 1586. He was educated at Oxford, and studied law in the Temple. In London he associated with Ben Jonson and other wits who met at the Mermaid Tavern. He married Ursula Isley, by whom he had two daughters. He became the intimate friend of John Fletcher, in conjunction with whom he wrote a number of popular dramas. Among these are "Philaster" (1611), "The Maid's Tragedy," "The Coxcomb" (1613), and "Cupid's Revenge" (1613). Beaumont was sole author of "The Masque of the Inner Temple" (1612), and of minor poems, among which is a "Letter to Ben Jonson." Died in 1615.

"It cannot be denied," says Hazlitt, "that they are lyrical and descriptive poets of the highest order; every page of their writing is a floral picture; they are dramatic poets of the second class in point of knowledge, variety, vivacity, and effect; they are masters of style and versification in almost every variety of melting modulation or sounding pomp of which they are capable: in comic wit

and spirit they are scarcely surpassed by any writers of our age." The elder Coleman's prologue to "Philaster," spoken in 1763, has the following apt and admirable lines:

"Beaumont and Fletcher, those twin stars that run
Their glorious course 'round Shakespeare's golden sun."

BEECHER, HENRY WARD.

This distinguished American minister and writer, a son of Dr. Lyman Beecher, was born in Litchfield, Conn., on the 24th of June, 1813. He appears to have given in childhood but little promise of distinction. But even while a boy he proved that, if he did not inherit the eloquence, he inherited at least something of the controversial ability of his father. A forward schoolboy among the elder scholars had got hold of Paine's "Age of Reason," and was flourishing largely among the boys with objections to the Bible. Henry privately looked up Watson's "Apology," studied up the subject, and challenged a debate with the big boy, in which he came off victorious by the acclamation of his schoolfellows. This occurred when he was about eleven years old.

He manifested at this period little inclination for severe study, but had conceived a passionate desire to go to sea. His father adroitly used this desire to induce him to commence a course of mathematics with a view to qualify himself to become a naval officer. He applied himself energetically to his new studies, "with his face to the navy, and Nelson as his beau ideal." But not long afterwards there occurred in that section of the country a religious "revival," and young Beecher, with many others, was powerfully impressed. The result was that the naval scheme was abandoned, and his thoughts were directed to the pulpit as his natural and proper sphere.

After going through the preparatory studies, he entered Amherst College, where he graduated in 1834; and soon after he commenced the study of theology at Lane Seminary, under the direction of his father. He began his ministerial course at Lawrenceburg, Indiana, but removed soon after to Indianapolis. In 1847 he became pastor of Plymouth Church (Congregational) in Brooklyn, where he gathered around him an immense congregation. He was also one of the most popular writers and most successful lecturers in America. His success as a public speaker was

due not so much to what is popularly termed eloquence as to a flow of racy and original thought, which, though often enlivened with flashes of quaint humor, was not without an undercurrent of deep moral and spiritual earnestness.

In 1850 Mr. Beecher published a volume of "Lectures to Young Men." He was one of the originators of "The Independent" (to which he was for nearly twenty years a prominent contributor), favored the Free-Soil movement in 1852, and actively supported the Republican party in 1856 and 1860. In the Civil War he was among the most zealous and efficient champions of the government. He visited Europe in 1863, delivered spirited addresses to crowded and often unsympathetic audiences on the condition of his country, everywhere predicting the triumph of the North. Of his published works the principal are "Star Papers" (1885), second series (1888), "Life Thoughts" (1858), "Norwood," a novel (1868), and "Yale Lectures on Preaching" (3 vols.). As a reformer, particularly in the causes of temperance and anti-slavery, Mr. Beecher stood in the foremost rank in America. Died March 8, 1887.

BEDDOES, THOMAS LOVELL.

He was born at Clifton, England, 20th July, 1803. From Bath grammar-school he passed in 1817 to the Charterhouse, and thence in 1820 to Pembroke College, Oxford. In 1822 he published "The Bride's Tragedy," which achieved a brilliant success. In 1825 he went to Göttingen to study medicine, and thenceforth led a strange wandering life as doctor and Democrat, in Germany and Switzerland, with occasional visits to England. Suffering from blood-poisoning, and from the amputation of a leg, he died in the hospital at Basel, 26th January, 1849.

From 1825 he was engaged at intervals in the composition of a drama, "Death's Jest-book," which with his poems and a memoir by T. F. Kellsall, appeared in two posthumous volumes (1850-51). The merits of these two dramatic fragments are peculiar. They exhibit no power of characterization, no ability in the conduct of a story; but the fullness of thought and image, the tone of music, and the depths of color are marvellous. If Beddoes' life had been prolonged it is reasonable to say he would have improved upon his earlier work and added to his fame.

BEERS, ETHELYNN ELLIOTT.

This American poetess, who is well known for several popular lyrics, was born at Goshen, N. J., in 1827. Her maiden name was Ethelinda Elliott. Her patriotic poem entitled, "The Picket-guard," or "All quiet along the Potomac," they say," first published in "Harper's Weekly" in 1861, became instantly popular, and its authorship was contested. Although her poetry is remarkable for simplicity of style and easy versification, it is yet full of life and spirit. A volume of her poems appeared in 1878, and in the following year she died. Few authors have become so widely known by reason of productions so few in number.

BENJAMIN, PARK.

This American poet and journalist was born in 1809 at Demerara, in Guiana, where his father was engaged in trade. He studied at Harvard and graduated at a college of Hartford, Connecticut. He edited the "American Monthly Magazine," of New York, in 1837 and 1838. In 1840 Mr. Benjamin and R. W. Griswold began to publish a literary journal, called "The New York World." He wrote numerous lyrical poems and sonnets. His longest work is entitled a "Poem on the Meditation of Nature." "Many of his pieces," says Griswold, "are distinguished for poetical simplicity of thought and elegance of diction." Died in 1864.

BENNETT, WILLIAM COX.

An English poet, born at Greenwich about 1820. He published several volumes of poems and gained distinction as a writer of songs. His style shows a cultivated taste, and although he was not a prolific author, what he wrote contains little that is not worthy of commendation.

BICKERSTETH, EDWARD HENRY.

A poem very much admired and entitled, "Yesterday, To-day, and Forever," was written by this well known English poet, who was born in London, January 25, 1825. He is a clergyman of the Church of England, who, in addition to his professional labors, is the author of many religious and devotional works, including several volumes of poetry. His writings abound in elevated sentiment and breathe a religious spirit throughout. Some of their finest passages depict the horrors of

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war and the glories of peace. In 1847 he graduated with honors at Trinity College, Cambridge, and subsequently was honored with various appointments in the English Church, becoming the rural dean of Highgate in 1878.

BLOOMFIELD, ROBERT.

This poetical genius, an unlettered shoemaker, who achieved great fame, was born in Suffolk, England, 1766. While working at his trade, he composed a poem of 1600 lines, completing it before a word was written. It created a great sensation when published, and was translated into several languages. Bloomfield died insane in 1823.

BOKER, GEORGE H.

Mr. Boker is known especially for his "War Lyrics," published in 1864, in some of which the scenes of the civil war are depicted with graphic force. His first volume was entitled, "The Lesson of Life and Other Poems," and appeared in 1847. Several other volumes followed in rapid succession, all of which were well received by the reading public. That he is entitled to a conspicuous place among American poets, is generally conceded. Born in Philadelphia, October 6, 1823, he graduated at Princeton in 1842, and studied law, but never practiced. He was a man of some prominence in public affairs and in 1871 was appointed minister to Constantinople, and in 1874 minister to St. Petersburg. He was the editor of "Lippincott's Magazine" several years. His death occurred in Philadelphia, January 2, 1890.

BOLTON, SARAH T.

This gifted American poetess was first brought to the notice of the public through her popular contributions to the "Home Journal," New York. She is a Kentuckian, and was born at Newport in that State in 1820. There is a graceful charm about her writings that is much appreciated by all intelligent readers.

BONAR, HORATIUS.

The author of many beautiful hymns, the fame of which is world-wide, was a native of Scotland, and was born in Edinburgh in 1808. In 1856 he published "Hymns of Faith and Hope," and a second series of the same in 1861. He was for many years a minister of the Free Church, and published several religious works which have had

an enormous circulation. He participated actively in all evangelistic work, and, in addition to his pastoral labors, was heard frequently in religious conventions. Died in 1879.

BOWLES, WILLIAM LISLE.

He may be regarded as the forerunner of that school of modern poets, such as Wordsworth, Southey and Coleridge, who have adopted a charming, easy manner, in contrast with the stilted, unnatural measures of many who went before them. Bowles was born in 1762, died in 1850, and was by profession a clergyman. After he had been disappointed in love by the death of a lady to whom he was engaged, he composed "Fourteen Sonnets," which are remarkable for their beauty and tenderness. His poems were admired by Coleridge, Wordsworth and Southey, the last of whom declared that by reading them his own poetical taste had been much modified. These sonnets were considered to have introduced a new era in literature. Other poems and religious works have been widely read and admired.

BOURDILLON, FRANCIS W.

An English poet, born in 1852. He was educated at Oxford, and while still an undergraduate became famous as the author of a short poem entitled, "Light," which was translated into the principal European languages. In 1878 he published a volume entitled, "Among the Flowers and Other Poems."

BOWRING, SIR JOHN.

An eminent English statesman and philologist noted for his attainments. He was born in Exeter in 1792. He aimed to be rather a critic of poetry than an author of it, yet some of his poetical writings are considered of a high order. He was made editor of the "Westminster Review" in 1825, and ten years later was elected to Parliament. Continuing in office until 1849 he was appointed British Consul at Hong-Kong and superintendent of trade in China. He was knighted in 1854, and returned from China in 1858. Died November 23, 1872.

BRONTE, EMILY.

Was born in Yorkshire, England, about 1819. She was one of the authors of a volume entitled, "Poems by Currer, Ellis and Acton Bell," published in 1846. She was also the author of a novel

entitled, "Wuthering Heights," issued in 1847, the merit of which has been variously estimated. Died in December, 1848.

BROOKS, JAMES GORDON.

The son of an officer in the Revolutionary Army, was born at Red Hook, near New York, September 3, 1801. After graduating at Union College he studied law, but in 1823 became editor of the "Morning Courier," New York. In connection with his wife he published a volume of poems in 1829. Died at Albany, 1841.

BROOKS, MARIA GOWEN.

A native of Medford, Massachusetts, where she was born in 1795. Southey pronounced her "the most impassioned and most imaginative of all poetesses." Much of the latter part of her life was passed in Cuba, where she died in 1845.

BROOKS, CHARLES F.

An American Unitarian divine and poet, born in Salem, Mass., in 1813. He graduated at Harvard, and in 1837 was settled as a pastor in Newport, R. I. His poetical works consist mainly of translations from the German poets, which exhibit a clear insight into the original thought and conception of the authors, an accurate scholarship, and refined taste. Died at Newport, June 14, 1883.

BROWNING, ELIZABETH BARRETT.

Mrs. Browning must be considered one of the most gifted poets of our time, her works appealing especially to people of intellectual refinement and cultivated taste. In person she was slight, with dark hair and complexion; an easy modest manner and cordiality drew to her many friends. She was born at Durham, March 6, 1809. Her father, Mr. Barrett, was a wealthy merchant of London, who gave his daughter in early life the best opportunities for education. At ten years of age she exhibited fine poetical talent, which was diligently cultivated.

In 1846 she was married to the poet, Robert Browning, with whom she resided in Italy for many years. She produced in 1851 "Casa Guidi Windows," a poem which treats of the political condition of Italy. "This," says the "North British Review," "is the happiest of Mrs. Browning's performances, because it makes no pretensions to high artistic character, and is really a simple

story of personal impressions." Her largest, and withal her greatest work, is "Aurora Leigh," a poem, or novel in verse, which is greatly admired. This was published in 1856, and in the same year a new edition of her poems was issued in three volumes. She died at Florence, Italy, in June, 1861.

BROWNING, ROBERT.

This most subtle and intellectual of contemporary English poets, was born at Camberwell, May 7, 1812. His father, a man of parts, was engaged in the city of London. The future poet, after receiving local education, attended lectures at University College, and then traveled abroad. From his earliest years he had been accustomed to write verse, and while still a youth, acquired the triple reputation of poet, musician, and modeller. "Pauline," a dramatic poem, written at the age of nineteen, was published in 1833. Two years later appeared his "Paracelsus," which revealed a greater force. Its energy, its boldness of thought, its lofty aspirations, and its grip of human passion, stamped the author as one of the most promising of the younger poets.

In his later poems the poet pressed into his service in a masterly degree, humor, pathos, passion and tenderness; while the whole were distinguished for their ringing and melodious versification. Browning married in 1846 Elizabeth Barrett, herself a poetess of high and noble gifts, and with her he went to Florence, where they lived in perfect and happy union. In 1850 Browning published "Christmas Eve and Easter Day," poems which defend catholicity in religion, the good to be discovered in the varying forms of Christianity.

The "Browning Society" was established in 1881 for the purpose of promoting the study and influence of the poet's works, and the example of London has been followed by many other large centres in Great Britain, the colonies and the United States. As a poet, Browning is distinguished for his capacity in creating real men and women, and also for the depths of his spiritual insight. His lyrical faculty, dramatic energy, and power of psychological analysis have rarely been equalled. Besides being one of the most erudite of poets, he has intense human sympathy and high imaginative gifts, and a profound vigorous faith.

His style is too frequently obscure and difficult, his versification hard and rugged, and his rhymes forced. Mr. Browning died in December, 1889.

BRUCE, MICHAEL.

It has been the fate of some of the most gifted authors to die young. The reader will at once recall the names of Chatterton, Keats, Shelley and Kirke White. Among this number must be placed the Scottish poet Michael Bruce. He was born in the county of Kinross in 1746. His charming productions gave him wide fame which could not be entirely eclipsed by his death that occurred at the age of 21. He left a collection of poems the beauty and pathos of which are evident at a glance.

BRYANT, WILLIAM CULLEN.

Mr. Bryant easily ranks among the first American poets, and in some respects excels all others. A profound love of nature, fine poetic fancy, love of home and country and easy versification characterize his works, which have struck the popular heart and have been widely read. It is perhaps not a little singular that his most famous poem, "Thanatopsis," was written while yet he was a young man at Williams College. Mr. Bryant was born in Hampshire county, Mass., on the 3rd of November, 1794. In college he distinguished himself in the languages, became a student of law in 1812, and afterward practiced law for several years. He removed to New York City in 1825, and soon after became one of the editors of the "Evening Post," which he continued to edit with great ability until his death.

A collection of his poems was published in 1832. Soon after he visited Europe and traveled in Egypt and Syria, writing letters home, which were afterward collected into a volume entitled, "Letters of a Traveler." Mr. Bryant was always a warm advocate of political reforms, opposed the extension of slavery, and ardently supported the Union during the civil war. "No poet," says Griswold, "has described with more fidelity the beauties of the creation, or sung in nobler song the greatness of the Creator. He is the translator of the silent language of the universe to the world." His translations from foreign languages are graceful and accurate reproductions of the originals, rivalling those of Longfellow. Died June 12, 1878.

BURLEIGH, WILLIAM H.

An American poet and abolitionist, born at Woodstock, Conn., in 1812, and died in March, 1871. He was printer and editor of several papers, and published in 1840 a volume of poems which were much admired. The spirit of the reformer is prominent in his writings, as seen in "The Christian Witness," published at Pittsburg, of which he was editor. His outspoken views on the questions of the day attracted wide attention.

BURNS, ROBERT.

Few poets have ever gained so strong a hold upon the popular heart as this celebrated bard of Scotland, the anniversary of whose birth is still commemorated in his native land and by his fellow-countrymen throughout the world. He is remarkable for homely simplicity, fine poetic fancy and feeling, broad sympathy with humanity, and a style which is not so elevated as to be above the average reader. Burns was born in the town of Ayr, January 25, 1759. His father was a plain farmer and battled with misfortunes all his life. Many of the subjects of Burns' poems are rural in their character. His love poems exhibit deep feeling, and some of the names, like "Highland Mary," around which he wove the charm of his genius, have become immortal.

In his day he was honored by many persons of rank and fortune, but being addicted to vices which he had not the strength of manhood to overcome, he cast a shadow upon the otherwise spotless glory of his reputation. Burns died on the 21st of July, 1796. His funeral was attended by many thousand persons, including those of every rank and condition, some of whom came from a great distance. Nearly twenty years after the poet's death, a costly mausoleum was erected in the churchyard at Dumfries, whither the remains were transferred June 5, 1815. An appropriate monument to his memory stands on Calton Hill, Edinburgh.

BUTLER, SAMUEL.

Butler was regarded as a character in his day, and his satire entitled "Hudibras" made him universally known. He was born in Worcester-shire early in the year 1612. Not having inherited wealth, he was compelled for a livelihood to act as secretary to several persons of prominence,

finally receiving the appointment of steward of Ludlow Castle. His "*Hudibras*" was a witty and pungent satire on the Puritans, in which he showed himself to be an inimitable master of burlesque. His command of rhyme was inexhaustible; his learning curious and copious; and his quaint sayings are so happily phrased that some of them have been quoted from age to age until they have passed into the language of daily life.

The poem secured immediate popularity and is said to have been a special favorite of Charles II. But Butler's loyalty and wit procured him no substantial preferment. All he received from the King was a solitary grant of \$1500, which he distributed among his creditors. Oldham in his satire against poetry has some vigorous lines on Butler:

Of all his gains by verse, he could not save
Enough to purchase flannel and a grave;
Reduced to want, he in due time fell sick,
Was fain to die and be interred on tick.

In 1721 a monument was erected to Butler in Westminster Abbey at the expense of John Barber, a citizen of London.

BYROM, JOHN.

A poet and stenographer, was born near Manchester in 1692. He studied at Trinity College, Cambridge, pursued the study of medicine abroad, and returned to London with a view of teaching a new system of shorthand. A volume of poems was published in 1773. They show dexterity in rhyme and a fine vein of genial satire. He died in September, 1763, his poems having been collected some years subsequent to his death.

BYRON, LORD.

Byron's genius flashed out like a brilliant meteor, compelling attention, and for the most part admiration. He was born in London, January 22, 1788. In early life he exhibited strong passions, an almost ungovernable will, and, at times, a rashness which occasionally appeared even in his later years. Among his mates he was courageous, quick to take an insult, and was never satisfied until it had been resented. In 1805 he went to Trinity College, Cambridge, which he left two years after without a degree. During his stay at the University, he published a volume of poems entitled, "*Hours of Idleness*," which was very

severely criticised in the "*Edinburgh Review*." The poet wrote by way of retaliation, his "*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*," a caustic and scathing satire, which at the time caused a great sensation and convinced the critics that Byron's genius was not to be terror-stricken or reduced to silence by "paper bullets of the brain."

In 1809 he traveled throughout Europe, and while in Greece, surrounded by the classic associations of that country, he warmly espoused the cause of Greek independence, a theme which inspired some of his loftiest strains. On his return to England, he published the first two cantos of "*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*," the success of which was so sudden and extraordinary that, as he tells us, "he awoke one morning and found himself famous." Soon after he took his seat in the House of Lords, to which by birth he was entitled. Byron wrote easily and rapidly. His various works followed one another in rapid succession. Some of his most pathetic verses were inspired by the infelicities of his domestic relations.

That he had great faults has been universally admitted; nor can it be denied that his genius was of the highest order. Macaulay's critical pen places him in the front rank of modern poets and declares he has never been excelled in the expression of scorn, misanthropy and despair, and that there is not a single note of human anguish of which he was not master. He died on the 19th of April, 1824, at the early age of 36, yet had already achieved undying fame.

CALVERLEY, CHARLES STUART.

An English poet born in 1831. He was educated at Oxford and published many clever ballads and parodies. He was a man of fine scholarship and rich genius, but wrote very little. Died in 1884.

CAMPBELL, THOMAS.

Author of "*The Pleasures of Hope*," and many other poems marked by true poetic genius, was a native of Scotland, and was born at Glasgow in 1777. After a brilliant literary career, he died at Boulogne in 1844, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, Lord Macaulay, Dean Milman, and other celebrities acting as pall-bearers. Few poems of any author have become more generally known, or have been received with greater favor. His

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poems entitled "Hohenlinden," "Lochiel" and "Gertrude of Wyoming," have been universally popular and were known to all the school-children of our own country a generation ago.

CARLYLE, THOMAS.

This distinguished, and withal, eccentric author gained by his writings a wide celebrity for originality, graphic description and vigorous English. Bold in thought, a hater of shams, rugged in matter and manner, his striking essays forced themselves upon the attention of the public. Mr. Carlyle must be considered as one of the most brilliant authors of his day. The work that gave him the greatest reputation was his "History of the French Revolution," which depicted with remarkable force the bloody scenes of that social and political convulsion. Born at Ecclefechan, Scotland, in 1795. Died February 5, 1881.

CARY, ALICE.

This well-known American authoress first came into notice by her contributions to the "National Era," for which she wrote under the *nom de plume* of "Patty Lee." Her "Clovernook," comprising sketches of western life, was popular both in America and England. Several works of fiction, and various poems, have also met with marked favor. Born near Cincinnati, Ohio, 1820, died in New York, where she resided during the latter part of her life, in 1871. She was also gifted in the portrayal of domestic scenes and the charms of country life.

The writings of the Cary sisters have long been familiar to the American people, their moral tone, felicitous expression and elevated sentiment having given them wide popularity. From their gifted pens have come several hymns that have gained a high degree of favor. It is rarely that two members of the same family exhibit so high an order of genius.

CARY, PHOEBE.

She was the younger sister of Alice and equally gifted. Her birthplace was the Miami Valley, where she was born in 1824; her death occurred in 1871. She published independently several volumes of buoyant pleasant verse and contributed a third of the "Poems of Alice and Phoebe Cary," published in 1850. During the later years of their life the Cary sisters resided in New York, were actively engaged in religious work, and were greatly beloved by a large circle of friends.

CHILD, LYDIA MARIA.

An American author, born in Medford, Massachusetts, in 1802, published her first novel in 1821, and in 1828 married David Lee Child, a journalist, with whom she edited the "Anti-slavery Standard" in New York in 1843-44. She was a conspicuous champion of the slaves, for whom she published an "Appeal" in 1833; the principal of her numerous other works are novels, the best of them relating to early New England history. She died October 20th, 1880.

CHOATE, RUFUS.

A scholarly American lawyer, born in Essex, Massachusetts, October 1st, 1799, graduated at Dartmouth in 1819, and was admitted to the bar in 1823. He sat in Congress from 1830 to 1834, when he settled in Boston. Here his singular eloquence rapidly advanced him to the place of leader of the Massachusetts bar; indeed, it has been claimed for him that he was the most eminent advocate New England, or even America, has produced. After a term in the United States Senate, 1841-45, he returned to his profession; in 1859, his health giving way, he sailed for Europe, but stopped at Halifax, Nova Scotia, where he died July 13. His writings, with a memoir, were published at Boston in 1862.

CLARE, JOHN.

At one time and another persons born in very humble life have become distinguished in authorship. This was through their native force of genius, and in some instances it is doubtful if a high degree of education would have added much to their ability or secured for them a greater distinction. As an illustration of such authors, we may mention the English peasant and poet, John Clare. He was the son of a poor laborer and was born in Northamptonshire in 1793. He first attracted public attention in 1818 by a poem entitled "A Sonnet to the Setting Sun." In 1820 he published "Poems Descriptive of Rural Life and Scenery," the superior merit of which has been generally acknowledged. Clare was poor, and having a large family to support, his friends raised a subscription for him that yielded a small annuity, which was not sufficient for his wants, and he finally fell into a state of despondency followed by mental derangement. Death put an end to his sufferings in 1864.

CONRAD, ROBERT T.

He was elected Mayor of Philadelphia by the American party in 1854. Previous to this he had become known as a dramatist and orator, and about 1840 he was made judge of the court of general sessions in his native city and was recognized as a leading citizen. He was the author of two tragedies, entitled "Conrad of Naples" and "Aylmere," which were performed with success. In 1852 he published a volume of poems, which, although possessed of considerable merit, did not add very much to his fame. His having gained distinction in law and authorship, indicates versatility of talent of which he was undoubtedly possessed. "His 'Aylmere,'" says R. W. Griswold, "has proved the most successful American drama yet written." He was born in Philadelphia in 1809 and died in 1858.

COLERIDGE, SAMUEL TAYLOR.

One of the most remarkable of English poets and thinkers was born on the 21st of October, 1772, at his father's vicarage of Ottery St. Mary's, Devonshire. His father was a man of some mark. He was known for his great scholarship, simplicity of character, and affectionate interest in the pupils of the grammar school, where he reigned until his promotion to the vicarage of the parish. He had married twice. The poet was the youngest child of his second wife, Anne Bowden, a woman of great good sense, and anxiously ambitious for the success of her sons.

In February, 1791, he was entered at Jesus College, Cambridge. A schoolfellow who followed him to the University has described in glowing terms evenings in his rooms, "when *Æschylus*, and *Plato*, and *Thucydides* were pushed aside, with a pile of lexicons and the like, to discuss the pamphlets of the day. Ever and anon a pamphlet issued from the pen of *Burke*. There was no need of having the book before us; Coleridge had read it in the morning, and in the evening he would repeat whole pages verbatim."

For fifteen years the record of Coleridge's life is a miserable history. He sank under the domination of opium. The "Ode to Dejection" and the poem of "Youth and Age" are the evidences of utter prostration of spirit, which was his terrible penalty for many a year. Few things are so sad to read as the letters in which he details the con-

sequences of his transgression. He was occasionally seen in London during the first years of this century, and wherever he appeared he was the delight of admiring circles.

A visit to Malta in 1804, when for a short time he acted as secretary to the governor, and a brief stay in Rome in the following year, were the chief events of what may be called the opium period. In 1809 he published "The Friend," and during that and the two following years he lectured on Shakespeare and education. The tragedy of "Remorse" was produced in 1813, and met with considerable success. Three years after this, the evil habit against which he had struggled bravely but ineffectually, determined him to enter the family of Mr. Gillman, who lived at Highgate. The letter in which he discloses his misery to this kind and thoughtful man, gives a real insight into his character. Under kind and judicious treatment the hour of mastery at last arrived.

Coleridge continued to exercise his extraordinary influence over the leading thinkers of his time. Productions from his pen appeared at intervals, all of them bearing the stamp of his extraordinary genius. The generation of those who owed to his teaching "even their own selves" has nearly passed away. But the influence which he exerted as a stimulating force, and the intellectual activity of many of his disciples, remain to testify to the greatness of the services which he rendered to philosophy and religion, while it is conceded that his splendid genius was used but fitfully and without the effect of which he was really capable. He died in London in 1834.

COLERIDGE, HARTELY.

He was the eldest son of the great Coleridge, already described, and was born at Clevedon, Somersetshire, September 19, 1796. He was a precocious child, was endowed with uncommon parts, and had a singular power of living entirely in a make-believe world of dreams and imaginations. The attempt to educate him at Oxford was at first a failure, but he subsequently gained a fellowship, which he afterward forfeited on the ground of intemperance. He wrote occasionally for "Blackwood's Magazine," and gained a precarious livelihood by literary work. His days were spent in fitful study, lonely reverie, and wanderings over the Lake Country, with, unhap-

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pily, occasional lapses into intemperance. The people who knew him treated him with affectionate respect, not without a kind of awe at his strange appearance, his small stature, prematurely white hair, and gentle manners. He loved children and animals, and was fondly loved by them in return. He died January 6, 1849, and was buried beside what was soon to be Wordsworth's grave.

His poetry falls short of the great, but sometimes approaches it. It is graceful, tender, and sincere, pervaded throughout with a singular charm, alternately wise and playful, and often perfect in the expression of the thought it has to convey. His poems were collected by his brother, with a memoir, in 1851.

COOK, ELIZA.

A favorite minor English poetess, daughter of a London tradesman; she was born at Southwark in 1818. She contributed poetical pieces to various magazines from an early age, and issued her "Melaia and Other Poems" in 1838, which, along with the issue of volumes in 1864 and 1865, established her reputation as a meritorious verse writer of sound morality, and clear, sensible and simple treatment. She conducted "Eliza Cook's Journal" (1849-54) till ill health obliged her to relinquish it; in 1864 a pension of \$500 a year was conferred upon her by government. She also wrote "Jottings from My Journal" (1860) and "Laconics" (1865). Died December 25, 1889.

COOKE, ROSE TERRY.

She was born at West Hartford, Conn., February 17, 1827, and in 1873 was married to Mr. R. H. Cooke of Winsted, Conn. Her maiden name was Rose Terry and she was a cousin of the well-known General Terry. Her productions comprise mostly short tales which by general consent stand in the foremost rank. Her power of thought and expression, as well as her insight into human nature, are evident to all readers. In 1860 she published "Poems by Rose Terry," which displayed poetical ability of a high order. "Happy Dodd" appeared in 1875, and "Somebody's Neighbors" in 1881. Mrs. Cooke's productions are a distinct contribution to our American literature, and the name of the gifted authoress is well known not only in literary circles, but among general readers.

COOPER, JAMES FENIMORE.

The popular author of the "Leather-Stocking Tales" was born at Burlington, N. J., in September, 1789. His father was Judge Cooper, a well-known public man, and his mother's maiden name was Fenimore. About 1790 the family moved to the shore of Otsego Lake in New York where they founded Cooperstown, having taken up a large tract of land which was then on the outskirts of civilization and the residence of Indian tribes. Young Cooper entered Yale College in 1802, remained there about three years and then entered the navy as a midshipman. In 1811 he retired from the navy and was married the same year.

His first literary work was a novel, entitled "Precaution," which was published in 1819 and was a failure. Being a man of great energy and conscious that there was something in him more than he had shown, he continued his literary work and published "The Spy," founded on incidents connected with the Revolutionary war. It was very successful and was re-published in England. It was translated into several languages, and marked the beginning of that long literary career which placed Mr. Cooper's name among the most distinguished American authors. "He has the high praise," says the "North American Review," "and will have the future glory of having struck into a new path, of having opened a mine of exhaustless wealth. In a word, he has laid the foundation of American romance."

Other tales from the pen of Cooper followed, many of which were a vivid portrayal of Indian life, with which he was made familiar by personal contact with the Red Men. His works are numerous and some of them have been immensely popular, such as "The Pioneers," "The Last of the Mohicans," "The Deerslayer," etc., etc. He died in Cooperstown in September, 1851.

"He wrote for mankind at large," says W. C. Bryant, "hence it is that he has earned a fame wider than any American author of modern times. The creations of his genius shall survive through centuries to come, and only perish with our language." "His writings," says William H. Prescott, "are instinct with the spirit of nationality. In his productions every American must take an honest pride. For surely no one has succeeded like Cooper in the portraiture of American char-

acter, or has given such glowing and eminently truthful pictures of American scenery."

COWLEY, ABRAHAM.

In his own day he was considered the greatest of English poets, and was born in London, 1613. His father was a stationer in that city and died before his son's birth. By the exertions of his mother, Cowley received a learned education. At an early age he was sent to Westminster school, where he displayed almost unparalleled precocity. It was by the reading of the "Faery Queen," a copy of which lay in his mother's window, that his mind was turned to poetry. He wrote excellent verses at the age of ten, and published a volume of poems at fifteen.

Cowley's most ambitious works are the "Davideis," the "Pindarique Odes," written in supposed imitation of Pindar, and the "Mistress," a series of love poems. His fate as a poet is one of the most singular in literature. Deemed unapproachable in his own day, he has ever since sunk steadily in popular estimation. Dr. Johnson's explanation is still accepted as the best that can be suggested. Cowley wrote for the court and the reigning taste, and not for the general heart of men. What he is still admired for is his astonishing ingenuity and agility of mind. Moreover, though the bulk of his verse can never again have any living interest, he has not a few passages characterized by delicacy and power. By his small collection of essays, Cowley takes rank with Goldsmith and Addison as one of the masters of simple and graceful prose style. It is by these essays that Cowley is now best known to modern readers. He died at Chertsey, London, July 28, 1667.

COWPER, WILLIAM.

No English poet, except Shakespeare, is more frequently quoted. "The great merit of this writer," says Lord Jeffrey, "appears to us to consist in the boldness and originality of his composition, and in the fortunate audacity with which he has carried the dominion of poetry into regions that had been considered as inaccessible to her ambition. The great variety and truth in his descriptions, the minute and correct paintings of those home scenes and private feelings with which every one is internally familiar, the sterling weight and sense of most of his observations, and,

above all, the great appearance of facility with which everything is executed, and the happy use he has so often made of the most common and ordinary language, all concur to stamp upon his poems the character of original genius, and remind us of the merits that have secured immortality to Shakespeare."

Cowper was born in 1731 and was sent to school at so early an age that he acquired a dislike for public schools which lasted him all his life. He complains that there he became an adept "in the infernal art of lying," an art which we could hardly assert either to be extinct in our public schools at the present time, or to be entirely confined to them. Through all his life he was subject to fits of extreme melancholy. His friends finding that he had poetic taste and ability of a high order, advised him to enter the ranks of authors, in the hope of brightening up his mind and overcoming his melancholy tendencies.

His greatest work is entitled, "The Task," in which he displays a high order of talent and unusual skill in expression. He infused an earnest, even a religious spirit, into nearly all his writings, yet his ballad on "John Gilpin" is marked by an exquisite humor. Several of his hymns must be ranked among English classics and are sung in all our evangelical churches. Curiously enough, out of the gloom of his last waning years came two of his most beautiful and touching poems, the lines "Addressed to My Mother's Picture," and those entitled "My Mary." He died peacefully on the 25th of April, 1800.

COTTON, NATHANIEL.

This English poet and physician, who was noted for his skill in the treatment of insanity, was born in 1707. One of his patients was the celebrated William Cowper, who always spoke of him in the highest terms. He was the author of several works, the best known of which was entitled, "Marriage, a Vision." He died in 1788.

CRABBE, GEORGE.

A popular English poet, born at Aldborough, in Suffolk, in 1754. His father filled the humble office of collector of salt duties. He learned the profession of surgeon, which, however, he abandoned at an early age. Conscious of talents above the common order, he resolved to seek his fortune as an author, and in 1780 went to London with

five pounds which he had borrowed. After his first productions had been rejected by the booksellers he published on his own account, "The Candidate," a poem, which brought him neither fame nor profit. In great pecuniary distress, he asked and received the generous patronage of Edmund Burke, who gave him a room in his own house, introduced him to Fox, Thurlow, and others, and enabled him, in 1781, to publish "The Library," which was received with favor.

He was ordained a priest in 1782, and soon after became chaplain to the Duke of Rutland at Belvoir Castle. He published in 1783 "The Village," which confirmed his reputation as a powerful and original poet. At this period he married Sarah Elmy, the object of his early affections. Between 1785 and 1813 he officiated as curate or rector successively at Strathern, Muston, and Parham. After an interval of more than twenty years since his last appearance as a poet, he produced "The Parish Register" (1807), "The Borough" (1810), and "Tales in Verse" (1812). In 1813 he was presented to the living of Trowbridge, Wiltshire, where he passed his last years. About 1819 he received 3,000 pounds for his "Tales of the Hall," and for the unexpired term of former copyrights. Died in 1832.

CRAIK, DINAH MARIA MULOCH.

She was born at Stoke-upon-Trent in 1826. She early took the burden of supporting an ailing mother and two younger brothers, and wrote stories for fashion-books, as well as for graver publications. Her first serious appearance as a novelist was in 1849, with her story "The Ogilvies," which was followed by "Olive, the Head of the Family," and "Agatha's Husband." But she never surpassed or even equalled her domestic novel "John Halifax" (1857), which has had, and still continues to have, an extraordinary popularity, and has been translated into French, German, Italian, Greek, and Russian. The scene is laid at Tewkesbury, where a marble medallion has been placed to her memory in the abbey. A pension of \$300 a year awarded to her in 1864, she set aside for authors less fortunate than herself.

In 1865 she married Mr. Geo. Lillie Craik, a partner in the publishing house of Macmillan & Co., and spent a period of quiet happiness and

successful literary industry at her home, Corner House, Shortlands, Kent, where she died October 12, 1887. Much of Mrs. Craik's verse is collected in "Thirty Year's Poems" (1881). She wrote a good deal for the magazines, and produced in all forty-six works viz.—fourteen more novels, and several volumes of prose essays, including "A Woman's Thoughts About Women" (1858), and "Concerning Men, and Other Papers" (1888).

CROLY, GEORGE.

A poet of considerable popularity and an author of prose works that have had a large circulation. Mr. Croly was born in Dublin in 1780. His style is highly ornate, his language at times lofty and pretentious, his descriptive powers are almost without a rival, and the moral tone of his writings is pure. He was eminent as a pulpit orator, and was for many years rector of St. Stephen's, Wallbrook, London, having assumed this charge in 1835. Besides numerous sermons, he published "The Angel of the World," a tale (1820), "Sala-thiel, a Story of the Past, the Present, and the Future" (1827), which is admired by many; "Poetical Works" (2 vols., 1830), "Catiline," a tragedy; a "Life of Edmund Burke" (1840); "Marston," a novel (1846), "Scenes from Scripture, with other Poems" (1851), and various other works. "There can be no doubt," says "Blackwood's Magazine," "that his 'Catiline,' whether considered as a poem or as a drama, is a splendid performance. But, on the whole, 'Sala-thiel' is his finest production." Died in 1860.

CURRAN, JOHN PHILPOT.

This famous Irish orator and barrister was born of Protestant parents near Cork in 1750. His mother, whose name was Philpot, was witty and highly gifted. He went to London, became a lawyer and was called to the Irish Bar in 1775. He soon gained a wide celebrity for eloquence, humor and sarcasm. In politics he opposed the union of Ireland and England which was effected in 1800. In his later years he was subject to great and habitual dejection of spirits. Died in 1817.

DANIEL, SAMUEL.

This poet was the son of a music master, and was born in 1562, near Taunton, Somersetshire. He entered Magdalen Hall, Oxford, in 1579, but "his glory being more prone to easier and

smoother studies than in pecking and hewing at logic," quitted the University without taking a degree. In 1603 he was appointed to read new plays, and twelve years later he had for some time charge of a company of young players at Bristol. In 1607 he became one of the queen's grooms of the privy chamber. Toward the close of his life he retired to a farm which he possessed at Beckington, in his native county, where he died in October 1619. His works include sonnets, epistles, masks, and dramas; but his chief production is a poem in eight books, entitled a "History of the Civil Wars between York and Lancaster." His "Defence of Rhyme" (1602) is written in admirable prose.

DARLEY, GEORGE.

It is seldom that a man has a talent for both mathematics and poetry. The commonplace man who can work out problems in algebra and calculus is not likely to have much romance in him or a very vivid imagination. This was not true, however, of George Darley, for he wrote treatises on geometry and algebra and also poems of considerable merit. He was born in Dublin in 1785, removed to London in 1825 and died in 1849. One of his best known poems is called "Sylvia, or the May Queen," which appeared in 1827.

DAVIS, THOMAS.

An Irish poet and political writer, born at Mallow, in 1814. He was a leader of the party called "Young Ireland" and in favor of a repeal of the Union between Great Britain and Ireland. Died in 1845.

DECKER, THOMAS.

An English dramatist, who lived in the reign of James I. He wrote several plays and other works, presenting a curious picture of the times. Died about 1628.

DENMAN, LORD THOMAS.

An English judge, born in London in 1779, and educated at Cambridge. He entered Parliament, became Attorney General in 1830, and was raised to the peerage in 1834. Having discharged the duties of judge with credit, he resigned his office in 1850 and died in 1854.

DEPEW, CHAUNCEY M.

This distinguished citizen, prominent in railroad affairs and politics, was born in Peekskill, N. Y., in 1834, and graduated from Yale College

in 1856. As a young man Mr. Depew came into notice as an effective stump-speaker and an orator who could adapt himself to almost any public occasion. Genial in disposition, with an unlimited fund of anecdote and remarkable fluency of speech, he has become widely known and universally popular.

In 1861 he was a member of the Legislature of New York, and two years later was elected Secretary of State, subsequently holding the position of President of the "Vanderbilt Roads." His writings consist of addresses and orations delivered on various occasions all of which are finished productions and place their author among the foremost orators of America. Mr. Depew has always taken an active interest in politics, but has never risen to any high official position. His services are sought in every Presidential campaign and what he has to say commands wide attention.

DE VERE, AUBREY.

This poet, born January 10th, 1814, was the third son of Sir Aubrey De Vere, the second baronet, of Curragh Chase, County Limerick. He had his education at Trinity College, Dublin, and first appeared as a poet in 1842 with "The Waldenses, or the Fall of Roza; a Lyrical Tale." Next year his "Searches After Proserpine" made him widely and favorably known as a writer of verse, graceful, refined, and fluent, if somewhat feeble and lacking in genuine inspiration. Mr. De Vere has also published poetical dramas on Alexander the Great, (1874), and St. Thomas of Canterbury (1876) and other works on Irish ecclesiastical politics and literary criticism.

DEWEY, ORVILLE.

This distinguished Unitarian divine, born in Sheffield, Massachusetts, in 1794, became pastor of the New South Church, Boston, in 1858. Among his writings are "Discourses on Human Life," and "The Unitarian Belief," and contributions to the "North American Review" and the "Christian Examiner." He graduated at Williams College 1814 and became an assistant of the celebrated Dr. Channing, with whom he was associated for about two years. He was then pastor at New Bedford for ten years, and in the city of New York from 1835 to 1848. He held a commanding position in the Unitarian body, to which

he was entitled by his ripe scholarship and thoughtful discourses. His death occurred in March 1882.

DIBDIN, CHARLES.

This musician and poet was born at Southampton in 1745. He early attracted notice by his singing, and, still a boy, made his literary debut in London, by writing and composing an opera called "The Shepherd's Artifice," produced at Covent Garden Theatre in 1762. He subsequently lived an unsettled life as an actor and composer of stage-music. In 1788 he commenced giving a series of musical entertainments in the city, which acquired a great celebrity; the first of these was entitled "The Whim of the Moment." After several vicissitudes he withdrew from public life in 1805, the government in 1803 having granted him, in consideration of his literary merits, a pension of \$1000. The pension was afterward withdrawn by the Grenville government in 1807, which occasioned Didbin to return to public life with unfortunate results. He died July 25, 1814. Didbin was an admirable writer of sea-songs, of which he composed nearly a hundred. Neptune, and not Apollo, seems to have inspired him.

Though his work nowhere reaches the higher regions of poetry, and even his seamanship has been impugned, yet it is hardly too much to say that he is our first writer of sea-songs, one or two of which have been taken to the heart by the mariners of England. His verses smack of the briny deep, and reflect with astonishing felicity the easy childlike virtues and the fearless courage of the conventional British tar. It is known that they helped to man the navy during the great struggle with France, and as he himself says in his autobiography, "they have been quoted to mutinies to the restoration of order and discipline." Among Didbin's happiest pieces are "Poor Jack" and "Tom Bowling," or "Poor Tom" as it was originally called.

DICKENS, CHARLES.

The name of Gladstone, or Napoleon, or Lincoln, or McKinley, is not better known than that of Pickwick, or Macawber, or Pecksniff, or Uriah Heap, or Mark Tapley, or Barkis, or Sairy Gamp, or Little Nell, or many others that might be mentioned, all of which, although fictions, seem quite as real as any historic character from Julius Cæsar

to General Grant. What amazing genius could create these characters and endow them with an endless life? There has never been but one man who could make fictitious characters so life-like and so universally known, causing them to become, as it were, household names.

The great novelist, whose works of fiction are known and read throughout the civilized world, and who gained a renown unequalled by that of any author of recent times, was born at Portsmouth, England, February 7, 1812. His father wished him to enter the profession of law, but soon becoming disgusted with it, because he was conscious that it was not his proper sphere, he gave up the study of it, removed to London, and became a reporter for the "Morning Chronicle." For this paper he began to write sketches that at once attracted attention and showed their author to be possessed of an uncommon faculty for depicting common life both in its tragic and humorous phases.

Dickens was only 24 years old when he published "Pickwick Papers." He immediately sprang into popularity and became the favorite writer of fiction for both England and America. His subsequent works, such as "Oliver Twist," "Nicholas Nickelby," "David Copperfield," "A Tale of Two Cities," "The Old Curiosity Shop," and many others all served to increase his reputation, although it was predicted that he would soon "write himself out." He maintained his reputation by his wonderful creations in the realm of fiction and the charm of his transcendent genius.

Many of his works show intense sympathy with the lower classes and the struggling poor, the hard-worked sons and daughters of toil, and those who are the victims of greed and oppression. It is not too much to say that some of the most important reforms in England which benefited the laboring classes could be traced directly to the influence of his magic pen. Mr. Dickens came to this country on two occasions. On the first he angered many of his admirers by his caustic comments on American society and customs. On the second occasion he appeared as a public reader of his own works and was welcomed by thousands in all our larger cities. Work was his element, in fact, over-work, from which he undoubtedly died, June 9, 1870, and was buried in "Poet's Corner," Westminster Abbey.

DOBELL, SYDNEY.

This poet was born at Cranbrook, in Kent, April 5th, 1824. His father, a wine-merchant, removed to London about 1827, and in 1835 to Cheltenham; with Gloucestershire and with his father's business Sydney's whole after-life was connected. Under the influence of a sect, the "Free-thinking Christians," founded by Samuel Thompson, his grandfather, he developed a hot-house precocity, and at fifteen became engaged to the girl whom he married at twenty. He never quite recovered from a severe illness (1847); and the chief events of his life were visits in quest of health for himself or wife to Switzerland (1851), Scotland (1854-57), and Cannes, Spain and Italy (1862-66). He died at Barton End House, among the Cotswold Hills, August 22, 1874.

His principal works are "The Roman," by Sydney Yendys (1850); "Balder" (Part I., 1854), "Sonnets on the War" (1855), in conjunction with Alexander Smith; and "England in Time of War" (1856). The first and last achieved a success to be wondered at. For though some of his lyrics are pretty, though his fancy is ever sparkling and exuberant, his poems as a whole are nerveless, superfine, grandiose, transcendental.

DOBSON, HENRY AUSTIN.

This English poet was born at Plymouth in 1840, and published his first volume of poems in 1873. In prose he wrote the "Life of Hogarth" and also the "Life of Fielding;" also a number of critical sketches of authors and painters.

DOTEN, ELIZABETH.

She was born at Plymouth, Mass., in 1829. Two volumes of poetry that she published created a good deal of comment, both on account of the unusual merit belonging to them and on account of the claim which was made that they were dictated to their writer by spirits. The question of their actual origin was discussed by those who really knew nothing about it, and was left unsettled as all such questions are.

DRYDEN, JOHN.

This English poet of pre-eminent ability and most scholarly, ornate style was born in Northamptonshire on the 9th of August, 1631. Very little is known of his early youth, but he was entered at Westminster School when he was twelve

years old and thence went to Trinity College, Cambridge, when he was nineteen. There seems to be no record of his college life except that he was punished on one occasion and took his degree in 1654. His father died in the same year.

Much scandal was talked about his marriage, yet without any real occasion for it, but it seems probable that it was not wholly happy. He was made poet-laureate in 1670. Dryden wrote a number of plays and many poems that were widely read in their day. He shows in a marked degree the stilted style of poetical composition prevalent in his time. Yet there can be but one opinion concerning his fine imagination, his scholarly attainments and his commanding genius.

DWIGHT, TIMOTHY.

This well-known American theologian was born at Northampton, in Massachusetts, May 14, 1752, grandson of Jonathan Edwards; he studied at Yale College, and was licensed to preach in 1777. During the War of Independence, he was for some time a chaplain in the Continental Army. In 1783 he became minister of Greenfield Hill, in Connecticut, where he also conducted an academy for twelve years with distinguished success. The College of New Jersey conferred on him the degree of S.T.D., in 1787, and Harvard that of LL.D. in 1810; in 1795 he was elected president of Yale College and professor of Divinity. He died January 11, 1817.

His principal work is his "Theology Explained and Defended," which has gone through a great number of editions both in America and in England. Among his other writings may be mentioned "The Conquest of Canaan" (1785), an ambitious epic poem, and "Travels in New England and New York" (1821), reckoned by Southey the most important of his works. A grandson, a second Timothy Dwight, born in 1828, was in 1886 elected president of the University, and was a member of the American committee for the revision of the English version of the Bible.

ELLIOTT, EBENEZER.

Styled "The Corn-Law Rhymer," was by occupation an iron-founder. During the agitation in England for the repeal of the "Corn-laws," he became famous for his spirited verses. Born in Yorkshire, 1781; died in 1849.

EMERSON, RALPH WALDO.

Few names in American literature represent so much of that kind of thought which sets others thinking and influences them as does the name of Ralph Waldo Emerson. He was born in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1803, and died in Concord, Mass., April, 1882. His father was a respected minister, and his mother was a woman of more than ordinary mind and education. Emerson graduated at Harvard in 1821, yet did not take high rank in his class. He was successful, however, in obtaining a prize for an English essay. After graduating he became a teacher and at the same time studied theology under the direction of Dr. Channing.

As a young man he is described as grave, gentle and never punishing his pupils except by words. Having become a contributor to several magazines and having written a work on "English Traits," he became somewhat known as an author, yet the product of his mind came slowly as did the appreciation of the reading public. A vein of philosophy runs through his writings, which appeal especially to those of scholarly tendencies. His published works comprise "Nature; Addresses and Lectures;" "Essays," first and second series; "Representative Men;" "The Conduct of Life;" "Society and Solitude;" "Letters and Social Aims;" "Poems;" "Lectures and Biographical Sketches;" "Miscellanies." Emerson wrote occasionally in verse from his schooldays, yet the charm of his poetry is more that of profound thought than of imagination or vivid description. Obtaining the title of "The Concord Philosopher," he frequently appeared in public as a lecturer, but in his later years withdrew from the public gaze and passed his last days in that philosophic repose which might be expected from one of his temperament and peculiar mental characteristics.

EVERETT, EDWARD.

He was born at Dorchester, Massachusetts, April 11th, 1794, and graduated at Harvard in 1811. At the age of nineteen he had already gained a high reputation as a Unitarian preacher in Boston. In 1815 he was elected professor of Greek in Harvard College; and to qualify himself more thoroughly for his work he visited Europe, where he resided for four years, and had a distinguished circle of acquaintance. Victor Cousin

pronounced him "one of the best Grecians he ever knew." In 1820 Everett became editor of the "North American Review," and in 1824 a member of Congress, sitting in the House of Representatives for ten years. In 1835-38 he was four times elected governor of Massachusetts; and in 1841-45 he was minister plenipotentiary at the court of St. James. While in England he received the degree of D.C.L. from Oxford, and of I.L.D. from Cambridge and Dublin.

On his return to America he was elected president of Harvard College; on the decease of Daniel Webster he became Secretary of State; and in 1853 he was returned to the United States Senate. In 1860 he was nominated by the Constitutional Union party for the vice-presidency of the United States, receiving 39 electoral votes out of 303. He died January 15, 1865. Everett's principal works are "A Defence of Christianity" (1814); several fine poems; and his eloquent "Orations and Speeches" (4 vols., 1836-59), covering a wide range of subjects, and indicating a varied, vigorous, and flexible genius. His Memoir of Daniel Webster is prefixed to the collective edition of his friend's works (6 vols., Boston, 1852).

FIELD, EUGENE.

A popular American poet, whose productions, of a pathetic as well as humorous character, have made him widely known. He was educated in Massachusetts, thence going to Wisconsin and entering journalism. Many of his pieces were written for children, and are highly appreciated by the little folks. Died in 1896.

FIELDS, JAMES THOMAS.

In 1871 Mr. Fields retired from the publishing firm in Boston, with which he was connected for twenty-five years. During this period he found time to follow his literary pursuits, and, as the author of quite a number of poems, and editor of the "Atlantic Monthly," he gained an enviable distinction, exerting a powerful influence in American literature. Born at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, 1817; died at Boston, 1881.

GILBERT, WILLIAM S.

Joint author with Sullivan of "Pinafore," and numerous other comic operas, which have been universally popular, was born in England in 1836.

GOLDSMITH, OLIVER.

The genial spirit and sound sense of Goldsmith appear in all his prose and poetical writings. In humble life and straitened circumstances, he yet left a rich legacy to English literature, and his works have gained high rank. His best known prose work is "The Vicar of Wakefield," and "The Deserted Village" is the sweetest of all his poems. His comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer," has enjoyed a perennial popularity. Born in Ireland, 1728; died in London, 1774.

GRAY, THOMAS.

The author of the famous "Elegy Written in a Country Church-Yard," has gained a world-wide renown by this one poem. His other pieces suffer by comparison with this, although they have a high degree of merit. Gray was born in London in 1716, declined the honor of poet-laureate on the death of Colley Cibber, who held that position, and died in 1771.

GREENE, ROBERT.

He lived a little before the time of Shakespeare, and began to write for the stage about 1584. From this time he gave himself to a course of dissipation, interrupted by occasional fits of remorse. One of his novels is said to have been the original of Shakespeare's "Winter Tale." He was born in 1560, and died in 1592 in great poverty.

GREELEY, HORACE.

Our greatest American journalist was born at Amherst, N. H., in February, 1811, and was the son of a poor farmer, who removed to Vermont in 1821. Having learned the art of printing, young Greeley finally made his way to the city of New York. After being connected with several journals, he founded the "Daily Tribune" in 1841, and continued as its editor up to the time of his death, in 1872. Mr. Greeley was a man of very pronounced opinions, and great ability in advocating and defending them. No journalist was ever better known to the people at large, and none in this country ever excited so vast an influence. In 1872 he was the Liberal candidate for President of the United States but failed of election, the vote being largely given to Grant. The result was a great disappointment to Mr. Greeley, whose friends led him to believe he was sure of election. He died November 29, 1872.

HALE, SARAH J.

This gifted American authoress was long connected with two periodicals well known in their day, "The Ladies' Magazine" and "The Ladies' Book." Her writings are chaste, and their moral tone is beyond criticism. Born at Newport, N. H., 1795; died in 1879.

HALLECK, FITZ-GREENE.

This American poet was born at Guilford, Connecticut, July 8th, 1790. By his mother he was descended from John Eliot, "the apostle of the Indians." He became a clerk in a bank in New York in 1811, and in 1832 the private secretary of John Jacob Astor; in 1849 he retired, on an annuity of \$200 left him by Astor, to his native town, where he spent the remainder of his days, and died November 19, 1867. From his boyhood Halleck wrote verses, and in 1819 he contributed, with Joseph Rodman Drake, a series of humorous satirical papers in verse to the New York "Evening Post." In the same year he published his longest poem, "Fanny," a satire on the literature, fashions, and politics of the time, in the measure of "Don Juan." He visited Europe in 1822, and in 1827 published anonymously an edition of his poems. In 1860 he published "Young America," a poem of three hundred lines.

His complete "Poetical Writings" have been edited by his biographer (1860). Halleck is a poet. His style is spirited, flowing, graceful, and harmonious. His poems display much geniality and tender feeling. Their humor is quaint and pungent, and if not rich is always refined. The poem by which he is better known than by any other is entitled, "Marco Bozaris," beginning with the well known line, "At midnight in his guarded tent."

HALL, ROBERT.

An eloquent English Baptist minister, born in 1764. His published works and sermons were widely read and much admired for their profound thought, lofty sentiment and chaste eloquence. He died in 1831.

HALPINE, CHARLES GRAHAM.

Under the assumed name of "Miles O'Reilly," this author wrote many poems and humorous papers which were widely read and popular. During the civil war he was a major in the Union army. Born in Ireland in 1829, died in 1869.

HARTE, FRANCIS BRET.

Mr. Harte has achieved distinction by his poems in dialect and by his prose works which make a point of delineating western life and manners. He was first brought to notice by his jingle entitled, "The Heathen Chinee." He was born at Albany, New York, August 25, 1839, went to California in 1854, learned the art of printing, and in 1857 became connected with a newspaper, first as printer and finally as editor. For six years, beginning with 1864, he was secretary of the United States Mint at San Francisco. He then connected himself with a magazine called the "Overland Monthly," and afterward held a professorship of recent literature in the University of California. Since that time he has been United States Consul at several foreign ports, at the same time carrying on his literary pursuits.

Many of his books are collections of short tales skilfully written and possessing undoubted merit. Among his well-known works are "The Luck of Roaring Camp," "East and West Poems," "Tales of the Argonauts," etc.

HAWTHORNE, NATHANIEL.

The well-known author of the celebrated "Scarlet Letter" and "House of Seven Gables," together with other works which have placed him in the first rank of modern authors, was born at Salem, Massachusetts, on the 4th of July, 1804. He graduated at Bowdoin College, Maine, in 1825, Longfellow the poet being one of his classmates. His nature was extremely sensitive, his disposition retiring, his acquaintances few and his manner gentle and winning. In person he was tall, broad-shouldered and possessed what might be called a majestic presence. Both in mind and body he was constructed to be a commanding figure and make a powerful impression upon who met him.

Hawthorne made the acquaintance of Franklin Pierce, afterward President of the United States, who did much to cheer him in his fits of despondency, and when he became President appointed him as our consul at Liverpool, which was the most lucrative office at his disposal. Previous to this, Hawthorne, under Mr. Polk's administration, was appointed surveyor of the port of Salem, Massachusetts, which he held for three years. In 1850 he published his celebrated "Scarlet Letter,"

a romance of extraordinary power, and by some considered his masterpiece, although for this distinction it has to compete with his "House of Seven Gables" and his "Marble Faun."

It is generally conceded that in elegance of style, felicity of expression, use of pure English, simplicity, clearness and force, he is unrivalled among American authors. The criticism has been made that there is a morbid element in Mr. Hawthorne's writings, a fiery glow of suppressed excitement which renders them unwholesome reading. This judgment, however, is not likely to be accepted by the average reader as strictly correct. Died suddenly at Plymouth, Mass., 1864.

HAYWOOD, THOMAS.

An English actor and dramatic author who lived in the sixteenth century. Says Charles Lamb: "Haywood was a sort of prose Shakespeare. His scenes are to the full as natural and effective." The dates of his birth and death are unknown.

HAZLITT, WILLIAM.

An eminent English critic and miscellaneous author, born in 1778. He was the author of several volumes of essays, "The Life of Napoleon," and is not surpassed in the whole range of English literature for his critical writings. Died in 1830.

HEMANS, FELICIA DOROTHEA.

This poetess was born at Liverpool, September 25, 1793. Her father, George Browne, was a Liverpool merchant, of Irish extraction; her mother, whose maiden name was Wagner, was of Italian and German descent. Felicia was distinguished for her beauty and precocity, and at an early age she manifested a taste for poetry, in which she was encouraged by her mother. Family reverses led to the removal of the Brownes to Wales, where the young poetess imbibed a strong passion for nature, read books of chronicle and romance, and gained a working knowledge of the German, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese languages. She also cultivated her excellent musical taste. Her first volume was published in 1808, when she was only fifteen years of age, and contained a few pieces written about four years earlier. Her second entitled "The Domestic Affections," appeared in 1812.

In the same year she married Captain Hemans of the Fourth Regiment, whose health had suffered in

the retreat on Corunna, and afterward in the Walcheren expedition, and who settled in Italy in 1818. After this time they never met again: their marriage was understood not to have been happy. Mrs. Hemans, though in poor health, now devoted herself to the education of her children, to reading and writing, and spent the rest of her life in North Wales, Lancashire, and later at Dublin, where she died, May 16, 1835.

Mrs. Hemans, without great originality or force, is yet sweet, natural and pleasing. But she was too fluent and wrote much and hastily; her lyrics are her best productions; her more ambitious poems, especially her tragedies, being, in fact, quite insipid. Still, she was a woman of true genius, though her range was circumscribed, and some of her little lyrics, "The Voice of Spring," "The Better Land," "The Graves of a Household," "The Treasures of the Deep," and "The Homes of England," are perfect in pathos and sentiment, and will live as long as the English language. These are found in almost every school collection, and this early familiarity with her sweet and simple lyrics has helped to keep her memory green.

HERRICK, ROBERT.

An English poet and clergyman, born in London in 1591. In the stormy days of Cromwell he suffered as a Royalist. A volume of his published poems was criticised as being too amorous, and offensive to popular taste, yet he was accorded the first place as a writer of light lyrics. He was restored to his living from which he had been ejected, and died in 1674.

HERVEY, THOMAS KIBBLE.

For a long time he was chief editor of the "Athenæum," which is sufficient evidence of his literary ability. He was born in Manchester, England, in 1804, and was educated at Cambridge and Oxford. "Australia and Other Poems" appeared in 1824 and produced a favorable impression. His "Poetical Sketch-book" appeared in 1829 and added to his fame. "Illustrations of Modern Sculptures" and "The Book of Christmas" followed and fully sustained his reputation. There is a certain boldness and vigor about his writings not always found in productions so finished and scholarly.

HOFFMAN, CHARLES FENNO.

Well known for his connection with the once famous "Knickerbocker Magazine," and for his songs and lyrics which have been very popular. He was born in New York City in 1806, graduated at Columbia College, studied law and was admitted to the bar. In 1835 he published a successful descriptive work entitled "Winter in the West," "The Vigil of Faith and Other Poems," together with his many songs, have made him widely known. "No American," says R. W. Griswold, "is comparable to him as a song-writer." In 1849 he became mentally deranged and died at Harrisburg, Pa., June 7, 1884.

HOGG, JAMES.

Born in Ettrick Forest in Scotland, in 1772, and being the son of a shepherd, he was given the name of the "Ettrick Shepherd." He was one of the best known literary men of his day, his tales, poems and contributions to periodical literature giving him a wide and enviable reputation. Some of his ballads are considered very beautiful. Died in 1835.

HOLLAND, JOSIAH GILBERT.

Dr. Holland is a fine example of an author whose works are pure in sentiment, contain practical every day helps for the conduct of life, and are admirably suited to the average reader. He was born in Belchertown, Massachusetts, July 24, 1819, and graduated at the Berkshire medical college at Pittsfield, in 1844. He soon abandoned his profession, however, and after fifteen months as a school superintendent at Richmond, Va., became assistant editor of the Springfield "Republican," of which he was part proprietor also from 1851 to 1866. In 1870 with Roswell Smith and the Scribners, he founded "Scribner's Monthly," which he conducted successfully till his death, October 12, 1881. In this magazine appeared his novels, "Arthur Bonnicastle" (1873), "The Story of Seven Oaks" (1875), and "Nicholas Minturn" (1876). His "Timothy Titcomb's Letters" (1858) went through nine editions in a few months; and this sale was succeeded by his "Life of Lincoln" and his most popular poems "Bitter Sweet" (1858), "Katrina" (1867), and "The Mistress of the Manse" (1874). Most of Holland's works have been re-published in Britain.

The works of Dr. Holland have been widely

read by the American people. His letters to young people have passed through many editions and are well worthy of a place in every household. They abound in a certain practical sense and homely wisdom which stand in striking contrast to the cheap literature of the day, the influence of which cannot be considered the most healthful.

HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL.

For many years Dr. Holmes was the most conspicuous figure in the literary circles of Boston. His ripe culture, his poetic genius, his inexhaustible fund of humor and his genial disposition displayed in all his productions, made him one of the best known writers of his time. He was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, August 29, 1809, and at the age of twenty graduated at Harvard College. His father was a Congregational minister and a writer of some note in his day. After leaving college Dr. Holmes studied law, but soon changed his profession to that of medicine. Having pursued his medical studies in Europe he returned to this country and in 1838 was elected professor of anatomy and physiology in Dartmouth College, subsequently filling the same chair at Harvard.

While a young man and before leaving college he had distinguished himself as a poet and a writer of great originality. One of his first literary successes consisted of contributions to the "Atlantic Monthly" under the title of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table," which were followed later by another series of papers called "The Professor at the Breakfast-Table," and "The Poet at the Breakfast-Table." These papers were widely read and enjoyed by reason of their subtle thought, quaint humor and deep insight into human nature. He also wrote two works of fiction, "Elsie Venner," and "The Guardian Angel." Numerous other productions followed, including poems on various occasions, all of which stamped him as a man of decided genius. He published a biography of his friend Emerson which showed a just appreciation of the "Concord philosopher."

Dr. Holmes was especially happy in his verses written for public occasions. His death occurred October 7th, 1894, at the ripe age of 85 years. Few American authors have left so distinct an impression upon our literature. His attractive qualities as a neighbor, friend and companion, are worthy of especial mention.

HOOD, THOMAS.

The genius, the poet, whose unrivalled productions by their pathos and humor awaken alternate tears and laughter, most of whose life was a sad struggle with adversity, was born in London in 1798. His name is associated with the periodical literature of his time, both as manager and author. His best known pathetic pieces are "The Song of the Shirt," and "The Bridge of Sighs;" while "Faithless Nellie Gray," and "Faithless Sally Brown," are happy specimens of his rollicking humor. Hood died in 1845.

HOWE, JULIA WARD.

The daughter of Samuel Ward, a banker in New York, born in 1819. Great care was bestowed upon her early education, and after her marriage to Dr. Samuel G. Howe of Boston in 1843, she travelled extensively in Europe on two different occasions, meantime contributing poems to current literature which showed a cultured mind and fine poetic taste. During the civil war she was conspicuous for her patriotism and was actively engaged in efforts for the welfare of the soldiers at the front. Her "Battle Hymn of the Republic" became a familiar army song and was sung everywhere in camp and field. In 1854 she published a volume of poems entitled "Passion Flowers," and another afterwards entitled, "Words for the Hour."

HOWITT, MARY.

Born at Utttoxeter, England, 1804; a member of the Society of Friends married to William Howitt in 1823; her maiden name was Botham. In connection with her husband she wrote "The Forest Minstrel," and other poems, which exhibit fine literary taste. "Her language is chaste and simple, her feelings tender and pure, and her observation of nature accurate and intense." Died in 1888.

HOWITT, WILLIAM.

Author of prose and poetical works, was born in Derbyshire, England, 1795. His writings are characterized by purity of diction, elevation of sentiment, and a high moral tone. Died in 1879.

HOYT, RALPH.

This Episcopal clergyman and poet was born in New York in 1810. Amid the exacting duties of his profession he found time to indulge his taste for poetical composition, and in 1844 published

"The Chant of Life and Other Poems." His writings, while not exhibiting the highest order of genius, are yet marked by deep feeling and true poetic conception. His death occurred in 1878.

HUGO, VICTOR.

This French celebrity, whose writings are among the most remarkable of any age or country, was born at Besancon in 1802. In early life he exhibited a passion for politics and first employed his pen upon political themes. In 1818 he received prizes for several royalist odes. Through his long and brilliant career he displayed great activity, became a voluminous author of prose and verse, received the highest distinctions that could be conferred upon him by his countrymen, and was recognized as a distinct power in the politics and literature of France. His rich imagination, wonderful descriptive power and deep sympathy with the suffering poor and unfortunate, serve to render him not only the best known author of France, but by a large majority of his countrymen, the best beloved and the most admired.

Among his most successful and popular works are "Notre Dame de Paris," a romance, (1831), "Le Roi s'amuse," a drama, (1832), "Les Misérables," a novel, (1862), "The Toilers of the Sea," (1865), and poems entitled "The Leaves of Autumn," which, says a French critic, "contain beauties of the first order." He was admitted into the French Academy in 1841, and raised to the rank of a peer in 1845. He gave his cordial adhesion to the republic of 1848, and was elected to the Constituent Assembly by the voters of Paris. He opposed Cavaignac, and in 1849 joined the party of advanced Democrats of whom he became a leader and distinguished orator. For his opposition to the "coup d'état" of December 2nd, 1851, he was banished.

He retired to the island of Guernsey, where he resided until the fall of the empire, when he returned to Paris. In 1871 he was elected to the National Assembly, but soon resigned his seat and went to Brussels. He was expelled for his sympathy with the Communists there, and again returned to Paris. During his exile he published several works, among which are "Napoleon Little," (1852), "Les Contemplations," poems, (1856), and "L'Homme qui rit," a romance (1860), translated under the title of "By the

King's Command." Among his later works are "The Terrible Year," a poetical record of scenes and incidents during the siege of Paris, (1872), "Ninety-Three," a romance, (1874), "The Art of Being a Grandfather," (1877), "The Pope," (1878), "Torquemada," (1882) etc. Died May 22d, 1885.

HUNT, LEIGH.

A distinguished name in English literature. He was born in London in 1784. At the age of twenty-four he became editor and part proprietor of the "Examiner," and was a favorite of the literary men of the time. Toryism was his abomination, and he was not considered to be greatly in love with even royalty. For a sarcastic thrust at the Prince Regent he was fined five hundred pounds and sentenced to two years' imprisonment. He covered the bars of his cell with flowers, and received visits from Byron, Shelley and Keats. His release was signalized by renewed successes in the field of literature, although a work on "Lord Byron and His Contemporaries" greatly displeased Byron's friends. Hunt died in 1859.

IRVING, WASHINGTON.

The first American who obtained a European reputation merely as a man of letters, was born at New York, April 3rd, 1783. Both his parents were immigrants from Great Britain. Irving was intended for the legal profession, but his studies were interrupted by an illness necessitating a voyage to Europe, in the course of which he proceeded as far as Rome, and made the acquaintance of Washington Allston. He was called to the bar upon his return, but made little effort to practice, preferring to amuse himself with literary ventures. The first of these of any importance, a satirical miscellany entitled "Salmagundi," which was written in conjunction with his brother William and J. K. Paulding, gave ample proof of his talents as a humorist. These were still more conspicuously displayed in his next attempt, "Knickerbocker's History of New York" (1809).

The satire of "Salmagundi" had been principally local, and the original design of "Knickerbocker's History" was only to burlesque a pretentious disquisition on the history of the city in a guide-book by Dr. Samuel Mitchell. The idea expanded as Irving proceeded, and he ended by not merely satirizing the pedantry of local anti-

quaries, but by creating a distinct literary type out of the solid Dutch burgher whose phlegm had long been an object of ridicule to the mercurial Americans. Though far from the most finished of Irving's productions, "Knickerbocker" manifests the most original power, and is the most genuinely national in its quaintness and drollery.

In 1820 Irving brought out "Geoffrey Crayon's Sketch Book," which contains an interesting description of an English Christmas, displaying the most delicate humor. Some stories and sketches on American themes gave it variety; of these "Rip Van Winkle" was the most remarkable. It speedily obtained the greatest success on both sides of the Atlantic. Other works followed, among which were "Tales of a Traveller," "The Conquest of Grenada," and "The Alhambra."

In execution Irving's works are almost faultless; the narrative is easy, the style pellucid, and the writer's judgment nearly always in accordance with the general verdict of history. They will not, therefore, be easily superceded, and indeed Irving's productions are in general impressed with that signet of classical finish which guarantees the permanency of literary work more surely than direct utility or even intellectual power. This refinement is the more admirable for being in great part the reflection of his own moral nature. Without ostentation or affectation, he was exquisite in all things, a mirror of loyalty, courtesy and good taste in all his literary connections, and exemplary in all the relations of domestic life which he was called upon to assume. He never married, remaining true to the memory of an early attachment blighted by death. He died in 1859.

JACKSON, HELEN HUNT.

She made frequent contributions in prose and poetry to various periodicals, usually writing over the signature of "H. H." Her literary accomplishments, including a vivid imagination and remarkable command of language, place her among the most distinguished of her countrywomen. Born in Massachusetts in 1831; died in 1886.

JEFFREY, LORD FRANCIS.

A distinguished Scottish critic and essayist, born in Edinburgh in 1773. Having failed at the bar, he became associated with a number of literary persons, contributing frequently to perio-

dicals, and at length was made editor of the "Edinburgh Review." Subsequently his law practice increased and he became a member of Parliament and Lord Advocate of Scotland. As a judge he was highly esteemed for his conscientiousness and business qualifications. His severe criticisms upon authors, including Scott, Byron, Wordsworth and others, provoked much comment and frequently were contrary to the popular judgment. Died in 1850.

JEWETT, SARAH ORNE.

An American author, born at South Berwick, Maine, September 3, 1849. She wrote "Deephaven," 1877; "Old Friends and the New," 1879; "Country Byways," 1880; "The Mate of the Daylight," 1882; and other novels.

JEWSBURY, MARIA JANE.

This bright English authoress was born about 1800, and died in India in 1833. She wrote "Lays of Leisure Hours," and "Three Histories." She was an intimate friend of Wordsworth, who eulogized her talents and habits. He said he considered her "unrivalled in one quality—quickness in the motions of her mind."

JONSON, BEN.

This dramatist was born at Westminster about 1573, a month after the death of his father, who was a minister. His grandfather was of Annandale (probably a member of the Johnstone families). Ben was educated at the Westminster School under William Camden, whom he held in the highest veneration. He is said to have spent some time at Cambridge, but certainly did not go through the regular academic course. His mother was remarried to a master bricklayer, and for a while Ben followed the trade of his stepfather. As he "could not endure the occupation" he went off to serve as a soldier in the low countries, where he distinguished himself by killing one of the enemy in single combat "in the face of both the camps." After a short stay abroad he returned and "betook himself to his wonted studies." He married early (about 1592), and had children whom he survived. Among his poems are two tender elegies on the death of his eldest son and eldest daughter. According to his own statement his wife was "a shrew, yet honest." On one occasion he staid five years away from her, as the guest of Lord Aubigny.

Jonson was a contemporary of Shakespeare, and it is sufficient tribute to his talent to know that he was favorably compared with the greatest of all dramatic poets. He wrote many elegies, epistles, love poems, epigrams and epitaphs. As a song writer he had but few equals. Of his songs the most popular are still in existence, although his writings have not stood the test of time like those of Shakespeare.

Bodily infirmities came upon him in his later years. In 1625 he was attacked by the palsy, and afterward by dropsy. For the last two or three years of his life he was unable to leave his room, and his sufferings were intensified by poverty. He died in August, 1637, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. The slab over his grave bears the inscription, "O rare Ben Jonson."

KEATS, JOHN.

Youngest to rise and earliest to set in that brilliant constellation of poets who ennobled England during the first half of the nineteenth century, John Keats, both in himself and in his work, is one of the most profoundly interesting and attractive figures in literature. In character, true, magnanimous, modest and tender; much tried and rarely failing, throughout training himself sedulously for the highest achievements in poetry—his life as a man and as an artist was one of persistent growth onward and upward.

Keats was born in Finsbury, London, son of a respectable livery stable keeper; sent early to school at Enfield where an elder boy, Cowden Clarke, turned his boyish energies at thirteen toward literature. Henceforth Keats read much and widely. Greek he never learned, but eagerly studied manuals of classical mythology; in Latin he began and (after leaving school) finished a prose version of the *Æneid*; and we cannot doubt that his passion for melody, felicity of phrase, tenderness and beauty in style, was developed or inspired by Virgil's unequalled magical art. Quitting school in 1810, Keats was first apprenticed to a surgeon, then, till 1817, practised diligently in London, and (for his age), with success. But poetry had now become paramount, and his high sense of duty withdrew him from a profession demanding imperiously a man's entire devotion.

Leigh Hunt welcomed Keats as a contributor to

the "Examiner," and he soon gained celebrity. Unfortunately he developed a tendency to consumption which interfered with his literary labors. In 1817 he published "Endymion." In addition to this we may mention as among the most important of his works, "Hyperion," "Lamia," and "Isabella." Speaking of his works Lord Jeffrey said, "We have been exceedingly struck with the genius displayed and the spirit of poetry which breathes through all their extravagance." Keats was born October, 1795, and died in February, 1821, at the early age of 24.

KEN, BISHOP THOMAS.

A celebrated English prelate, born in 1637 and educated at Oxford. He held the position of chaplain to royalty, and was a man of learning and stainless virtue. He wrote a number of hymns which are still in use. Died in 1711.

KEY, FRANCIS SCOTT.

Famous as the writer of the patriotic ode, "The Star-Spangled Banner," which was composed during the bombardment of Fort McHenry, and published in Baltimore the following day. Few songs have ever had a popularity so general and emphatic. Key was born in Maryland, 1799; died in 1843.

KIPLING, RUDYARD.

Among the most recent authors of fiction and poetry the name of Kipling has become prominent. He was born in Calcutta in 1865, was sent to school in England, and having returned to India, became a journalist. He early showed a taste for poetry, and also became a writer of stories, the scenes of which were laid in India. Among the titles of his volumes are, "Plain Tales from the Hills," "Soldiers Three," "The Gadsbys," "In Black and White," "Under the Deodars," "The Phantom Rickshaw," and "Wee Willie Winkie." His "Jubilee Hymn," written on the occasion of the sixtieth anniversary of Queen Victoria's coronation, is considered the best of all his attempts in the line of poetry. Mr. Kipling came to this country and resided two years, where he became well known in literary circles and where he has found many appreciative readers of his works. His stories are mostly colored with the spirit of adventure, such as might be expected from a lover of the chase.

LANDON, LETITIA ELIZABETH.

She was born in Chelsea, England, August 14, 1802. At an early age she contributed short poems to the "Literary Gazette." Between the years of 1824 and 1838 she published several volumes of poems, and three novels, besides contributing to "Annals," the "New Monthly Magazine," and the "Literary Gazette." In 1838 she married Mr. Maclean, the governor of Cape Coast Castle, and went out there with her husband at once. Two months after her arrival she died suddenly from having taken an overdose of prussic acid, which she had been in the habit of using as a remedy for spasmodic affections to which she was subject. Her poems and novels, written under the initials "L. E. L.," show genius, and were in their day exceedingly popular.

LANDOR, WALTER SAVAGE.

Born in England, 1775; died in 1864. First became known as the author of "Count Julian," which was followed by a poem called "Gebir." His most celebrated work is "Imaginary Conversations of Literary Men and Statesmen." His writings are admired for their originality and perfection of style.

LANGHORNE, JOHN.

An English poet and translator, born in 1735. He became a clergyman of the church of England and was the author of works of a miscellaneous character. He vindicated the Scotch against the satire of Churchill in a poem called "Genius and Valor." Died in 1779.

LATHROP, GEORGE PARSONS.

An American author, born in the Sandwich Islands in 1851, and educated in New York and Germany. He was assistant editor of the "Atlantic Monthly" for two years, and subsequently editor of the "Boston Courier." He married a daughter of Hawthorne, of whose works he is the author of a critical review.

LYTTTELTON, LORD GEORGE.

An English author and statesman, born in 1709. He entered Parliament and became a prominent member, acting with the opponents of Walpole. He held several important positions under the government. Several poems and other works from his pen gave him reputation as an author. Died in 1773.

LOCKHART, JOHN GIBSON.

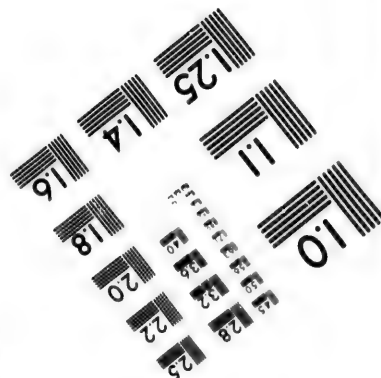
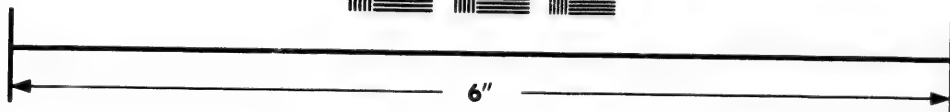
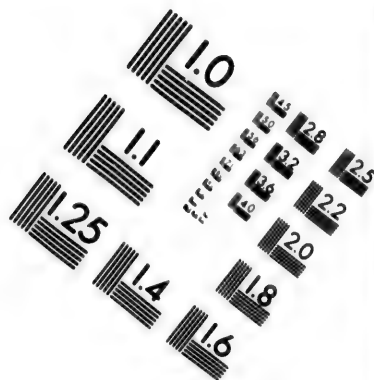
A distinguished British author, poet and critic, born in Lanarkshire, Scotland, in 1794. He was the son of a Presbyterian minister and was educated for the profession of law, but preferring literature, became a contributor to "Blackwood's Magazine." His works of fiction and translations of ancient Spanish ballads were much admired. His most important work is his "Life of Sir Walter Scott," which ranks very high in literary merit and is surpassed in interest by few, if any, biographies in the English language. His manners were reserved and even chilling. He died in 1854 leaving a daughter who was the only surviving descendant of Sir Walter Scott when she was married to Mr. Hope.

LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH.

Our gifted poet whose works lend an unrivalled charm to American literature, gained a worldwide distinction, and is equally honored at home and abroad. Wherever the English language is the common tongue, Longfellow is read and admired. Surpassed only by Moore in ease and elegance of rhythm, some of his productions have so touched the popular heart that they have become familiar in almost every household. His style is pure and simple, his thought is clear and transparent, while there is an elevation of sentiment which captivates the most cultivated readers. The career of Longfellow began in early life, and was well sustained for a long period of time. He was born in Maine, 1807, was educated at Bowdoin College, was made Professor of Modern Languages in that institution when he was but nineteen years old, and, leaving Bowdoin, accepted a professorship at Harvard.

In 1839 appeared his romance of "Hyperion," and a collection of his poems, entitled "Voices of the Night," which attracted great attention and raised him at once to the first rank among American poets. In 1841 he published "Ballads and Other Poems;" his charming drama of "The Spanish Student" appeared in 1843. This was followed by his "Poets and Poetry of Europe," (1845), "The Belfry of Bruges, and Other Poems," (1846), and "Evangeline," (1847) one of the most admired of all his productions. It has been pronounced (and we think justly) "the most perfect specimen extant of the rhythm and melody of





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the English hexameter." It was followed by "The Golden Legend," (1851), "The Song of Hiawatha," (1855), perhaps the most popular of all his works, "The Courtship of Miles Standish," (1858), "Flower de Luce," (1866), "New England Tragedies," (1868), "The Divine Tragedy," (1872), "Three Books of Song," (1873), "Aftermath," (1874), "The Hanging of the Crane" and "The Masque of Pandora," (1875).

Of his prose writings, besides "Hyperion," already referred to, we may mention "Outre-Mer: a Pilgrimage Beyond the Sea," (1835), "Kavanagh," a novel, (1849), and his contributions to the "North American Review." He also published a careful and scholarly translation of Dante's "Divine Comedy," (3 vols., 1867-70), and edited a series of volumes entitled "Poems of Places." Longfellow resigned his chair at Harvard in 1854, and was succeeded by Lowell. In 1863-69 he traveled in Europe, and was everywhere received with marked attention, the degree of D.C.L. being conferred on him by the Universities of both Oxford and Cambridge, England. Mr. Longfellow died at Cambridge, Massachusetts, March 24, 1882.

LOWE, JOHN.

This author has been known for more than a hundred years by one short poem, a remarkable example of the enduring fame which an author may obtain by even a few lines. His pathetic ballad entitled "Mary's Dream" has been popular from the time of its publication until the present. Lowe was born in England in 1750 and died in 1798.

LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL.

Mr. Lowell's position as an author of both prose and poetry is too well known to need any comment. He has long been ranked with Longfellow, Holmes, Emerson and others, whose achievements have given fame to American literature. While his versification is not so graceful or cultured as that of Longfellow, it exhibits a remarkable strength and force. A vein of humor runs through some of his prose writings as well as some of his poems, and this has added much to their popularity.

Mr. Lowell came from a distinguished family, his father being a minister of the West Church in Boston. He was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, February 22, 1810, and in his sixteenth year graduated at Harvard College. Although he did

not gain high rank in college, perhaps on account of his extreme youth, his classmates recognized his unusual abilities and predicted that he would one day be famous. The books perused in his early years were of a sombre and religious character, such as would be found in a minister's library. He was a much more severe student after leaving college than he was before he graduated.

He studied law, but never had any serious intention of making that his life pursuit. Perhaps no American writer has exhibited more versatility or has touched upon a wider range of subjects, adorning each with his graceful pen. In 1844 he published a volume of poems which was followed by a second collection in 1848, and a small volume, separately, entitled, "The Vision of Sir Launfal." In the same year he also published his famous "Biglow Papers," a very witty and caustic satire in the Yankee dialect on the events of the Mexican War. Having spent a summer in Europe, he returned and in the winter of 1854-55 delivered in Boston a very popular course of lectures on the British poets. About this time Mr. Longfellow resigned the chair of modern languages at Harvard and Mr. Lowell was at once appointed his successor. He became the editor of the "Atlantic Monthly" in 1857 and held this position for five years.

Several volumes of poems were issued subsequent to this time and he also published several volumes of his prose writings, entitled, "Among My Books" and "My Study Windows." In 1877 he was appointed United States Minister to Spain, and from 1879 until his removal by President Cleveland in 1885 he was Minister to England. In 1883 he was chosen lord rector of St. Andrew's University, and while in England he received the degree of LL.D. from the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge and Edinburgh. Died August 12, 1891.

LUNT, GEORGE.

An American lawyer and miscellaneous writer, born at Newburyport, Mass. In 1849 he was appointed State District Attorney. His works comprise several volumes of poems, two novels and essays on social and political subjects. Born in 1803; died in 1885.

LYTTON, EDWARD BULWER, LORD.

Novelist and dramatist, born in England in 1805, died in 1873. His dramas, "Richelieu,"

"Money," and "Lady of Lyons," have been received with marked favor, and his works of fiction have met with that appreciation always accorded to a high order of talent combined with painstaking labor. He has been classed with Dickens, and other novelists of the foremost rank.

LYTTON, ROBERT BULWER.

This English poet was the son of Lord Lytton, the well known novelist. He was born in 1831, and was educated in England and Germany. He entered the diplomatic service in 1849 and was located at a number of places at different times, including Washington, Vienna, Constantinople, Paris, Lisbon, and Madrid. Upon the death of his father in 1873 the family titles came to him and he was soon after made minister plenipotentiary at the French capital. In 1876 he was appointed to the responsible office of Viceroy of India.

Under the pseudonym of "Owen Meredith" he published a number of volumes of verse and prose works, including the "Life and Letters" of his father. The work by which he is best known is "Lucile," a romance in verse, which, since its publication in 1860, has passed through many editions and has had a multitude of readers. He found time during his public duties to engage in literary work for which he had a decided preference. His poems are graceful and abound in fine descriptive passages. His death occurred in 1895.

MACAULAY, LORD.

A great name in modern English literature, and one that is likely to survive for generations to come. In commanding ability, in keen historic insight, in poetical talent, and in the skillful use of the English language, he has few, if any, superiors. His works are classics and have secured the attention of the most scholarly readers. He distinguished himself in Parliament by his brilliant orations, and also became widely known by his contributions to the "Edinburgh Review," which placed him head and shoulders above all other contributors to that famous journal.

Lord Macaulay was born in Leicestershire, October 25, 1800, and was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he won a medal for English verse, obtained a prize for Latin declamation, gained a scholarship and in 1824 was elected

to a Fellowship. In 1826 he was called to the bar, but made no attempt to secure a practice, his tastes inclining him to politics and literary pursuits. His poems, most of which commemorate historic events, exhibit in a high degree the art of word painting, and are full of virile energy. His best known work is his "History of England," which shows great research and is written in the most attractive style. He was devoted to his family who were in humble circumstances and was a most affectionate son and brother. He died in 1859 and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

MACCARTHY, DENIS FLORENCE.

This Irish author was born at Cork in 1820, and in 1871 was appointed professor of poetry in the Catholic University of Dublin. His writings exhibit the strong national feeling so characteristic of his countrymen. In 1850 he published "Ballads, Poems, and Lyrics." "The Bell-Founder and other Poems" appeared in 1857, "Shelley's Early Life" in 1872. He also edited a book of Irish ballads. Died April 7, 1882.

MACDONALD, GEORGE.

Mr. Macdonald has written much that is good and very little of an opposite character. The influence of his writings is decidedly elevating and moral. He was born at Huntly in Aberdeenshire, in 1824, and was educated at the University of Aberdeen and in the college of Highbury, London, afterward becoming a minister of the Independents, and subsequently joining the English Episcopal Church as a layman. His published works include several volumes of poems and many stories, some of which are for children and are careful to inculcate a good moral.

MACE, FRANCES LAUGHTON.

This American poetess is a native of Maine and was born at Orono in that State in 1836. She is known by her contributions to leading magazines and by occasional poems of a semi-religious character which have achieved wide popularity.

MACKAY, CHARLES.

This Scottish poet and famous writer of songs was born at Perth in 1814. He is the author of that popular song entitled, "The Good Time Coming," which is only one of many of his productions that have struck the popular heart. He

published a number of volumes of poems and several prose works, all of which show a hearty sympathy with the common people. He died in 1889.

MARSTON, PHILIP BOURKE.

This English poet was born in London in 1850. He early lost his sight and finally became totally blind. This misfortune, however, did not prevent him from pursuing his literary occupation. His principal works are "Song Tide," "All in All," and "Wind Voices." Died in 1887.

MARVELL, ANDREW.

In the time of Cromwell he became distinguished for his wit and scholarship, as well as for patriotism and opposition to the corrupt administration of Charles II. Large offers of money were made to win him over to the side of royalty, but his integrity was unshaken and proved to be equal to his talents. His chief work was written in answer to Dr. Parker, afterward Bishop of Oxford, who was a sturdy defender of the absolute power which many at that time considered to be vested in royalty. He was born in 1620, and died in 1678.

MASSEY, GERALD.

From being a poor child earning his daily bread in a factory he became celebrated as a poet and won distinction as a lecturer. His hard lot in boyhood qualified him to become the spokesman of the English laboring classes, and it is not a little remarkable that one whose early advantages were so few should have become so distinguished by his poetical talent, which was manifestly a gift. His first volume of poems appeared in 1847. In 1853 he published "The Ballad of Babe Christabel," with other lyrical poems. Few modern writers have been able to interpret so correctly the struggles and misfortunes of the humble poor.

MEAGHER, THOMAS FRANCIS.

An Irish patriot, sentenced to death during the sedition in Ireland in 1848, but was transported to Tasmania, whence he escaped to New York in 1852, and on the outbreak of the civil war became commander of the Irish brigade. Born in 1823; drowned in Missouri in 1867.

MILLER, JOAQUIN.

The pen-name of Cincinnatus Hiner Miller, an American poet, born in Indiana, in 1841. Removing with his parents to Oregon in 1854, he

became a miner in California, was with Walker in Nicaragua, and afterwards lived with the Indians till 1860. He then studied law in Oregon, and set up in practice in 1863, after a Democratic paper that he edited had been suppressed for disloyalty. He was a county judge from 1866 to 1870, and then visited Europe; in England his first volume of verse was published. He afterward settled as a journalist in Washington, and in 1887 in California. In 1890 he revisited England. His poems include "Songs of the Sierras," and others which have the title of "Sunlands," "The Desert," "Italy," etc. His best known prose work is "The Danites in the Sierras," published in 1881. In the fall of 1897 Mr. Miller joined the gold-seekers and went to Alaska, where he spent some time as a correspondent for several journals. Gifted with a fine imagination, his poems possess more than ordinary merit.

MILNES, RICHARD MONCKTON.

Known as Lord Houghton, an English statesman and miscellaneous writer, born in Yorkshire in 1809, and educated at Cambridge. He was a member of Parliament from 1831 to 1863, when he was raised to the peerage. His published works include a volume of poems of undoubted merit. Died in 1885.

MILTON, JOHN.

Next to Shakespeare as a poet, his name has long been one of the brightest stars in the galaxy of English authors. He was born in Bread Street, London, on December 9, 1608. His father was a prosperous scrivener, a devout Puritan, and a musician and composer of several pieces that were much admired. The family was a good one and in time past had been known for its strong adherence to religious convictions. John received a good education under private tutors and at St. Paul's School, where he distinguished himself, not only as a scholar, but as a poet. He afterward went to study at Cambridge. There are stories of his having been chastised and even suspended from his academical course for some unknown misdemeanor.

At an early age he wrote Latin verses and distinguished himself by his well-known "Hymn on the Nativity." His literary work at this time was not abundant, but all of it bore the stamp of his transcendent genius. Milton's visit to Italy is one

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of the most agreeable chapters of his life. After he had resolved to write the "Paradise Lost" his labors were interrupted by the disturbed state of the country, but this celebrated work was finally finished, yet had to work its way slowly into popularity. The original manuscript was sold for \$25.00, an instance of the low estimate often placed by publishers upon the most meritorious works.

Milton's prose works were written in the interest of the English Puritans, and embody some of the noblest principles of liberty and independence found in the English language. Their boldness and force are evident throughout, and from that time to this they have done yeoman service in the cause of national liberty. During the latter part of his life Milton was blind, but this only served to intensify his imagination and give freer wing to his exalted genius. There has never been any question respecting his place in literature, whether as regards the literature of England or that of the world. He stands at the head of epic poets and is in later times what Homer and Virgil were in the classic ages. He died November 8, 1674.

MITCHELL, WALTER.

The author of "Bryan Maurice," a novel, and of several poems of more than ordinary merit was an American divine, born at Nantucket, Massachusetts, in 1826. One of his poems entitled "Tacking Ship Off Shore," has been often quoted and is familiar to many readers.

MONTGOMERY, JAMES.

He was born at Irvine, Ayrshire, Scotland, November 4th, 1771, and was the eldest son of a Moravian minister. He was dismissed from school as unfit for the ministry, but meanwhile he had read by stealth many of the poets and had tried his own hand at verse-making. After engaging for several years in various pursuits he started a weekly paper called the "Sheffield Iris" in 1794, and this he continued to edit till 1825. In 1795 he was fined \$100 and sentenced to three months in York Castle for striking off some copies of what was regarded as a seditious ballad. Later he was fined and imprisoned for giving a truthful description of a Sheffield riot. He finally became a Conservative and accepted a pension from the government.

His collective poetical works have been pub-

lished and have had a large sale. They are simple, unpretentious, abound in striking descriptions and are such as to interest the average reader. A number of his delightful hymns are still sung in our churches. He died in 1854.

MOORE, THOMAS.

"The Bard of Erin" was born in Dublin, May 28, 1779, and was the son of a Catholic grocer. He was sent to the same school where Sheridan was educated and where he himself became "a determined rhymers." After studying at Trinity College, he went to London and in 1800 published a translation of "Anacreon," which he dedicated to the Prince of Wales, his patron then, but the butt of his satire afterward. It proved a great hit, and with his musical talent, opened his way into the best society.

He published "Odes and Epistles" in 1806, and from 1807 to 1834 produced his popular "Irish Melodies," which have given him a place among the first English poets and superior to any other in his native land. His most elaborate work is "Lalla Rookh" for which he received \$15,000. This poem has been one of the most popular written by any modern author. Various other works in prose and poetry were well received. His best productions, however, are his lyrics, love songs breathing the most ardent passion, many of which are familiar to the general public. As a graceful versifier and writer of poetry which has the ring of perpetual music in it, Moore is unexcelled. He was a great social favorite, enjoying the friendship of Byron and other celebrities. His death occurred in 1832.

MORE, HANNAH.

One of England's most gifted women. Her first ambition was to shine as a poetess, next she aspired to the stage, and later developed a highly religious character, which appeared in her well-known practical writings. Born in 1745; died in 1833.

MORRIS, GEORGE P.

Author of "Woodman, Spare that Tree," "My Mother's Bible," etc., productions evincing fine poetic talent; born in Pennsylvania, 1802; died in 1864.

NAIRNE, LADY CAROLINA OLIPHANT.

Born in Perthshire, Scotland, in 1766, and died in 1845. She was famed for her beauty and

talent as a writer. Among her works is the song, "The Land o' the Leal," and others that were widely read. Her complete poems comprise one volume of Rogers' "Scottish Minstrelsy."

NEAL, JOHN.

An American poet, born at Portland, Maine, 1793. His published works include novels and poems, and also contributions to leading magazines in Europe and America. "The elements of poetry," said R. W. Griswold, "are poured forth in his verses with a prodigality and power altogether astonishing; but he is deficient in the constructive faculty." Died at Portland in 1876.

NORTON, CAROLINE ELIZABETH S., HON.

An English novelist and poetess of some reputation. She was the daughter of Thomas, and granddaughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, possessed great personal beauty, and was a social favorite. Born in 1808; died in 1877.

O'REILLY, JOHN BOYLE.

An Irish-American poet and journalist, born in Ireland in 1844. Having espoused the cause of Home Rule for Ireland, he was tried for treason, convicted and sentenced to imprisonment for life in 1866, the sentence afterward being commuted to penal servitude for twenty years. In 1869 he escaped from Australia to the United States, and became an editor in Boston. He published several volumes of popular songs and ballads. Died in 1890.

OSGOOD, FRANCES SARGENT.

She was the daughter of Joseph Locke, born at Boston, Massachusetts, June 18, 1811; and died at Hingham, Massachusetts, May 12, 1850. In 1835 she married S. S. Osgood, a portrait painter, resided in England in 1836-40, and while there published "The Casket of Fate," and "A Wreath of Wild Flowers from New England."

Returning to Boston in 1840, she soon afterward removed to New York and subsequently published several volumes of poems. The complete edition of her poems was published in 1850.

PARNELL, THOMAS.

An Irish poet, born in Dublin in 1679, educated at Trinity College in the same town, and died in 1717. He wrote a number of popular poems and one work entitled "Allegory on Man."

Several essays of his appeared in the "Spectator," and he was also the author of several works of prose.

PARSONS, THOMAS WILLIAMS.

An American poet born in Boston in 1819. He made a special study of Dante's great poem, the "Divina Comedia," and in 1843 published a translation of the first ten Cantos, the most successful reproduction of the spirit and power of that work in the English language. His poem on the Hudson River is the noblest tribute any stream on this continent has received from a poet, and his lines on the death of Daniel Webster are far better than anything else ever written in verse on the death of an American statesman. He published a volume of poems in 1854.

PARTON, JAMES.

This popular writer and journalist was born at Canterbury, England, in 1822, and became a resident of New York, where he was for a time one of the editors of the "Home Journal." Mr. Parton was a successful lecturer, his vigorous thought, quaint humor and pithy criticisms of public characters and customs, rendering him most acceptable to his hearers. He is well known for his biographies of Aaron Burr, Jackson, Jefferson, Greeley, Voltaire, John Jacob Astor, etc. He also wrote "Famous Americans of Recent Times." He was a frequent contributor to the "Atlantic Monthly," and "North American Review." Died in 1891.

PAULDING, JAMES KIRKE.

A popular American novelist and miscellaneous writer, born in Dutchess County, New York, in 1779. He was associated with Washington Irving in the publication of "Salmagundi," a series of witty and satirical papers, which were popular. "The Dutchman's Fireside" is the most admired of his novels, though all his humorous productions are well known, and read with delight. In 1837 he was appointed secretary of the navy by President Van Buren. Died in 1860.

PAYNE, JOHN HOWARD.

Author of "Home, Sweet Home," which was written while he was United States Consul at Tunis, where he died in 1852. He was born in New York in 1792, and in early life was an actor

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PERCIVAL, JAMES GATES.

An American poet, born at Kensington, Connecticut, September 15, 1795, graduated at Yale in 1815, at the head of his class, and afterward studied botany and medicine. But his heart was not in herbs and physic, and although he practised—or rather advertised his willingness to practice—both in Kensington and in Charleston, S. C., very few professional calls dragged him from his favorite studies. His poems "Prometheus" and "Clio" appeared at Charleston in 1822. Two years later he filled for a few months the chair of Chemistry at West Point, but he found the duties heavy and irksome, and took himself to Boston, and then to New Haven. There the third part of "Clio" was published (1827).

Percival afterwards divided his attention between his verses and geology, and as he grew older he gave more and more of his time to the new love, the visible results being "Reports on the Geology of Connecticut" (1842) and of "Wisconsin" (1855). These are valuable, but very dry, and in delicious contrast to his poems which flow freely and with volume, and on whose fluent, half careless lines their author's learning is borne as easily as trees on a river in flood. His "Dreams of a Day" appeared in 1843, and occasional lyrics for a long time after. He was appointed geologist of Wisconsin in 1854, and died there at Hazel Green, on May 2, 1856.

PERCY, THOMAS.

An eminent English clergyman and writer, born in 1728. His reputation is founded on an interesting work entitled "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," which has been very popular. He was the author of other works of a religious character, and a poem entitled "The Hermit of Warkworth." He was a friend of the celebrated Dr. Johnson. Died in 1811.

PIATT, JOHN JAMES.

This author, whose poems have gained celebrity, was born in Indiana in 1835, and was educated at Kenyon College, Ohio, after which he became a

printer and journalist. He was Librarian to Congress from 1870 to 1875, and was then appointed United States Consul at Queenstown, Ireland. His published works exhibit marked ability and evidences of the true poet.

PIERPONT, JOHN.

Born at Litchfield, Connecticut, in April, 1785, graduated as Yale College in 1804 and afterward studied law, although he never practiced it. He became a Unitarian minister and was the settled pastor of the Hollis Street Church in Boston. In 1835 he traveled extensively abroad, and some of his most spirited poems are descriptive of Oriental scenes. His reputation was established by his "Airs of Palestine," published in 1816. Mr. Pierpont was a prominent reformer, being a strong anti-slavery man and an ardent advocate of temperance. Many of his hymns, odes and other brief poems are remarkably spirited and melodious. Died in 1866.

PIKE, ALBERT.

Born at Boston in 1809, and died in 1891. He removed to the Southwest in 1834, and became a journalist. His published works include "Prose Sketches and Poems," "Hymns to the Gods," etc. He commanded a body of Indians fighting against the Union at Pea Ridge in 1862, and afterward was editor of the "Memphis Appeal."

POLLOK, ROBERT.

Celebrated for his poem, "The Course of Time." He was born in Renfrew, Scotland, in 1799, licensed to preach in 1827, the year that gave birth to his poem, and in which he died.

POPE, ALEXANDER.

The greatest poet of his age, and the most brilliant satirist that England, or perhaps the world, has ever produced, was born in London on May 21, 1688. He was of good middle-class parentage, but not, as he afterwards characteristically endeavored to make out, of aristocratic descent. Pope's application to study must have been both early and intense, for deep traces of thought and culture are no less conspicuous than natural precocity of genius even in his most juvenile poems; and he certainly owed little to his teachers. At fourteen, according to his own account, he composed the poem on "Silence," in imitation of Rochester's "Nothing" which both in manner

and matter is astonishingly mature. It was at the same age that he produced the first of his works which attracted attention, a "Translation of the First Book of the *Thebais* of Statius," a poem memorable above its intrinsic merits from the fact that in it the English heroic couplet, though of course falling far short of the technical perfection to which Pope afterward brought it, is already beginning to take the new mold into which, in his hands, it was destined to be recast. It is during the next two years, that is to say, at the marvelously early age of from sixteen to eighteen that Pope's career as a recognized English poet may be said to begin.

Among the poems of Pope that were the most highly commended were his "Pastorals," which have stood the test of criticisms and have been much admired. His "Essay on Man" was first published in 1733, and it is said contains more lines that have become familiar quotations than any other poem in the language. On this poem and his "Imitations of Horace" his fame may be said to rest. It is impossible to open a page in these poems without finding some striking thought, or a line or couplet that has become a household saying.

The last few years of Pope's life were marked by no new creative activity, but devoted to the revision of his published works. He suffered during this period from asthma, which in time developed into dropsy, a disease that ultimately proved fatal to him. He died on the 30th of May, 1734, at the age of 56, leaving behind him a literary fame which, despite the change of taste in poetry, has undergone no eclipse from that time to this. As a man the figure which he presented to all but a few close friends was always an unamiable one, and modern research into his life has only tended to deepen the impression.

PRÆD, WINTHROP MACKWORTH.

An English poet and lawyer, born in London in 1802, and educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. He gained prizes for a Greek ode and for English poems. He was admitted to the bar in 1820, and soon after became a member of Parliament, where he gained distinction as a successful debater and a zealous conservative. His poems are highly commended for wit and eloquence. Died in 1839.

PRESCOTT, WILLIAM HICKLING.

As a historian Mr. Prescott is pre-eminent, his works exhibiting the highest order of talent and holding first rank in American literature. In patient detail, in accurate judgment, in high moral quality, in ease and elegance of style, he is unsurpassed and almost unrivalled. Notwithstanding impaired eyesight, he pursued his literary labors with great zeal, and left behind him standard works of undoubted value. He wrote the history of "Ferdinand and Isabella," the success of which was of the most flattering kind, and placed him in the highest rank of contemporary historians. This was followed by the "Conquest of Mexico." Then appeared the "Conquest of Peru." All of these works possess an unusual degree of merit. Born in Massachusetts, 1796; died in 1859.

PROCTER, ADALAIDE ANNE.

An English poetess, born in London in 1825, and daughter of Bryan W. Procter, the well-known author. She contributed to several periodicals, and published, in 1858, "Legends and Lyrics." A second volume, under the same title, appeared in 1861. Died in 1864.

PROCTER, BRYAN WALLER.

A popular ballad writer, whose effusions met with decided favor when published, and possess the charm which assures enduring fame. Procter was born in England in 1790, was a barrister at law by profession, and died in 1864. He wrote under the pseudonym of "Barry Cornwall," and by this name is best known. His writings have met with unusual favor, to which their merit justly entitles them.

RANDALL, JAMES RYDER.

During the period of our civil war appeared many writers of patriotic odes and lyrics. Every phase of the great struggle, almost every battle and all the great marches and other achievements were commemorated in song. Many of the lyrics of that period were intended to inspire the soldiers and set on fire their patriotism. Only a few of them, however, found their way to the battlefield and became universally popular. The author of the famous lyric, "My Maryland," which won its way to fame during the latter part of the war, was born in Baltimore, Md., January 1, 1839. He

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chose the profession of journalism, in which he was successful, and contributed to various periodicals poems noted for their patriotic spirit.

READ, THOMAS BUCHANAN.

He distinguished himself as a poet and artist, and his productions have always been regarded as among the best in the art and literature of America. He was born in Chester County, Pennsylvania, in 1822. He spent some time abroad in Italy, and afterward in England, where he published his first volume of poems, which found immediate favor. He returned to this country in 1858, after he had resided several years at Florence and Rome. Among his poems are "The House by the Sea," "The New Pastoral," published in 1855, "Sylvia, or the Lost Shepherd," in 1857, and "The Wagoner of the Alleghenies," in 1862. He is also the author of a prose romance, "The Pilgrims of the Great Saint Bernard." His best known work as an artist is his group of "Longfellow's Children." Mr. Read always had the happy faculty of treating subjects of immediate interest in such a way as to gain wide attention from the reading public. He died May 11, 1872.

RILEY, JAMES WHITCOMB.

"The Hoosier Poet of America," was born in Greenfield, Indiana, in 1852. Over an assumed name he began to contribute verses in the Hoosier dialect to the Indianapolis papers in about 1875, which attracted considerable attention. Since then his productions have been widely read. They are characterized by a rich vein of humor, as well as pathos, and their setting in dialect gives them additional charm and interest.

ROGERS, SAMUEL.

Author of "The Pleasures of Memory," and a poem on "Italy." He was a banker in London, of high social position, and eminent in literary circles. Born in London in 1763; died in 1855.

RODGER, ALEXANDER.

First a weaver, then a pawnbroker, then a journalist in Glasgow, he became noted for his humorous songs. Born in Scotland in 1784; died in 1846.

ROSCOE, W. S.

Among the minor English poets he holds an enviable position, which was gained by one volume of poems that have been highly appreciated

by cultured readers. He seems to have written for the love of it and without any serious intention of gaining the highest distinction. His poetic taste is conspicuous in all his productions. He was born in 1781 and died in 1843.

ROSSETTI, WILLIAM MICHAEL.

An English writer born in London, September 25, 1829. Without any apparent intention of devoting himself to literature he entered the civil service, yet found time to write a "Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley," which was published in two volumes in 1869. It furnishes a true estimate of the poet, and is flattering, yet not too much so, to his brilliant genius. He is also the author of a blank-verse translation of Dante's *Inferno*, besides several volumes of criticisms, biographies, etc. His highest distinction has been gained as a very capable critic of literature and art.

ROSSETTI, CHRISTINA GEORGINA.

She was born in 1830, has written "Goblin Market," (1862); "The Prince's Progress," (1866); "Commonplace, and Other Short Stories in Prose," (1870); "Sing-Song, a Nursery Rhyme-Book," (1872); "Speaking Likenesses," (1874); "Annus Domini," (1874); and "A Pageant, and Other Poems," (1881).

SARGENT, EPES.

He was born at Gloucester, Massachusetts, September 27, 1813, and died at Boston, December 31, 1880. He became a student at Harvard University, paying particular attention to the study of *belles-lettres*. Subsequently he was occupied in editing and publishing the "Boston Daily Advertiser," and "Boston Atlas," but in 1839 removed to New York City, where he occupied an editorial position upon "The Mirror," and for several years officiated in a similar capacity upon the "Boston Evening Transcript." On retiring from the latter position, he edited a series of elementary school-books, and wrote a number of dramas, among which was "The Bride of Genoa," produced in 1836, followed by the "Priestess," and others.

SAXE, JOHN GODFREY.

He excels especially as a humorous poet, and many of his pieces have become familiar to the reading public. When he began to write he struck out into a new field and his venture was

most successful. Mr. Saxe was born in Franklin County, Vermont, in 1816. He graduated from Middlebury College, Vermont, in 1839, and subsequently became editor of the "Burlington Sentinel." He was elected State's attorney in 1851. A collection of his poems appeared in 1849. They rank among the most successful productions of their kind, and have obtained extensive popularity. A new edition of his collected poems was published in 1864. He produced in 1866 "The Masquerade, and Other Poems," and "Leisure Day Rhymes" in 1875. Died March 31, 1887.

SCHILLER, FRIEDERICH VON.

Taking him all in all, it may be said that Germany has produced no greater poet. It is enough for his fame that he has always been ranked with the immortal Goethe, whose genius is undisputed and whose place in modern literature is fixed. As a poet, Schiller is characterized by strong feeling and intense ideality. He has a deep and earnest sympathy with all human joy and sorrow, which has given him an influence over the common heart of mankind possessed by very few authors.

He was born at Marbach, November 10, 1759. His father was an army-surgeon, and it was from his mother that he inherited his sensitive and poetical temperament. Having declined to accede to his mother's wish that he should be a minister, and having given some attention to both law and medicine, neither of which had any charms for him, his mind turned in the direction of the general drama and literature. At the age of eighteen he wrote "The Robbers," a tragedy of extraordinary power, though he said afterward that it was a monster for which there was no original. His songs and dramas came in rapid succession, and his rare gifts obtained the highest recognition from his countrymen.

Among his minor poems, "The Song of the Bell" ranks first. Nothing more admirable in its way has ever been written in any language. The three great events of human life—birth, marriage, and death—are all marked by the ringing of the bell, and are all touched upon with an exquisite beauty and pathos sufficient to render its author famous by this one production. In 1804 Schiller produced his "William Tell," the most popular

of all his dramas. He died on the 9th of May, 1805, of an affection of the lungs from which he had suffered many years. His last words, uttered a little while before he expired, were, "Many things are growing plain and clear to me."

SCHOOLCRAFT, HENRY ROWE.

A noted American author, born in New York in 1793. He became a distinguished scientist, and for a time held a position as geologist under the government. His writings relate mostly to his expeditions and description of the various Indian tribes of the country. His works are considered as among the most important contributions to the physical geography of the United States. Died in 1864.

SCOTT, SIR WALTER.

The very name of Sir Walter Scott strikes a responsive chord in almost every breast, for few are the persons who have not been charmed and delighted with the "Waverly Novels" and his sprightly, spirited poems. His name is the chief ornament of Scottish literature, and such is the character of his works that they can perish only with the language. In accuracy of historic description, in throwing over his writings an air of charming romance, in skillful weaving of the plot, and in photographing the various characters so that the reader almost imagines he sees them before his eyes, Scott may be said to be without a rival. His works have had a phenomenal popularity.

He was born in Edinburg, 1771. Of delicate health in early life, he slowly advanced to a sturdy manhood, and became distinguished as an author at a period comparatively late. Perhaps no other author ever wrote so much when past the age of fifty-five. It is honorable to the memory of Scott that a large amount of his literary work was undertaken and carried forward for the purpose of meeting a pecuniary obligation. "Waverly" took the world by storm, and Scott who did not acknowledge the authorship, might well suppose he had found the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

As a writer it is a truism to say that, since Shakespeare, whom he resembled in many ways, there has never been a genius so human and so creative, so rich in humor, sympathy, poetry, so fertile in the production of new and real characters, as the genius of Sir Walter Scott. "The Lay

of the *Last Minstrel*," and "*The Lady of the Lake*," hold high rank in the realm of poetry and are full of life and spirit. They are colored by the romance of Scottish history and Scottish scenery. For a long time Scott resided at Abbotsford, a few miles from Edinburgh, which was one of the famous places to visit by all tourists in Scotland. He died in 1832.

SEDGWICK, CATHERINE MARIA.

Born at Stockbridge, Mass., in 1789. Her first publication was entitled, "*The New England Tale*," and was received with universal favor. A number of other novels followed, which served to increase her reputation. Some of her writings were prepared especially for children, the moral tone of which was highly commended. Died in 1867.

SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM.

He lives in a kingdom by himself. No name in English literature carries with it so much meaning, and the works of no other author have climbed so high on the ladder of fame. His dramas, popular in his own time, have stood the test of ages and as works of genius are to-day as sublime and unapproachable as they ever have been. Not the unlettered and uncultivated appreciate Shakespeare, although he is comprehended by ordinary intelligence. The educated and refined, those who know a thought when they read it, and can see a word-picture when it is placed before them, are the ones to pay the most devout homage to this unrivalled master of the human heart.

Shakespeare was born at Stratford-on-Avon, England, April 23, 1564. We first discover him in early life as an actor in London in 1589, but he seems to have taken up authorship at an early period, and his productions at once became popular among the educated classes of England. One after another in quick succession he wrote dramas to the number of thirty-seven, the names of which, such as "*Hamlet*," "*Macbeth*," "*Midsummer Night's Dream*," "*The Merchant of Venice*," "*The Taming of the Shrew*," etc., are familiar to everybody.

He retired to his native town in 1610, died in 1616 and was buried in the church vaults at Stratford. The old parish register is shown that contains the record of his christening. A drinking fountain, presented to his town by Mr. George W.

Childs, of Philadelphia, in 1887, was a fitting testimonial of the admiration felt by Americans for the works of the greatest of all dramatists.

SHELLEY, PERCY BYSSHE.

A brilliant young English poet, who died at the age of twenty-eight, in 1822. His liberal opinions upon social and religious questions prejudiced the minds of many, yet in the later review of his poems the world has been forced to concede to him the highest order of genius. His poem on "*The Cloud*" is not surpassed by anything of its kind in the English language.

SIDNEY, SIR PHILIP.

An English gentleman, soldier and author, possessed of rare accomplishments, born in 1554, and educated at Oxford. He was the author of plays, romances and poems, and was considered one of the ripest scholars and most successful authors of his time. He accompanied Sir Francis Drake in his expedition against the Spaniards, was mortally wounded at Zutphen, and died in 1586.

SIGOURNEY, LYDIA HUNTLEY.

A name honorably associated with our country's literature, and representing abilities of a high order. Mrs. Sigourney was a poetess from childhood, and although never reaching the lofty flights of some of her contemporaries, her writings have the charm of deep feeling, elevation of sentiment, and graceful expression. She was born at Norwich, Connecticut, in 1791, and died in 1865.

SILLIMAN, BENJAMIN.

Few men in the scientific world have ranked higher, and few men have been more enthusiastically devoted to scientific investigation. His attainments and discoveries have made him celebrated both at home and abroad. He was born in Connecticut in 1779, became a professor in Yale College in 1802, and after a long and brilliant career, died at New Haven in 1864.

SOUTHEY, ROBERT.

He gained an enviable position as writer of prose and poetry, and, like Wordsworth, may be called a "poet of nature." Born at Bristol, England, 1774; made poet-laureate, 1813, and died in 1843.

STEDMAN, EDMUND CLARENCE.

Journalist, poet, and critic, was connected with newspapers in Norwich and Winsted, Connecticut,

before devoting himself wholly to authorship. Few of the younger poets of America have gained the favor granted to his writings, which are marked by severe taste and scholarly culture. Born at Hartford in 1833.

STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS.

A Scottish author, born in Edinburgh in 1850. He was bred an engineer, but studied law. His works are widely known, among them being "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Died in the island of Samoa in 1896.

STODDARD, RICHARD HENRY.

Our American poet whose chaste and elegant writings have graced the literature of his native land, published his first volume in 1842, and a complete edition of his works in 1880. Most of his life has been devoted to journalism in New York; he was at one time editor of "The Aldine," an illustrated journal of first rank. Born at Hingham, Massachusetts, 1826.

STOWE, HARRIET BEECHER.

A name which holds highest rank in American literature. As the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" she gained a world-wide celebrity. Her subsequent writings have met with very high appreciation, and few authors in modern times have had so large a circle of readers and admirers. Born at Litchfield, Connecticut, 1812. Died 1896.

STREET, ALFRED BILLINGS.

An American poet and miscellaneous writer, born at Poughkeepsie, New York, in 1811. He practiced law in Albany, and was the author of several poems which were favorably received. Died in 1881.

SUMNER, CHARLES.

Noted for his scholarly attainments, his brilliant orations and strong anti-slavery sentiments. His speeches in Congress and elsewhere were finished productions which commanded wide attention. He was born in Boston, Mass., in 1811, and died in 1874.

SWIFT, JONATHAN.

An acknowledged genius, whose humorous and satirical writings gave him great fame. He was born of English parents in Dublin, Ireland, in 1667; author of "The Tale of a Tub," "Gul-

liver's Travels," and other works which have gained celebrity. Died in 1745.

SWINBURNE, ALGERNON CHARLES.

An English poet, whose works have been admired for their genius, and severely criticised for their lack of moral sentiment. They show a strange obscurity in style, combined with a remarkable variety of unusual measures. Born in 1837.

TALMAGE, THOMAS De WITT.

This widely-known clergyman was born in New Jersey in 1832, and graduated at the University of the City of New York in 1853. After holding various Dutch Reformed pastorates, he settled over a Presbyterian church in Brooklyn in 1869. Having been deprived by fire of his Tabernacle on two different occasions, he removed to Washington in 1895. He has published several volumes of sermons and other works of a miscellaneous character. His style is graphic and often humorous.

TAYLOR, BAYARD.

Renowned as author of works of travel, eminent also as poet and miscellaneous writer. For many years he was a journalist, and was connected with the "New York Tribune." Born at Kennett Square, Pennsylvania, 1825; died while United States Minister at Berlin, Germany, in 1878.

TENNYSON, ALFRED.

England's poet-laureate, born in 1809. His splendid genius gave him the first place among English poets. His works are marvels of beauty, profound thought, ardent feeling and felicitous style. Tennyson is perhaps even more popular in America than in his own country. Died in 1892.

THACKERAY, WILLIAM MAKEPEACE.

One of the foremost English authors, almost unrivalled in the realm of fiction. His fine delineations of character, subtle humor and poetic fancy give to his writings unwonted charm. He was born in Calcutta in 1811, and educated at the University of Cambridge, England. For many years he was a contributor to "Punch" and other periodicals, and gained great popularity. He died in 1863.

TROWBRIDGE, JOHN TOWNSEND.

The popular author of character poems, also of juvenile works, was born at Ogden, New York, in

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poems, also of
New York, in

1827. Few writers are more entertaining, or de-
servedly popular. In wholesome humor he par-
ticularly excels.

TUCKERMAN, HENRY THEODORE.

Editor, essayist, journalist, author, excelling in
each department of literary labor; born in Bos-
ton, Massachusetts, in 1813; died in 1871.

WARD, ELIZABETH.

Mrs. Ward published her first and withal most
popular work, "Gates Ajar," in 1869, and from
that time has been prominent as a writer of fiction
and poetry. Her conceptions are original; the
intellectual quality of her works is pronounced,
and her career has been highly successful. She
was born in Massachusetts in 1844.

WARNER, CHARLES DUDLEY

One of our most popular American authors,
born in Massachusetts in 1820, and educated at
Hamilton College, New York. He studied law,
and in 1857 was admitted to the Philadelphia Bar,
but afterwards became a journalist at Hartford,
Conn. "My Summer in a Garden," "Back-Log
Studies," "My Winter on the Nile," and "Being a
Boy," are among his best known works. In connec-
tion with Mark Twain he produced "The Gilded
Age," a novel and play. His writings have a genu-
ine humor and abound in graphic descriptions.

WAYLAND, FRANCIS.

Eminent as a preacher and theologian, born in
New York in 1796. Graduated from Union Col-
lege in 1813, and became President of Brown
University in 1826. In addition to theological
works he published a volume on "Intellectual
Philosophy" Died in 1865.

WHITE, HENRY KIRKE.

One of England's gifted young poets, whose
early death was much lamented. He had already
given sign of unusual distinction as a poet, and his
works are still treasured by the lovers of pure
sentiment and vivid coloring. Born in 1785;
died in 1806.

WHITMAN, WALT.

This well-known, and withal eccentric, Ameri-
can poet was born at West Hills, Long Island, in

1819. His education was obtained in the public
schools, and afterward he became both a printer
and a carpenter. For a time he was a journalist
in New York. His volume entitled "Leaves of
Grass" was published in 1855, and this was
followed by other poetical works in 1865, 1873,
and 1883. Mr. Whitman's ideas were considered
"advanced," yet his genius has been conceded by
eminent critics.

WHITMAN, SARAH HELEN.

An American poetess, born in Rhode Island in
1813. Published a volume of poems in 1853 and
other works at later periods. Died in 1878.

WHITTIER, JOHN GREENLEAF.

"The Quaker Poet." His writings are models
of spiritual, benevolent, and patriotic sentiment.
Having a warm sympathy with the poor and
oppressed, he has employed his graceful pen with
fine effect in the cause of humanity, and no author
of our time is more beloved. Born at Haverhill,
Massachusetts, 1807; died in 1892.

WILCOX, ELLA WHEELER.

The latest addition to American poets; a resi-
dent of Michigan, and subsequently of Connecti-
cut. She has been a contributor to the press, and
has also issued two volumes of poems.

WILLIS, NATHANIEL PARKER.

A poet of distinction, whose "Sacred Poems"
especially, have had a large circle of admirers.
His versification is easy, and his descriptions
abound in word painting of a high order. Willis
was also successful as a journalist, and a favorite in
general society. Born in Portland, Maine, 1807;
died in 1867.

WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM.

A great name in the literature of England.
Wordsworth has been called "the poet of nature,"
his vivid descriptions of the external world being
among the finest products of his pen. His writings
show a certain gravity and thoughtfulness which
render them enduring monuments of literary genius,
although hindering the sudden appreciation of
their transcendent excellence. Born in 1770;
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